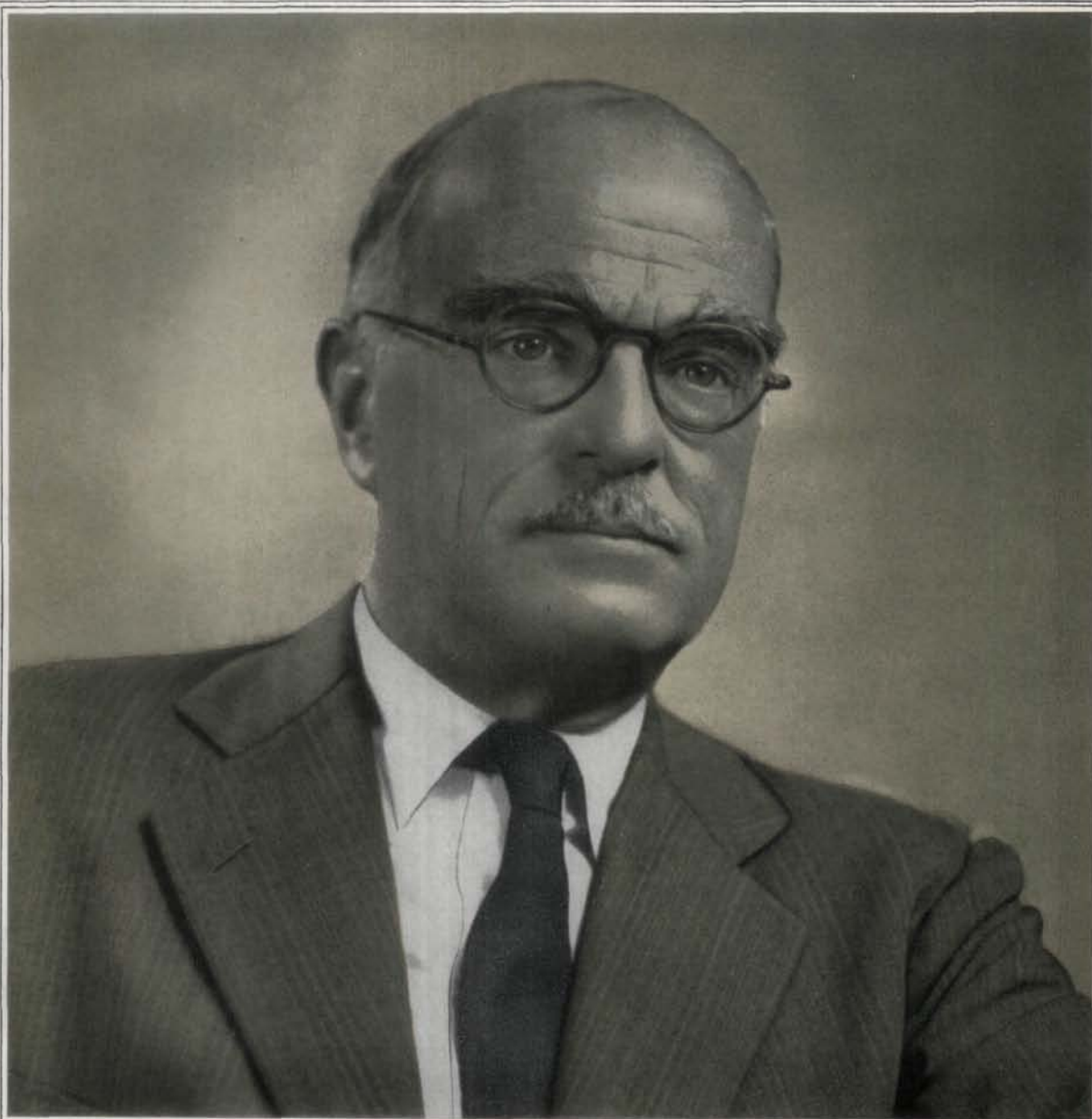


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VOLUME 190 1952 NUMBER 1

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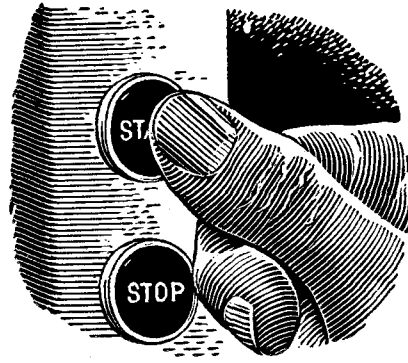
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Cover portrait of Thornton Wilder by Petrelle of New Haven

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The man with 7½ horses

SOMETIME SOON, when your men's club is looking for a live topic, try this:

"For every 100 people in the world, only 6 are inside the borders of the U.S.A.; yet we produce 40% of the world's goods." Question: How can this be done?

Obviously the answer is not in numbers of people.

For there are many more people in Asia, for instance. Half the Asiatics work on farms. Yet most of the population is undernourished.

Here in America only 1 in 10 workers is on a farm. Yet most of us have all we need to eat. Why does our manpower go so far?

Because a little gasoline plows the furrow, a bit of electricity milks the cow. Mechanization and electrification multiply our manpower many times over.

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Where does this productivity come from? Someone asked Dr. Charles Steinmetz, G.E.'s electrical wizard, this question shortly after World War I, and he answered:

"One horsepower equals the muscle work of about 22 men—big men. There are machines coming out of General Electric today which can do more work than the entire slave population of this country at the time of the Civil War."

And things have moved along fast since Dr. Steinmetz' day, too.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Middle East

EXTREME nationalism continues to operate to the advantage of Communism in the Middle East. The scene of action has shifted from Teheran to Cairo during the past year, but the cast and the plot are the same: in the name of national sovereignty treaties and agreements are summarily canceled, and the inevitably violent popular reactions open the way to anarchy.

This happened with startling effect last January 26 in Cairo when 700 business establishments run by or catering to Europeans and to the pashas were destroyed or looted during the complete breakdown of police authority in the capital.

The Wafd government of Nahas Pasha and Serag el-Din Pasha has since been clearly implicated in negligence if not actual complicity in this disaster. Meanwhile, King Farouk and a group of badly frightened moderate leaders have been trying to pull the country back from the brink of revolution. To this end Parliament, which was dominated by the Wafd, has been suspended; and elections have been postponed, pending the revision of the electoral lists.

In the interval two successive premiers, Aly Maher Pasha and Hilaili Pasha, have striven to remedy some of the most glaring evils behind Egypt's dangerous unrest. They have also reasserted their country's demands regarding British evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone and the unification of Egypt and the Sudan.

Internally the government has had to deal with inflated living costs; to reduce some of the more conspicuous privileges of the officials, which had reached beyond endurable bounds; and to resurrect

such reforms as the 1950 social security law. At the same time pressure has been put on farmers to reduce cotton acreage in favor of food crops. And a real effort is being made to bring to account the clique of cotton speculators for whose exclusive advantage the previous government's unwise price-support policy apparently operated.

This probing into the cotton scandal is expected to have a salutary effect in showing up the corruption within Egypt's largest and most powerful political party. It is a political operation in which Hilaili Pasha, who split with the Wafd party last year over the corruption issue, can take special satisfaction, and one which King Farouk has wanted to carry out against Nahas Pasha for over ten years.

The fanatic and the Communist

The events of Black Saturday in Cairo demonstrated a particular threat to stable government which all Middle East governments now share: namely, the active role played by student revolutionaries in the riots and fire-setting demonstrations. Students at Ibrahim University exploded sticks of gelignite on the campus as a protest over the killing of some forty Egyptians by the British forces at Ismailia. Later they made vociferous objections to martial law, to any deal with Britain, and to any alliance with the "Anglo-American imperialists." This cry has a familiar ring. Subsequent investigation at Cairo's three universities has shown that it echoes the left-wing sentiments of several thousand student members of university political unions. The government's solution so far has been simply to close the universities.

Like similar student demonstrations in Iran, those among Egyptian students have brought to light a

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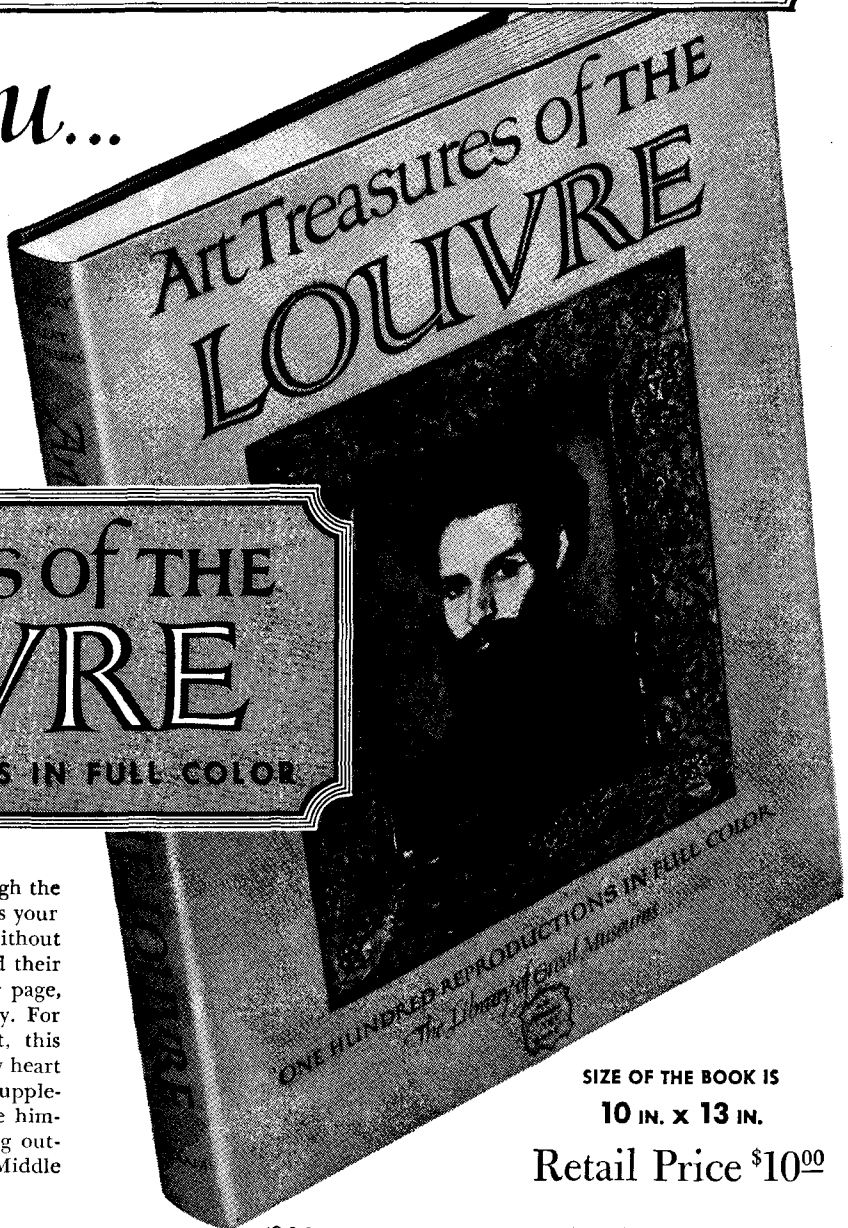
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The Atlantic Report *on the Middle East*



new and dangerous alliance between Moslem fanaticism and Communists. Moslem Brotherhood leaders have successfully propagandized large numbers of Egyptian students into campaigning against cinemas, luxuries, and night clubs. The identification of these enterprises with resident foreigners, the pashas, and the king has followed naturally. It is therefore not surprising that it was these particular establishments, along with British automobile agencies and tourist hotels, which became the targets of the well-organized pyromaniacs of last January.

The pattern of destruction in Cairo is significant. It was anti-foreign *and* anti-rich and it was only stopped when the king called out the army. The part played in the revolt by specific organizations such as the Moslem Brotherhood and by underground Communists among other extremist organizations like the Green Shirts may never be clear. The expulsion of one Soviet satellite diplomat from Egypt since January indicates foreign as well as local participation in the well-armed uprising.

As the Egyptian government has set about fixing responsibility and rebuilding destroyed properties, every effort has been made to reassure resident foreigners that the crisis is past and that order has been restored. Nevertheless, foreign official and business headquarters have been rapidly moving from Cairo to Beirut or to Istanbul. This trend began partly as a result of blocked communications and travel between Egypt and other Arab states following the establishment of Israel.

Meanwhile the government has resumed the long diplomatic struggle with Britain over control of the Suez Canal Zone and the Sudan. So far these negotiations have not produced any creative statesmanship on either side.

The Colonels take over Syria

Another type of revolution, on the Turkish rather than the Egyptian model, is going on in Syria. There the military leaders who were behind four coups during the last two years gave up the attempt to maintain a semblance of parliamentary government and openly seized power. Colonel Adeeb Shishekly took this radical step November 29, twenty-four hours after an anti-Western government, headed by Dr. Marouf Dawalibi of the People's Party, had been formed.

Dawalibi had gained notoriety earlier by proclaiming that it would be better for Syria to be taken over by Communism than by Zionism. His

emergence at the head of a cabinet which pointedly excluded military men and was presumed to favor union with Iraq was the signal for Shishekly's group to take over.

Shishekly has installed a fellow officer, Colonel Fawzi Silo, as head of state and together these two have set out, during the last six months, to remodel Syria along the lines of Ataturk's Turkey. Justifying their assumption of power on the grounds that it was necessary to safeguard the independence of Syria, they have proceeded to rule by decree.

Their decrees, which now number well over two hundred, provide for such sweeping innovations as graduated income taxes, price controls, land reform, press control, abolition of all honorary titles, abolition of political parties, prescription of dress and licenses for divines, prohibition of new foreign schools and licensing of all private schools, prohibition of foreign contacts to government employees and of political activity among students.

It is apparent from all this that the young colonels are attempting to carry out what they believe to have been the original purposes of the late Marshal Zaim. The importance of their attempt at this time is that it sets up an example of order and purposefulness, in contrast to the disordered state of most neighboring countries, where the forms of parliamentary government have so far failed to provide the substance of reform or stability. If, for example, Shishekly and Silo succeed in enforcing their decree on land reform so that new landholdings will be limited in size and unused lands will revert to the state, they will have accomplished what every other Middle East country has been unable to do.

Similarly, if at this particular juncture they are able to carry out their idea of channeling the energies of Syrian students into dealing with concrete social problems such as rural welfare and housing, and away from political demonstration, they will have turned a sharp and perilous corner indeed. And if the present Syrian experiment succeeds in raising the living standards of the peasant and slowly righting age-old inequalities, it can be very significant for the entire Middle East.

A constitution for Jordan

A third and more familiar pattern is evident in the revolution now taking place in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, where King Talal has dropped the autocratic policies of his father, the late King Abdullah, in favor of constitutional government.

Officials in Amman now proudly hand out English translations of a new, written constitution which makes cabinet ministers responsible to Parliament and establishes personal and political freedoms for the citizens of Jordan.

Jordan's population is composed of three elements. There are half a million former Jordanians, mostly nomads; another 450,000 are the residents of that part of Palestine which King Abdullah incorporated into his kingdom after the partition of Palestine. Finally there are some 400,000 refugees from what is now Israel. Among these are some of the ablest civil servants of the Mandate government, who have, thanks to Abdullah's policy toward them, been welcomed into the Jordan government and given an important place in Jordanian affairs. It is due to this influx of more sophisticated and educated new citizens that the pace of constitutional development has been pushed — with the blessing of King Talal.

Unfortunately, many of these new citizens are of the urban, white-collar class, for whom there are few employment opportunities in the pastoral expanses of Jordan. A minor industrial revolution is therefore being forced on a barren and frugal economy, with as yet unforeseeable results. The immediate problem is to bring into being small industries which can reduce the country's need of imports, and to extend the arable land in order to feed the larger population.

Irrigation and flood control

The emergency character of Jordan's needs has already brought forth substantial loans from Britain. Further subsidies are now arriving from the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for projects specifically set up to absorb Arab refugees, and from United States Point Four funds. One such scheme, which is about to get under way, is the irrigation of some 189,000 dunums (1 dunum = .061 acre) of land in the Jordan Valley by diverting the waters of the Yarmuk, chief tributary of the Jordan, through a canal running along the east side of the Jordan.

This project is expected to provide about 6000 holdings of 30 dunums each on which Arab refugees can be

permanently settled. Since Jordan is the only country which has offered former Palestinians permanent status in an effort to assimilate them, the project is attracting a large portion of the funds and technical assistance with which the United Nations is attempting to stabilize the area.

Another significant development in the Middle East has been the work of the Iraq Development Board, set up in 1950 and now fully functioning. Encouraged by a recent report of the International Bank on its promising prospects, and fortified by an assured income from oil royalties of some \$400 million during the five-year period beginning in 1952, the board has already begun an extensive flood control and water storage project on the Euphrates, and has let contracts for the Tharthar scheme, which will within five years prevent flooding of the Tigris.

In carrying out such schemes Iraq is learning that technical progress requires trained people. So far, even the graduates (at present few in number) of Iraq's technical schools are not equipped to operate their own development schemes, because they lack practical, on-the-job training. An enlightened Minister of Education in Iraq is attempting to remedy this primary need as well as to speed up and improve education in the elementary schools.

A direct hazard to the country is inflation. To avoid this, a movement is on foot among the more farseeing Iraqis to revise the tax structure, which now provides only 18 per cent of the tax receipts from direct taxation and rests primarily on indirect taxes. What reformers in this field hope to bring about is a graduated income tax on cultivable land.

Whether this radical measure can be introduced depends on how much support it can get from an essentially conservative government. Unless some such reform is instituted, whereby rich landlords assume tax responsibility and are forced either to make their lands productive or to divide them, no solid or lasting improvements in Iraq's economic and social structure will take place. This will be the test, then, of Iraq's capacity to head off the pressures and revolts which threaten there as elsewhere in the troubled Middle East.

Our Wonderful Restlessness

Children are frequently told, when doing a trencherman's job on something they love dearly to eat, that their eyes are bigger than their stomachs.

Maybe we at HOLIDAY should have been told, when we dreamed up this month's HOLIDAY, that our eyes are bigger than our pens and our lenses. For we chose as our subject (it's the whole issue) the United States of America —that's all. "*Travel U.S.A.*"

But we honestly think it comes off. We've been told till our little ears burned that it's the most exciting word-and-picture presentation of this country, of its people and places, of its scenic beauty, of its ocean-to-ocean delights, of its food and lodging, of its things to see and do, ever put on paper.

If you plan to travel at all this summer or this year, you most certainly should have HOLIDAY's "*Travel U.S.A.*" as an inspiration, textbook, guide and key to pleasure. It's on the stands now.

P. S. In this issue you will find, among others, such writers as James Jones, Carl L. Biemiller, Al Hine, Silas Spitzer, Clifton Fadiman. Also two spectacular pictorial portfolios that camera addicts might want to compare with their own work.



The Soviet Worker

A BRITISH newspaper correspondent, recently returned from eighteen months in Moscow, describes the Soviet Union as a tangle of paradoxes. "Whatever one's prejudices about the Soviet regime and the Russian people, for or against," he writes, "there are incontrovertible facts to be found in Moscow to prove them to the hilt."

The extreme contradictions of Soviet life are nowhere more apparent than in the sphere of labor relations. By an appropriate selection of facts, one may draw a picture of the Soviet worker as a slave of the state and its bureaucracy or as a protected and privileged member of the ruling class. The truth lies somewhere in between.

The oppressive restraints upon the Soviet worker's freedom of movement are well known. Under legislation of 1940 still in force, a worker who is more than twenty minutes late for work is subject to a fine of 25 per cent of his monthly wages for six months; and a worker who leaves his job without the director's permission is subject to imprisonment for two to four months. Labor books, in which dismissals, penalties, and other data are entered, are required to be kept for each worker. Social insurance benefits are dependent upon length of continuous employment in the same enterprise.

Although there has been no general mobilization of labor, except during the war, the law permits compulsory transfer of engineers, technicians, bookkeepers, economists, and other specialists, as well as certain skilled workers. Also, some 700,000 youths of fourteen are conscripted annually into the State Labor Reserves, where they are trained until they are seventeen and then sent for several years to whatever job the authorities desire. In addition, there are the corrective-labor camps, in which convicts serve as a labor force for work projects of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

Soldiers on the labor front

The scarcity of labor, and especially of skilled labor, in view of the heavy production demands made upon factory directors by the state, has facilitated widespread evasion of some of the restrictive laws. The press complains about malingering,

absenteeism, and heavy labor turnover. Labor books are easily lost; directors in need of workers do not ask too many questions and are reluctant to press charges. Furthermore, the law prohibits lateness, absenteeism, or unauthorized quitting only when committed "without adequate reason." In interpreting this phrase, the courts have accepted medical and other excuses. They have sustained the right of a mother to leave her job, even without the director's permission, in order to take care of her children.

In the case of a worker who had served his imprisonment for unauthorized quitting, and who still refused to go back to his old job, a Soviet court has held that the labor contract was dissolved by the worker's earlier departure, even though it was unlawful, and that therefore he did not have to return. Thus the Soviet worker, in struggling against the bonds of immobility, may receive help from the manager, the doctor, and the lawyer.

On balance, however, even apart from the new graduates of the State Labor Reserves and the inmates of the labor camps, Soviet workers can hardly be called free by American standards. Constitutional duties, implemented by specific criminal laws, make the Soviet worker more like a soldier or, as the Soviets say, "a fighter on the labor front."

Rewards for initiative

The Soviet worker has considerable freedom to improve his condition by his own effort and ability. There is a nation-wide system of differentiated progressive scales of piece rates, with bonuses for extra efficiency for individual branches of industry and individual categories of workers. Thus the average wage for coal miners is about two and one-half times the average wage for workers generally; some coal miners — so-called shock workers and Stakhanovites — may earn as much as thirty times the general average. "Especially valuable specialists and practitioners" may receive "personal salaries" of an arbitrary amount outside any scale.

"Heroes of Soviet Labor" and recipients of prizes such as the Order of Lenin receive special financial benefits. Workers' inventions and sugges-

tions for rationalizing production are rewarded generously. Extra profits of enterprises provide sources of bonuses and increased wages.

Individualism, Soviet style

The extent to which the Soviet system encourages so-called socialist competition among workers is illustrated by a 1947 decree on the wages and salaries of personnel in stores and shops. Cashiers, bookkeepers, janitors, and other persons not directly connected with selling receive fixed wages ranging from 175 to 560 rubles per month; in addition, if they work in the store they receive 1 per cent of their monthly wages for each per cent of profit made by the enterprise.

The manager of the store is paid a bonus ranging from .10 to .23 per cent of the turnover. Salesmen are also paid bonuses based on their actual sales—5.1 per cent for toys and books, .4 per cent for shoes, .3 per cent for clothes, 2.6 per cent for perfumes and toilet articles, 1.4 per cent for other goods.

The emphasis upon rugged individualism among workers has created a labor aristocracy of the strong and skillful. Despite the shortage of consumer goods, the labor aristocrat is able to purchase the better grades of clothing and some luxury goods.

Apart from liberty and equality there is the question of fraternity. So acute an observer as Sir John Maynard has spoken of the “we-feeling” in the Soviet factory, and the “sense of oneness” among the workers. Others have said that Soviet factories “belong” to the workers. Neither in political theory nor in law can the Soviet workers be said to own the factories. In modern Soviet theory the state is identified with the entire Soviet people—the so-called toilers, including “workers, peasants and intelligentsia”—so that it would be just as true to say that the peasants or the managers own the factories. And in Soviet law the workers have, as regards the factory, none of the rights of possession, use, or disposition which are associated with ownership.

Management of a Soviet factory is legally the monopoly of the factory director. In actual practice the triangle of director, secretary of the factory’s party organization, and chairman of the union factory com-

mittee, which was officially in control in the early thirties, has continued to exist informally in many plants. However, although he is subject to controls from above, it is entirely within the director’s discretion whether or not to consult with anyone else.

Soviet labor unions

The trade union cannot lawfully interfere in the hiring of labor, in planning production or expansion, or in determining contractual relations with supplier or purchaser enterprises. In regard to dismissals, job classification, transfers of workers, and payment of wages, the union has only an indirect voice through the system of arbitration of grievances.

The Soviet trade union is a state organization. Its main job is the administration of social insurance and of workers’ welfare generally, and the exhortation of the workers to increase productivity. Although strikes have occasionally occurred in the Soviet Union, any union leaders who support a strike run a grave risk of indictment for breach of labor discipline if not for sabotage.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to conclude that the Soviet state identifies itself solely with management. Management, too, is a state organization under severe limitations of independence and power. The state imposes upon it important obligations toward the workers.

In the inevitable conflicts between management and labor, the union plays an important role in protecting workers’ rights. When workers’ grievances against management reach the courts, as they often do, the workers are entitled to the free services of a union lawyer, and the cases—those officially reported as well as those recounted by some former lawyers who have fled the Soviet Union—show the Soviet courts to be in general favorable to the workers.

For example, a worker who was fired sued for reinstatement and back pay on the ground that the real reason for his dismissal was the fact that he had criticized the working conditions of the plant at union meetings and in the company newspaper.

The management argued that the worker was fired because he refused to be transferred to another plant of



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Offices in 100 Cities

the same trust, and that the Labor Code permits dismissal on that ground. The court granted reinstatement, finding that the transfer was prompted by the management's desire to get rid of a man who had criticized it. It held that the provision of the Labor Code which permits dismissal for refusal to be transferred must be interpreted to refer only to transfers "in the interests of the business."

The Labor Code gives management the right to dismiss a worker "in the event that he shows his unsuitability for the work." Although this provision might be interpreted as giving management full discretion to determine, in good faith, the worker's unsuitability, the courts review the manager's decision and have often ordered reinstatement on the ground that the worker was in fact competent.

These and other labor cases — involving job classification, vacation pay, severance pay, and similar matters — do not come before the courts automatically but are decided first in a grievance procedure by an arbitration board consisting of an equal number of representatives of union

and management. If the representatives fail to reach an agreement, the worker may take the case to the People's Court. Once in the courts, the case may go all the way to the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R.

A striking feature of such litigation is the protection of the worker against expense and delay. The worker who appears as a plaintiff in a labor case is exempt from the payment of court costs and is entitled to the free services of the union lawyer. The court must hear the case not later than five days after the action is begun. A decision in favor of the worker is subject to immediate execution to the extent of a month's wages. If, after the worker is paid, the favorable decision is reversed by a higher court, the sum paid (and indeed any sum mistakenly paid to a worker by management) may not be recovered from him, on the ground that "the limited budget of a worker should not be upset."

Management-labor teamwork

It is in the interest of the Soviet state, of course, to foster a spirit of teamwork between management and

labor. Managerial personnel of a state enterprise belong to the union local, and both the director and the union chairman are almost always members of the Communist Party. Moreover, the union is supposed to strive to increase the efficiency and productivity of the enterprise, while management is supposed to improve workers' housing (often supplied by the enterprise), health and safety conditions, and welfare in general.

However, too much teamwork may meet with disapproval from above. There have been complaints in the press that "in some factories business-like relations (between management and union) are supplanted by domesticity and mutual back-scratching." In the collective contract required to be drawn up annually in each enterprise, both sides are encouraged to make demands upon each other.

For example, in a typical collective contract signed in 1951 for the Moscow Food Combine "Mikoyan," the union promised a 3 per cent raise in efficiency, and management promised to mechanize the carrying of raw materials between certain departments, to repair the clubroom, and to improve dining facilities, especially for the night shifts.

Wages are not subject to bargaining; however, the pledges of management to introduce certain machines, or to establish a certain number of schools for teaching workers methods of increasing productivity, are in effect a means of raising wages, in view of the system of piece rates.

Although there is no legal enforcement of the collective contracts, meetings of the whole collective are supposed to be held every three months for mass supervision of their fulfillment. Workers' criticisms at these meetings and in letters to the press may be sharp, and names may be named.

The Soviet worker may actively participate in the total life of the factory. He shares directly both its responsibilities and its benefits. Although it is not true to say that the factory belongs to him, he belongs to the factory, and his sense of belonging gives him status. It is this status which explains both the hardships to which he is subjected and the protection which he is accorded.



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WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PINT OF BLOOD YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE?

Washington

GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY's warning that 1954 will be the year of maximum danger stirred considerable reaction on Capitol Hill. The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was not suggesting a show-down. Rather, he noted that by 1954 Russia will have the maximum strength from her own aerial and atomic build-up. If this danger can be surmounted through 1954, then the planes the Soviet is now building will begin to become obsolete and there will be some prospect that the danger may recede.

General Bradley directed his warning particularly at the action of the House in not only cutting new military appropriations but also placing a ceiling on the amount of money from previous appropriations that could be spent this year. This was an election-year maneuver, made with the full knowledge that the Senate would have to rescue the situation. House members, however, could pose before the voters as champions of economy.

The Defense Department had planned to spend \$52 billion during the fiscal year 1953, mostly from previous appropriations. The \$46 billion limit under the Smith-Coudert amendment would have amounted to a cut in last year's budget. The most serious effects would have been felt in air power.

Contrary to many published statements, the "balanced forces" theory never has assumed an equal division of funds between the services. It has meant simply that if the Air Force were given 126 combat wings, for example, the Navy would have enough destroyers to convoy the tankers necessary to carry the fuel for the Air Force planes. It is therefore inaccurate to say that the balanced forces concept has been abandoned, even though the Air Force is getting the largest share of the pie.

The \$46 billion limit set by the House would have required the Defense Department to stretch out contracts for long lead-time items such as jet planes, already behind schedule. In the net it would have delayed the attainment of a fully modern Air Force from the beginning of 1956 to mid-1957, with comparable delays in other services. Military officials were united in their protests against

this havoc-wreaking, which reflected a kind of irresponsibility among legislators hard to understand even in a political year.

General Ridgway to Europe

There is satisfaction in Washington over the appointment of General Matthew B. Ridgway as the new supreme commander of NATO. General Ridgway is a fine soldier, respected here for his command of the 82nd Airborne Division and the 18th Airborne Corps in Europe during World War II as well as for his diplomatic work on the Inter-American Defense Board and United Nations Military Staff Committee. Perhaps an even more significant achievement than his command of the first United Nations army in history was his revitalization of the Eighth Army into an effective fighting force after it had been thoroughly demoralized during the retreat from the Yalu River in Korea.

General Alfred M. Gruenther's claim to the NATO job was that, as chief of staff to General Eisenhower, he had an intimate acquaintance with the niceties of pulling and prodding necessary to build a defense in Europe. Gruenther, who has a reputation as the Army's most brilliant planner, was Eisenhower's original choice and was popular with the NATO nations. An example of his breadth is the fact that he not only agreed to stay as Ridgway's chief of staff but also, after he knew he had missed the top assignment, did one of the most persuasive jobs of his career in testifying on the foreign aid bill.

Actually, after the first few discussions there was no real disagreement in the Pentagon over the choice of Ridgway. General Bradley was adamant against naming Gruenther, because he had never had a major command. In some respects this was unfair to Gruenther, because his very efficiency as a planner has meant that he has been grabbed off for staff assignments. It is true, however, that he might have been handicapped by jealousies.

Truman and the MVA

President Truman has attempted to carry water on both shoulders in his plans for flood control along the Missouri River. The Army Engineers

are firmly entrenched, and the President's blasts at Congress for failure to grant all the funds he asked to build new dams made it appear as if Congressional economy were solely to blame for the recent flood. Actually, the lack of effective flood control results as much as anything from the absence of an integrated plan.

Part of the trouble lies in the polarizing of attitudes around the proposed Missouri Valley Authority, or MVA, and around the Pick-Sloan plan. The MVA is usually thought of as an instrument for valley-wide development, including flood control, power, irrigation, and navigation. But it is not a plan; it is a form of authority imposed from the top. The Pick-Sloan approach, for all the objections, at least has the virtue of being a concrete plan.

It was to break the deadlock between the advocates of MVA and the proponents of Pick-Sloan that Mr. Truman some months ago appointed a Missouri Basin Survey Commission. This commission, with James E. Lawrence, editor of the Lincoln (Nebraska) *Star*, as chairman and Senator Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri as vice-chairman, is to take a fresh look at the Missouri and come up with a new, nondoctrinaire approach. Even before the commission had begun to hold field hearings, however, Mr. Truman spanked Congress for not completing the Pick-Sloan plan undertaken halfheartedly in 1944.

This program has been described as a marriage of convenience between the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation. It was devised by Lieut. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, now Chief of Army Engineers, and William R. Sloan, an official of the Bureau of Reclamation. Under it the Engineers were to handle flood control and navigation, whereas Reclamation was to deal with irrigation and power.

The Pick-Sloan plan did end the competition between the two agencies. In practice, however, it often has meant, not integration, but pressure for the pet projects of both agencies at the expense of the taxpayer. The Natural Resources Task Force of the Hoover Commission observed in 1949: "Analysis of that plan reveals the fact that it contains many projects which previously had been subjected to devastating criti-

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First of all, the answer to this question will reveal, almost certainly, that your ancestors were Catholics—that your forefathers worshiped in the historic Church just as your Catholic friends and neighbors all around you are still worshipping today.

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a marriage outside the Church, to a lack of religious interests, or even to some disagreement which you would instantly recognize as trivial.

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cism by one or the other agency." An example is the effort to make the Missouri navigable as far up as Yankton, South Dakota, despite the overwhelming lack of commercial interest in navigation.

The Engineers and conservation

The real objection to the Pick-Sloan plan as respects flood control is its exclusiveness. The Engineers are interested in building mammoth dams and reservoirs; they are not concerned with the upstream conservation work that would hold more of the water on the land. Many conservationists feel, however, that without this work on the land the dams will tend to silt up. Moreover, many of the projected reservoirs would permanently flood large areas.

Few persons would maintain that land conservation measures — such as contour plowing, terracing, grasslands, and the reforestation of denuded hillsides, as well as the building of retention dams on small tributaries — would prevent downstream floods completely. At times the earth becomes saturated with water and runoff is inevitable. For example, this year's flood originated in large part on the Yellowstone and Milk Rivers in Montana. Heavy snowfall was melted by warm winds while the ground was still frozen, and the water had nowhere to go but into the rivers.

It is significant, however, that there are no retention dams on the Yellowstone or Milk. Some such upstream projects might have helped to check the flow of water before it became a raging torrent downstream. In the Kansas floods last year there was graphic proof that the farms which had conservation plans helped

retard the flow of water and suffered far less damage than those without them.

Under any flood-control program some big dams would be necessary. But by excluding the work of such agencies as the Soil Conservation Service and the Forest Service, the Pick-Sloan plan frustrates the kind of upstream conservation that would balance the program — and probably would render fewer big dams necessary at less cost.

The big-dam program also frustrates what may be termed the community-watershed approach, which enlists the support of people at the local level in dealing first with small drainage basins as units. Notable progress is being made in this respect in Oklahoma and along the Salt-Wahoo watershed in Nebraska.

It was to bring about more coordinated planning of flood control as a part of natural resources development that the Hoover Commission recommended that the civil functions of the Army Engineers be absorbed in a new Water Use Service in the Department of the Interior.

In refuting the Engineers' argument that civil functions provide valuable training, the Hoover Commission noted that this program occupied only about 200 regular officers supervising 9000 civilian engineers and 41,000 other employees.

In April of this year President Truman reportedly was ready to ask for this transfer of functions in a new reorganization plan. Inexplicably, the plan was withdrawn. Some persons attribute the withdrawal to the

salesmanship of General Pick during the President's tour of the Missouri flood area. Others think that Mr. Truman decided that the unofficial lobby of the Engineers on Capitol Hill was too powerful to take on; the Rivers and Harbors subcommittee in Congress, headed by Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, so far has successfully resisted every attempt to tamper with the Corps. In any event, the flood problem has been left exactly where it was — in a mass of confusion.

Mood of the Capital

President Truman is at his best in an informal, relaxed pose when his ready wit serves him to good advantage. He has taken special delight in showing guests through the newly refurbished White House, and he was in his element when he conducted a tour for the American people via television. Incidentally, the White House has been tastefully redecorated to preserve the old charm but in stronger, safer surroundings.

Mr. Truman's attitude since he announced his intention not to run again can be described as one of ebullience. He seems to be a man from whom a great burden has been lifted — though he is still capable of strong language, as was seen in his reminder to Congress on the defense budget and in his criticism of the limitation on public housing.

The ebullience, however, also has led him into some unfortunate off-the-cuff bobbles. His ill-considered remark to the visiting editors about possible authority to "and radio was proportion; W ferences someti affairs in which to be to bait blunder.

Nevertheless, dismissal of the did not wholly d caused by po plies. The Pre the difficulty a his remark — w. retracted — that an "ultimatum" troops out of Irai correspondent c newspaper ought ant corresponden the retractions.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Admiral in Moscow

SIR:

I write to tell you how much I appreciated Admiral Leslie C. Stevens's article, "The Russian People" (May *Atlantic*). His perceptive and sensitive observations are a valuable contribution to those of us who study the Soviet Union in libraries. I am particularly grateful for his testimony on the "evidences of Asia" in Russia, on the gestures and expressions of Russians in church, on their Eastern time sense, on their "inner independence" — for these are among the aspects which rarely appear in the literature and which scholars are most apt to overlook.

HAROLD J. BERMAN
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I wish to congratulate the *Atlantic* for publishing Admiral Stevens's article, "The Russian People."

Never do I remember reading an article which for sheer beauty of language has reached the excellence of this one.

Through this perfectly employed medium he has given us an authentic and understanding picture of the Russian people. Such an article must surely help in bringing about a sane appreciation of the Russians and contribute to the solution of our differences.

MRS. GEORGE THURTELL
Lincoln, Neb.

SIR:

The article by Admiral Stevens was the first in many years that managed to convey the nature of the Russian people, the persistence of the old in

the new, the placidity and rebellion, the poetic and the materialistic, the eternally enduring and the impractical — all these faculties and capacities that constitute the "Russian soul," so definite in its manifestations and yet so elusive.

The Lermontov poem quoted in the article — incidentally, the translation was uncommonly faithful to the spirit of the original — was well selected to illustrate, in the words of one of Russia's greatest poets, the paradoxical lure that tempests and upheavals possess for the Russians.

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Two articles, "The Russian People" and "The New Isolationism," in the May *Atlantic* provide interesting contrast in frame of mind. Arthur M. Schlesinger, in the latter, characterized his attitude more in his "taken for granted" underlying feelings toward Russia than in his argument for the wrongness of the New Isolationist's sometimes contradictory viewpoints. He himself is emotionally an "isolationist" (see Section 2 and, near the end, his distaste for any policy the Russians agree with) and intellectually an internationalist — minus all Communist countries.

In contrast is the frame of mind of Admiral Stevens, which can be summed up rather simply: he is interested in the Russian People and their condition. That is his springboard. Now which is more important — deciding what to do about a people we do not understand, or understanding a people we cannot decide what

to do about? The latter will eventually accomplish worth-while things, the former nothing constructive.

Mr. Schlesinger's article is admittedly political and therefore has its excuse. But how many of us, in making political decisions especially, imitate his frame of mind without having the background of understanding that Admiral Stevens has — and, I hope, that Mr. Schlesinger has also.

Pfc PAUL SYDNEY ALLEN US 55091554
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Open House in New England

SIR:

I read with great interest what you had to say about old homes and Open House Days (The Peripatetic Reviewer, May *Atlantic*), and I hope that I shall be able to take the June 25 tour in Salem which you mention. I was disappointed that you did not take your traveler further west in Connecticut, to our village of Litchfield (see Samuel Chamberlain's *Six New England Villages*) with its beautiful old elm-shaded North and South Streets.

In "Litchfield Days" one reads: "Is there any other street in the country that in less than half a mile of its length can equal South Street in the number of its public men? Here have lived three governors and five chief justices of Connecticut. Add to this number the founder of the first law school in America, the compiler of the first law reports in the U.S., and a signer of the Declaration of Independence."

This is the fifth year that Litchfield will hold an Open House Day on which the beautiful Congregational Church and ten old homes will be

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The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School Students for 1951-1952 (closing date April 16) were open to all students using the Atlantic in a course during some part of the school year from September 1951 through March 1952.

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Live With Them and Like Them, by Jane Holt, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Florence Wolfe, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Fourteen Thousand Feet Up, by Peter Rona, Friends Seminary, New York, New York; *Rouse B. Wilcox, Instructor*

The Iron Hand of War, by Caroline Schnur, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor*

"Ware Hole!" by Anne King, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor*

My Hungarian Heritage, by Marguerite Meszar, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

Susan and the Twins, by Ruth Elaine Young, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Magic or Medicine? by Jean Herskovits, Evanston Township High School, Illinois; *S. Mildred Wright, Instructor*

The Quest of a Hermit, by Katharine Simmons Jarratt, Harpeth Hall School, Nashville, Tennessee; *Mary C. Rasmussen, Instructor*

Briland, by Carol Kirsch, Hunter College High School, New York, New York; *Mildred BruBaker, Instructor*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

Eulogy for a Soldier, by Ruth E. Young, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Blow of '52, by Gloria Mayer, Harpeth Hall School, Nashville, Tennessee; *Mary C. Rasmussen, Instructor*

Contrast, by Jerry Clutter, Mount Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Virginia A. Elliott, Instructor*

Calvary: The Seven Last Words, by Lorraine Landrud, Grant High School, Portland, Oregon; *Lydia L. Anderson, Instructor*

Clytemnestra, by Ted Van Griethuyssen, Lamar Senior High School, Houston, Texas; *Margaret Buchanan, Instructor*

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

announces the award of a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Ruth Elaine Young, Brookline High School, Massachusetts (*Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*), for her story, *Susan and the Twins*.

open, including the Tapping Reeve House, beautifully furnished and now belonging to the Litchfield Historical Society. Tapping Reeve was the founder of the first law school in America and a brother-in-law of Aaron Burr. The date this year will be July 12, from 11.00 to 5.30, and the occasion is for the benefit of the Connecticut Junior Republic, a school for boys needing special guidance.

HELEN H. ROBINSON
Litchfield, Conn.

SIR:

After reading your May outpouring, I do think you are a very pathetic reviewer! For any silver-plated New Englander to leave Guilford, Greenfield Hill, and Farmington (true, not on the main thoroughfare) off an itinerary of really glorious New England villages is simply incredible. Can't you make amends?

MRS. A. PAWLING WESLEY
Cliffside Park, N.J.

SIR:

Yes! a thousand times yes — keep on with your delightful and informative articles about old houses and towns.

Nathan Hale's house in Coventry, Connecticut, was bought by George Dudley Seymour (brother of President Seymour of Yale) furnished and now is a museum. Coventry has many beautiful old doorways of designs not usually seen.

In the old house in Ipswich, moved a mile from the original site, I dragged along under the eaves and pulled into view the linked frame for a glass globe for a mansion's hall light. Some of the furnishings were serving humbly in near-by kitchens.

At Plymouth, Connecticut, is Bronson Alcott's old schoolhouse — now a museum.

Ike Marvel's house "Edgewood" is in Westville, Connecticut, outside New Haven, where his treatment was such (he married a Southern woman) that he planted a high evergreen hedge for privacy.

New Haven was "so beautiful," a British officer declared, "that it would be a shame to burn it." Blessed

man. It took a disgruntled Benedict Arnold to burn New London. I believe that if the truth were known, Arnold "took the rap" for his wife's treacherous behavior: in love with André, a friend of General Howe and a "climber."

FLORENCE HOLLADAY BARBER
St. Petersburg, Fla.

SIR:

You went to many of the right places last month, though I would have planned a few detours. Sturbridge is all right, but the General Ward mansion at near-by Shrewsbury belongs in your list. And if your friend Mr. Danielson ever coaxes you off your route to Groton, he could introduce you to Alcott's Fruitlands in Harvard, the Prescott House in Pepperell, famous in arms and letters, and in Groton to the Margaret Fuller home and still staunch farmhouse on Farmers Row from which Amos and Abbott Lawrence set out to make their fortune and fame.

JAMES R. JOY
New York City

SIR:

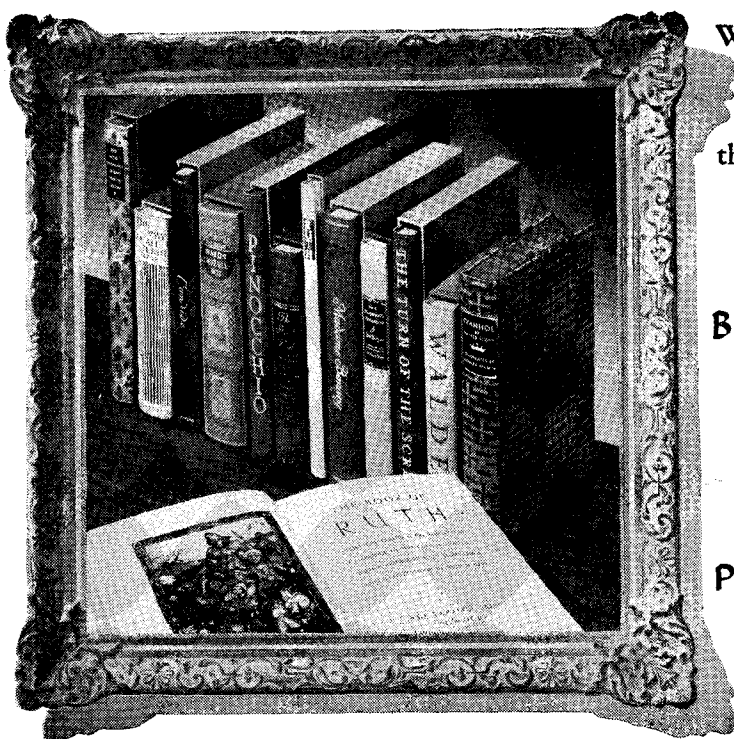
You have brought this letter upon yourself by saying, "We can go farther afield next time if enough are interested." Here is one who is "interested." Please keep right on Route 1 with occasional asides into byways usually lovelier than Route 1.

While looking for houses, get the true story of the Marie Antoinette house and pause at Freeport to visit "the Desert of Maine." Think of it. In Maine, a *desert* offering itself as a spectacle! And the worst of it is that as you cruise north you will find countless other regions preparing themselves, in due course, to become other "Deserts of Maine." Every good tree that can be converted into paper has been hacked down, or will be very soon; the branches and small stuff lie on the ground to rot — enough wood going to waste to heat all New England, while we bring in oil from Texas, coal from Nova Scotia, and gas from West Virginia.

ROBERT P. SKINNER
Belfast, Maine

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THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe*, nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and then handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library novels!* Despite increases in the past few years of about one hundred per cent in the costs of producing books, each member pays only \$3.65 for each book —or only \$3.28 if he pays in advance!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared for the Seventeenth Series; and in this Prospectus will be described all of the

books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. Some of these members, by the way, have been members of The Heritage Club ever since the Club was established nearly seventeen years ago. If you elect to get into this obviously-satisfied membership, and apply in time, you will obtain books like these:

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, in a large square quarto profusely illustrated by Fritz Kredel; and *Madame Bovary* illustrated with engravings by the great French painter Pierre Brissaud; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors of William Blake printed in full color for the first time; and Thoreau's *Walden* with wood-engravings by Thomas Nason; and Voltaire's *Candide* with illustrations in color by Sylvain Sauvage; and *The Book of Ruth* with the beautiful miniature-paintings of Arthur Szyk ...

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you do not have to purchase *any* book you do not want; for you are given a list of three dozen Heritage books-now-in-print—from which to select substitute titles.

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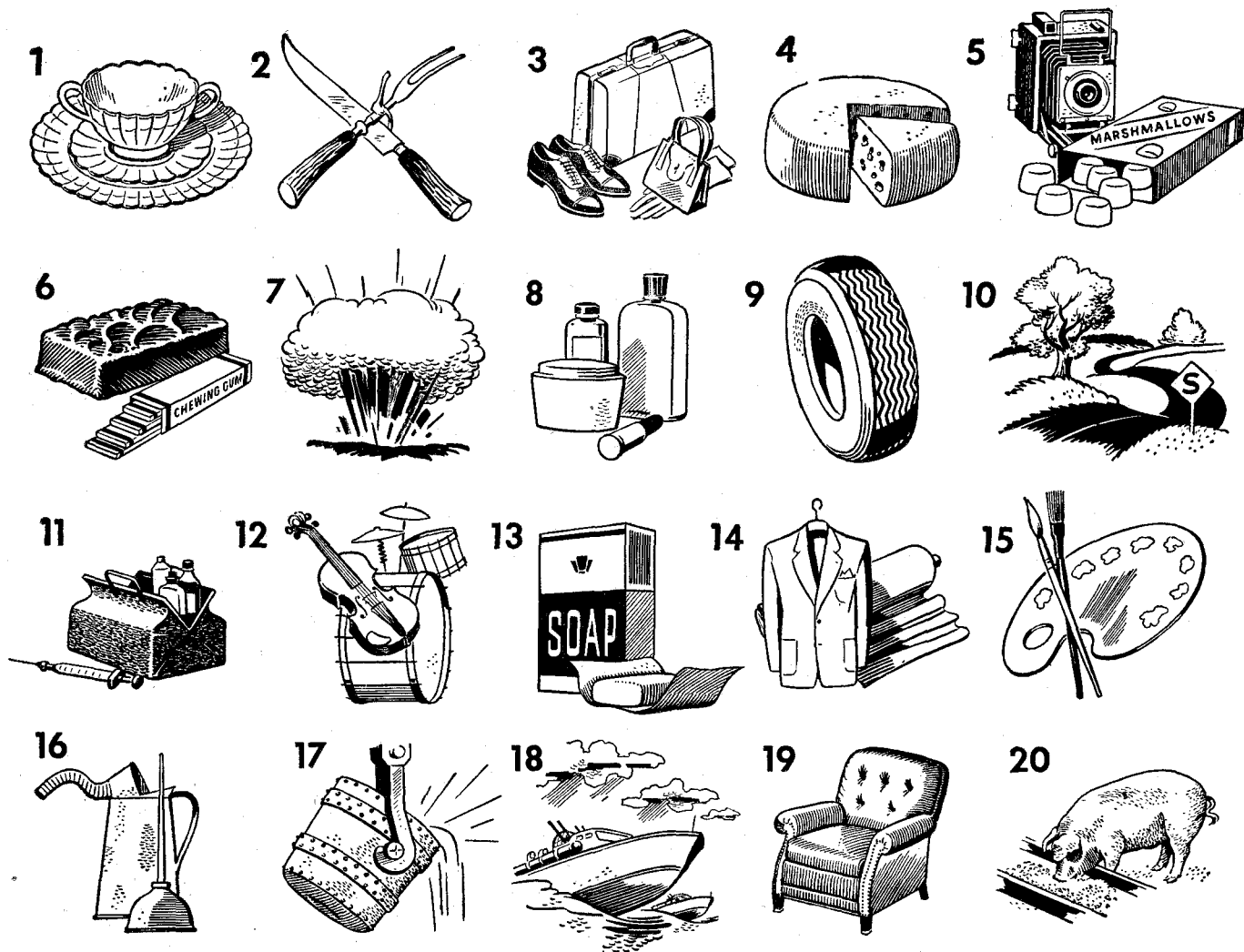
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5. Gelatin for marshmallows,

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8. Lanolin for cosmetics.
9. Chemicals for tires that run cooler.
10. Binders for asphalt paving.
11. Medicines such as various hormones and glandular extracts, insulin, pepsin, epinephrine, ACTH, cortisone . . . and surgical sutures.
12. Drumheads and violin strings.
13. Animal fats for soap.
14. Wool for clothing.
15. Camel's-hair (actually from cattle ears) for artists' brushes.

16. Cutting oils and other special industrial lubricants.

17. Bone charcoal for high-grade steel, such as ball bearings.

18. Special glues for marine plywoods, paper, matches, window shades.

19. Curled hair for upholstery. Leather for covering fine furniture.

20. High-protein livestock feeds. Money from sale of by-products frequently makes it possible for the packer to sell the beef from a steer for less than was paid for the animal on the hoof.

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A Canadian who writes of the natural world with scientific accuracy and the pull of humor, N. J. BERRILL, Professor of Zoology at McGill University, is the author of The Living Tide, which was published last year. He is now working on his new book, Journey into Wonder, an account of the voyages and explorations of the great naturalists, which Dodd, Mead will publish this autumn and from which the Atlantic will select three installments.

THE EMPEROR PENGUINS

by N. J. BERRILL

CAPE CROZIER is the eastern extremity of Ross Island in the Antarctic. Crozier is where the western edge of the ice barrier squeezes into the sea, with all the mass and pressure of the greatest ice sheet in the world moving behind it. When Robert Scott sailed the *Discovery* into the Ross Sea in 1902, he took with him Edward Wilson, the naturalist, and Sir Ernest Shackleton. In 1903 the three of them made the first southern journey over the ice toward the pole, over the length of the Great Ice Barrier to the foot of the Beardmore Glacier — nearly a thousand miles there and back.

At Cape Crozier the barrier ice piles itself up against Mount Terror, and, of all places on earth, this is where the Adélie and Emperor penguins breed. Here is the scene, in Wilson's words: "We were on an old outlying cone of Mount Terror, about thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Below us lay the Emperor penguin rookery on the bay ice, and Ross Sea, completely frozen over, was a plain of firm white ice to the horizon. The sky looked black and threatening, the barometer began to fall, and before long down came the snowflakes on the upper height of Mount Terror. All these warnings were an open book to the Emperor penguins — a long file was moving out from the bay to the open ice, where a pack of some one or two hundred had already collected about two miles out at the edge of a refrozen crack." Two days later, "the change was immense. Ross Sea was open water for nearly thirty miles; a long line of pack ice was just visible

on the horizon from where we stood, some eight or nine hundred feet above the sea. Large sheets of ice were still going out and drifting to the north, and the migration of the Emperors was in full swing. There were again two companies waiting on the ice at the actual water's edge, with some hundred more tailing out in single file to join them. The birds were waiting far out at the edge of the open water, as far as it was possible for them to walk, on a projecting piece of ice, the very next piece that would break away and drift to the north." Only those that were yet nursing chicks still huddled under the ice cliffs, sheltering as much as possible from the storm that was driving the ice out of the bay. The Emperors went with it, but it was half a year later before the rest of the ice went out and allowed the *Discovery* to sail home to the north.

Wilson also wrote: "The possibility that we have in the Emperor penguin the nearest approach to a primitive form not only of a penguin but of a bird makes the future working out of its embryology a matter of the greatest importance" — a statement that caused no end of trouble, in the sheer physical sense of the word, both to himself and others.

The statement itself is the product of its time and makes several assumptions. One is that the penguin is a primitive bird and has never known how to fly, which is more than doubtful. Another is that the Emperor is more primitive, as penguins go, than the rest of these inquisitive manikins. And the third, which brought the trouble, is that if you look closely

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enough at the early stages of the embryo developing within the egg, you will see in some sort of outline a repetition of its evolutionary past. This idea is a hangover, not from Darwin himself, but from one of his ardent German admirers of the late Victorian age, Professor Ernst Haeckel, a man of immense industry and influence. There was a time, not so long ago, when zoologists everywhere were digging into the life history and embryology of every animal on land or in the sea that they could lay hands upon, with the belief that their individual stories of evolution would drop like ripe plums from a tree. It hasn't worked out that way, but Wilson was a little too soon to know, and the thought remained.

2

TEN years later Wilson and Scott returned, once more within sight of Mount Terror. This time the pole itself was the goal, and both men were to die on the journey back across the barrier. But before the polar journey started, there was time enough for another — a search for fresh and not too old eggs of the Emperor; eggs that would be laid on the ice, a hundred miles across the barrier, in the dark mid-winter of Antarctica. Three set out — Wilson as leader; H. R. Bowers, who also died on the polar journey the following summer; and Cherry Garrard.

They journeyed for five weeks. That may seem not very long, but it depends on how you measure time. By weeks it is little, by days not so much; but measured by minutes of exhausting effort, cold agony, and anxiety, with each dark and bitter and dawnless day a release from the frozen armor of unthawed sleeping bags, the time becomes eternity. They hauled two sledges, each man pulling 250 pounds, over a rough and tricky surface. After a while they could pull but one sledge at a time and had to travel ten miles to make three. At temperatures lower than sixty below zero they went back and forth in the darkness, tracing their own footsteps a few at a time with the aid of a candle, and otherwise steering by the light of Jupiter. In eight hours they accomplished two miles, more or less, with effort so great the mind could not escape, with no respite mentally or physically. Crevices became a nightmare, for they were iced over and any one of them could mean death. Moisture from their bodies froze in their clothes, and there came a time when neither by day nor by night did they thaw, and frostbite found them even in their bags. Only once did they find relief, during a three-day blizzard near the end of the outward journey, when the temperature rose eighty degrees to nine above zero. With that the ice in their clothes and sleeping bags turned to water, from the added heat of their bodies, and they "lay steaming and beautifully liquid" and went to sleep. The cold hell of Dante returned and at times at night each wondered whether the others were yet alive. They did find the eggs of the

Emperor, after dark descents with ice axes and ropes — five of them; three of them froze and survived the journey back to England; the other two were crushed in falls.

What did the eggs show? They showed that a penguin is penguin all the way, and that a penguin's egg is the means by which a penguin gives rise to another penguin. There is no recapitulation of an ancestral past; no light is thrown upon the origin of birds; the penguin fin is a bird wing from the beginning. Only the manner of feather development is peculiar, and that tells us more of what a penguin is than what a penguin was! Nor is there reason to think the Emperor's egg could tell us more than the egg of any other penguin; for whether or not the Emperor is more primitive than the rest, all are 99 per cent penguin and tell the same story — which is, a penguin is a bird that cannot fly in the air but uses its wings to fly under water, for that is what it does.

Where does all this leave the penguin? The figure of fun remains; so does the slickest sea bird of them all, a marvelous conversion from flight in unsubstantial air to flight in cold and heavy water — for flight it still is, not underwater paddling or just diving. The padded body is streamlined for speed; the wings are hard and firm for beating against the liquid medium; chest muscles and keel are heavy enough to operate them; feathers are modified to make a dry insulating coat; and sea water is freely swallowed in place of fresh. Below the surface the bird is as fitted to its place as any porpoise, fish, or squid — a lithe, darting, efficient animal with eyes well suited to seeing through water. Only the fast flip to the surface to get air gives it away, and even that is as brief as the jumping of a fish.

Out of water it is another matter. A penguin cannot fly and has to walk, but legs of streamlined swimming and diving birds are short and they are all a race of waddlers. Good sight under water means poor vision out of it, for corneal curvatures are necessarily different, and penguins and sea lions, for all their prowess as fishermen, are hopelessly shortsighted on the land. Which may be the reason why penguins, when they are on the ice or climbing a more temperate hillside, all follow the footsteps of the leader, trailing their way in long lines — it requires so little sight and thought. Yet this myopia itself tells us something, if only we knew what to make of it. Visibility on a smooth ice sheet is no more than three miles even for a man; for short penguins it is less, especially when all distance is a blur. But they travel across extensive ice fields in a direct line to their proper destination; and in the sea, in regions where the water temperatures vary little if at all, they migrate hundreds of miles without chance or equipment for making any celestial sights. If any birds really have a true directional sense, the penguins have it. On these long treks they cannot see their way, smell their way, or feel

their way. What is there left? I do not know, and can only wonder.

With most birds the sexes look quite unlike and the birds have no trouble. But not the penguin. Penguins look alike to penguins as well as to men, and a hopeful male penguin never knows what he's starting. All he can do is to go up to a likely-looking individual, make an offering of a pebble or a feather, and hope for the best. If the offering is ignored, the recipient may be a bored bachelor or an unawakened maiden. If the supplicant gets a good pecking, he has picked upon a thoroughly insulted gentleman. Only when the pebble is graciously received does he know he has met the right kind of girl and the courtship can proceed. Sex is not flaunted.

3

PENGUINS define the Southern Hemisphere in circles, segments, and spots. Emperors and Adélies fringe the Antarctic shore the world around; Kings, Johnnies, Rock Hoppers, and Macaronis hold the islands throughout the West Wind Drift; Rings keep to the Scotian Arc, the Jackass to Patagonia, Humboldts to Humboldt's Current, and the Galápagos to its island group. These are not all but they will do. They keep within the cold water but go wherever it goes, and the Galápagos Islands are the northern limit. From south to north, as sea temperatures rise, their size decreases. The Emperor is the greatest, the Galápagos penguin the smallest; the others and their ranges are in between. It is a matter of weight, heat production, and body surface. At the ice barrier it is hard to stay warm; at the equator one needs to keep cool.

Each kind has its own particular problems of food, home, and happiness, and not all of them are troubled with snow and ice. The Adélie has come in for the most attention, as befits a lady, for she is comic and arresting against the orthodox white Antarctic background. Movies, books, and even radio have carried her fame and foibles to the world at large. Every polar expedition has found her good and inquisitive company. More than most, Adélies are travelers. They spend the winter on the northern edge of the pack ice, and journey more than 500 miles by water to reach the breeding colony at Cape Crozier, and a fair way by foot across the ice. On the ice they travel as fast as a man can run, either walking in short, quick steps or tobogganning on their breasts with wings and feet pushing. Ice travel is by daylight only; at night they camp in line till dawn. The ice journey may last two weeks. At the end of the trek the long lines break up, the birds fall on their bellies, and flippers and stern-wheeling paddle feet drive all in a noisy free-for-all for the final goal. As the long lines of migrating Adélies come to an end, the Antarctic skuas arrive, the savage marauding gulls that are the greatest enemies of the Adélie's eggs and young.

On arrival at the nesting grounds the hens stake out the claims, each bird slightly thawing the soil with her breast and scratching a circular scoop. Then she waits in amorous serenity for a mate. Newly arrived cocks begin courting at once, but after the prolonged effort of their recent journey they are apt to go to sleep on their feet at any moment, to take a brief nap a dozen times or more while pressing their suits with the waiting maidens or matriarchs.

If a hen likes the show she may cackle back at the suitor, or she may give him a good pecking, which seems to appease her and merely makes the abused male more supplicant. They then assume the "ecstatic" attitude, cross their beaks, sway from side to side, and cry shrilly. After mating, the cock brings all the round pebbles he can find to make a stone rampart around the scoop, in the middle of which two eggs are laid. If stones can be filched from a neighbor, so much the better. The offended owner then seems to swell with rage, feathers erect and head plumage raised like a top-knot, and gives chase. The thief, on the contrary, makes himself look small and sleek and tries to lose himself in the crowd. And when one is recognized before the event, he quickly throws off his keen prowling look and walks nonchalantly by, as though nothing had been farther from his intentions. Family life, once established, is usually tender, faithful, and affectionate, although some couples remain in squabbling bondage. There is a little too much comic caricature of human matrimonial behavior in these birds for our comfort.

Peaceful family and community life, however, does not imply silence. Wilson wrote: "The noise is almost unceasing. From a distance it is like a whistling roar, and when we looked down upon the two hundred acres swarming with shouting penguins and their whistling, piping chicks, one was reminded of nothing so much as a rink with a thousand chattering skaters."

Turns are taken sitting on the nest and there is quite a ceremony when the guard is relieved, when the two birds rub necks together and softly cackle. Once off duty the freed birds gather in groups at the ice foot to frolic and chatter, each one urging some other to make the first plunge. Once it goes, the others follow in quick succession, though usually after a hasty glance to see if number one has encountered a waiting sea leopard. This is their worst enemy under water — more so than killer whales, which prefer seals. All danger, apart from man, has come to them from the sea, and it is hard to drive the penguins into it.

Once in the water, penguins progress by porpoising, traveling below the surface for ten to thirty yards and then shooting into the air in an arc of seven or eight feet, to vanish again with hardly a ripple. For the most part they feed on the opossum shrimp, the krill of whales, and enjoy it so much

they will gobble until well distended and then, like Romans at a banquet, vomit and start all over. When finally full, or when scared to death, they head for the ice, break surface thirty or forty yards away to appraise the distance, submerge, and drive for the landing. At the base of the ice, with marvelous accuracy they shoot out of the water erect like a jack-in-the-box and land standing on ice five feet above the sea.

4

THE birds that Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins saw, when entering the Strait of Magellan, were the Jackass, black and white harlequins with a wicked black bill. On land or sea they bray like jackasses and have much less sense. They burrow into unfrozen ground to make their nests, but travel far along both Atlantic and Pacific shores at other times. Robert Murphy thinks the ancient Magellanic penguins were the home stock from which some have reached halfway round the world — down wind, down current — along the oceanic routes of the Humboldt Current to Peru and the Galápagos, and east with the West Wind Drift to South Africa and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

Even though nests are made in burrows, pebbles are still brought in, without apparent purpose. Maybe the pebbles are like diamonds: they signify a lot, but when all is said and done they are only pretty little stones. In another way, however, the pebbles may have meaning. Jackasses travel fast in the water — more than twelve knots — in search of cuttlefish, and old-time sealers and more than one modern observer have said they swallow pebbles as ballast when they go to sea and eject them on their return home. These may be the pebbles in the burrow.

Perhaps the Rock Hoppers, or Jumping Jacks, belong most to the sea and look the silliest on land. Half impish, half scared, with puffed cheeks, crimson eyes, and a shining black crest, they step uncertainly with feet lifted high and have to jump to get anywhere in a hurry. They do not even dive into the water, but jump in feet first from the ledges. They spend so much time at sea that they have been found with barnacles growing on their toes, and encircle the world in the west wind zone.

When Captain Cook first discovered South Georgia, the Forsters went ashore and brought back two kinds of penguins, the King and the Johnny, both of the west wind zone. Johnnies are timid, but they suggest something of the past. They are climbers, and cross perfectly good ground near the sea and trudge wearily up the hillsides to make their nests near the summits of shelterless ridges. There is nothing to be gained by this at present, though it may have made sense at one time. South Georgia, for all its present icy bleakness, was once buried under an even greater cap of ice, and during the

long period immediately following its complete glaciation very little breeding territory could have been available. What bare rock there was would have been the rocky ridges separating the ice-filled valleys. The Johnnies have simply held on to the old instinct of climbing to the ridges to find something less disconcerting than ice upon which to hatch an egg. So they go on raising the feet high at every step, with heads thrust forward to see where they're going. After all, we're hardly out of the ice age yet, and in South Georgia at the time of Cook and Forster the glaciers were even larger than they are now. Moreover, the lower levels would have been held by the seals and the bigger and stronger King penguins.

Only a little smaller than the Emperors, the Kings have stature, dignity, and color. It has been their fate to suffer more senseless slaughter at the hands of white men than have any other kind. All the residents of the last rookery in West Falkland were boiled down by a shepherd to get oil for waterproofing the roof of his house — which puts a higher value on the survival of a man than was ever intended. The bird still survives on South Georgia and the West Wind Islands, but not in the old numbers.

King penguins breed on low ground among the tussock grass or on bare and bleak moraines with snowbanks and a glacial torrent close at hand. They might do better, but once again it may be a case of behaving as if the ice age were still in full force; for the Kings, like the Emperors, hold the egg in a pouch at the base of the belly even though it is easier now to avoid ice than find it.

So we return to the Emperor. Of all birds it is the most truly Antarctic, the tallest, heaviest, biggest-boned penguin alive, standing as high as a man's chest and, except at the Scotian Arc, remaining always within the Antarctic Circle. Yet for all its size and weight, it can shoot up from a depth of water and land feet first upon ice its own height above the surface. It is a powerful bird. Five seamen from the whaler *Balaena* caught one and tried to hold it down, but were scattered like ninepins. When at last they managed to strap two leather belts around its body, and stood back for a deep breath, the Emperor did the same and burst the belts.

West Wind birds have short winter days in which to fish, but the Emperors live through six months of darkness. All through the polar night the loud metallic trumpeting of the Emperors can be heard afar, and throughout that long and bitter darkness they cuddle their eggs and raise their young. With the coming of light in the spring it is all over and they are off fishing from their ice rafts. The great problem is not how to produce enough eggs but how to incubate them and raise the chicks. The procedure is clear enough.

This is what happens. Only a very small fraction of the Emperors breed during any one winter, but

all individuals of either sex, mated or not, have a warm pouch and a warm heart for any exposed egg or chick. The whole community feels broody. Even a lump of ice or a dead and frozen chick is better than nothing, and father, mother, or foster mother tucks its egg on to its feet clear of the ice, within the folds of the pouch, next to warm bare skin. The system works, and enough offspring are raised each black winter in their icy retreats to maintain the population.

We have a little information about how it works, though not from studies on inaccessible Emperors. Recent research on fowls, pigeons, and rats suggests that it is all a matter of glands and hormones. The hormones of the pituitary gland beneath the brain seem to be responsible. One of the pituitary secretions stimulates the ovary and regulates the egg production. Another puts a check upon the process and at the same time induces broodiness. Injection of the hormone will cause a virgin rat to cuddle the young of another. In birds it is obvious that egg-laying must stop before broodiness begins, and these two pituitary secretions determine that it happens this way. All that needs to happen to Emperors is an excessive production of the second and a partial suppression of the first secretion, so that few eggs are laid but there is a superabundant broodiness.

Three general views concerning penguin origin are generally held, although none is new, and all three recognize that in some ways penguins are so unlike any other birds their separation from the rest must have happened a very long time ago. One view would derive the penguins directly from birdlike reptiles that had never learned to fly, another from flying birds so ancient it is foolish to look for connections with any other kind, and the third from a remote but common ancestral stock from which cormorants and their relatives also came. The first means that the ancestral bird took to water and became perfected as a swimmer without ever having flown; the second, that the birds once flew but became grounded and then converted a degenerate wing into a swimming organ; and the last implies that a flying sea bird became an underwater flyer without reference to the land at all.

What the Emperor eggs and all studies of penguin anatomy emphasize is that the penguin is all bird, with typical flight mechanism and no sign of degeneracy. So out goes the running reptile theory.

The second theory had the support of the late W. D. Matthew, one of the great of the American Museum. It has a strong appeal because of the pictures it calls up. It proposes that the ancestors of penguins flew to the land of Antarctica a long time ago, found no enemies or competitors or ice, and like so many other island birds having no need to fly, became too heavy in body and small in wing to do so. In the course of time, as the land became colder, some of them took to making offshore fishing

expeditions and used the short wing as a flipper. When the ice age finally arrived and the whole region was buried under the icecap, only the fishing birds survived. It's all very beautiful and I have dreamed on it at night, but Simpson offers the remaining theory in a streamlined manner that is utterly convincing.

There are several striking features concerning penguins which have to be explained. The foremost, of course, is the type of swimming, which is submarine flying, and it seems that the penguin flipper has never stopped being a wing but has only changed from beating air to beating water. This in itself requires a change from a long and broad weight-lifting blade well feathered to grasp the unsubstantial air, to a short, narrow, sturdy one that can be driven hard and fast against resisting water. All the changes in the wing and chest come from this.

Diving petrels are in many ways like penguins, except that they can still fly in the air. When molting their quill feathers they cannot fly at all, but are still able to use their wings under water and catch their food as usual. They have in fact carried underwater flight just as far as it can go without losing aerial flight altogether, and Simpson argues that at this point a bird is compromised. The diving petrels have balanced one medium against another, and to go any further with underwater flight would mean loss of aerial flight. This the penguins did; the advantages of perfecting submarine flight outweighed those of aerial flight, and they have gone all the way to perfection below the surface. With it has come the streamlining of the body, a change in nature of wing feathers, and the peculiar placing of the legs, all leading to underwater speed. Insulation of the body by downlike feathers and by accumulation of blubber is part of the aquatic adaptation, not a relic of polar exposure. The peculiar method of walking upright on land is the natural consequence of the swimming function.

Simpson thinks that penguins took to the sea, not to escape terrestrial enemies or because food failed in their Antarctic home — the two most popular theories — but like other oceanic birds, because the fish, squid, and crustaceans in the seas around them were so abundant as a source of food. They became specialists in catching it in the cooler southern waters, and bred on the islands of the West Wind Drift and even on the American mainland. Their greatest enemies came from the sea, not the land; and it is this fear, he thinks, that makes them climb hills, to get away from dangerous beaches where sea leopards can still catch them.

This is the heart of it. It leaves the Emperor in a different light — not as the last embittered monarch clinging forlornly to his frozen realm, but as a polar explorer from a more temperate earth, invading the ice barrier and holding fast to his encampments.



In every metropolitan area of the United States a struggle for survival is going on today between the high-taxed old cities and the low-taxed suburban communities, "the bedroom towns," whence come the city workers. WILLIAM ZECKENDORF, the dynamic President of Webb & Knapp, real-estate developers, is one who believes that the cores of our old cities can and should be revived — not by artificial respiration but by more enterprise within the city itself and by more coöperation from those commuters who make their living in it.

CITIES VERSUS SUBURBS

A Struggle for Survival

by WILLIAM ZECKENDORF

1

THE idea of decentralization is not original with our generation. Nations, cities, all communities work on the same principle. New York, which started at the Battery and once had its northerly boundary at Wall Street, decentralized; they thought they were decentralizing enormously when they got as far north as Chambers Street and, a little later, as far as the Bowery — that was the open country. Today, of course, we know the Bowery as in a sense an outmoded, abandoned area. With the advent of rapid transit the city decentralized still further, but that did not mean the destruction of the city. It merely meant that the city was growing, and enjoying the benefits of greater population and better communications.

Distance is not space but time. A man who had to walk ten miles to go to work took more time than a man who today flies from New York to Chicago on a job. Naturally, as new means of transportation and better roads are developed, more remote places continually become accessible. The whole principle of real-estate economics changes.

Today, however, a new and vicious development has arisen in cities throughout the United States, which makes decentralization feared as the death knell of the central core area. This fear will continue at least as long as we have the present inept laws bearing on municipalities and satellite towns.

Satellite towns, which are the product of decentralization, are parasites. The high cost of maintenance of the central core that supports the whole metropolitan area is borne by the city, but the revenues and benefits go to the towns at the periphery — each having its own political setup, its own separate fire department, police department, water supply, its own mayor, its own councilmen; all a duplication of the cost of the city's core.

Every satellite town saps off the buying power, the taxing power, and the vital factors that make for a cohesive, comprehensive, healthy city. This is just as though the United States suddenly lost the taxing power of California and New York through their setting up independent operation, but continued with the central bureaucracy and cost of maintenance of the Army and Navy, and so on. It wouldn't take very long for the U.S. to go broke on such a basis, and as long as this sort of thing can be done by the satellite towns around the mother city, we are jeopardizing the entire fiscal and political future of our great municipalities.

What I conceive as the answer would consist of a change in the basic law, providing that municipalities have the right of unilateral incorporation or of involuntary incorporation of the communities that live on them at the periphery. The satellite communities should be forced into the large city and taxed to make them a contributing part of the whole community.

The test as to whether a community is an independent community is simple and obvious, and if it fails to meet the test, then it should be incorporated into the large city. Otherwise, the township should retain its independence. This test should be: "Can this community survive financially, socially, and economically without the benefits from the large city?" Take employment, for example. Does the bulk of employment or earning power and other benefits come from the mother city or is the town a self-reliant, independent community? If the former is the case (which it happens to be in 90 per cent of the satellite towns in the immediate vicinity of large cities), then the city should have the right to incorporate the town.

The net result would be beneficial. We could

have integrated roads and highways. We could eliminate duplication of government officials and bring about a vast reduction in repetitive bureaucratic setups. There could be a single taxing power, and there could be truly comprehensive zoning and planning so that the entire area becomes one interrelated unit. As long as we continue growing in the present unrelated pattern where each community imposes its own zoning and controls its own street system, and where it will do its own taxing and waste its own money and disregard what happens to the central core, just so long we shall have more and more confiscatory taxes by the central city, and less and less control of central city politics by the general citizenry, who will have abandoned the mother city to ward politics of the lowest order. The eventual result will be financial catastrophe.

There are many horrible examples of what we are speaking about, and perhaps the saddest of all is Boston. The present tax load on Boston real estate is as great in proportion to its sound value as the average tax plus first mortgage charges on the average city throughout the United States. One might say that already the city of Boston has gone a long way down the road toward confiscation of the real property asset, including the complete subordination of institutional first mortgages. This is merely symptomatic of the inevitable termination of decentralized communities each playing its own game, siphoning off the strength of the central core. There are 43 independent cities and towns in the metropolitan Boston area. Boston's tax rate compared with tax rates in some of the surrounding "bedroom towns," whose residents make their living in Boston, gives some indication of the burden on the taxpayers in the mother city. These are the 1951 tax rates per \$1000 of assessed valuation:—

Boston.....	\$62.80	Medford.....	\$49.40
Arlington....	54.20	Milton.....	41.40
Belmont.....	38.00	Newton.....	38.40
Brookline....	38.90	Winchester...	40.00

Another flagrant illustration of how termite communities feed on a great city can be seen in New York Harbor. On the Jersey shore of the Hudson River, along a ten-mile stretch running from Bayonne to Edgewater, there are piers vital to the welfare of the harbor generally. Yet they are situated in a series of townships notorious for their bureaucratic wastefulness. In communities such as Jersey City the tax rate raises the cost of pier occupancy beyond the ability of private ownership to pay taxes and maintain the piers and still to rent to shipping concerns at rates competitive with those in other ports. In Hoboken, for instance, a pier owned by our company has an assessed value of \$622,000 and a tax rate of 8.3 calling for annual taxes of more than \$50,000. This figure represents approximately 75 per cent of the

total rental revenue. Because of lack of earning power the value of the pier has been depressed to a point where we would gladly sell the property for 25 per cent of its reproduction value and less than half of the city's assessment. The diversion of shipping from New York Harbor which is now taking place can be attributed to a large extent to waterfront costs, including pier rentals.

Many factors are involved in decentralization. The obvious one is ease of transportation, but among others which have a potent force is sociological and economic change. There is snob appeal: the desire of the rich or the newly rich or the aspiring rich to disassociate themselves from those in a more modest economic or intellectual category. The established families tend to hold themselves above the Johnny-come-latelies. The Johnny-come-latelies soon reach the same category as their former "superiors," when their income improves and their education or their children's education brings them up to acceptable country club standards. Fortunately the tracks can be crossed either way, and the crosscurrents soon get mixed after the third generation. As the less desirable encroach on the established communities of the right people, the right people move farther out, discovering new fields and following the social leader. They leave in their wake a void which is rapidly filled by those aspiring to the higher level, who in turn follow their leader, abandoning what was once the best location in the community close to the central core ("best" because it was originally selected by the settlers for reasons of convenience) to the poorest economic and sociological level. The result is that we have some of the worst slums within the shadow of City Hall all over the United States. This pattern is to be found in almost every community over a hundred years old.

These City Hall slums offer a wonderful opportunity for real-estate speculation and a challenge to the entrepreneur because large-scale redevelopment at a great profit can be achieved in the central area. But one of the worst tendencies in redevelopment throughout the United States is to demolish slums close to the central core after condemnation, and then to replace them with low-cost housing. The downtown area of the cities in the United States should not be used for housing but should be devoted to high tax producing sites, to give the cities the greatest long-term tax benefits.

2

Now a city can maintain its beauty and functionalism only by determining what it is best qualified to offer to the general economy. Where does it stand in the national orbit? New York is an excellent example of a city that has gone a long way toward achieving the greatest development consistent with its abilities.

First, it is a great port. Being a port, it must have great distribution and collective transportation power. It must be able to take in the imports and distribute them through the country and collect the products from the factories and farms of the nation so that they can reach the distant cities of the world by water-borne traffic. New York has made the most of the Hudson River. It has the greatest network of railroads in the world. Back in the middle of the nineteenth century it recognized the necessity of tapping the western development and was the first to go in for an integrated group of canals to the Middle West.

Before decentralization of manufacturing took place it was a great location for manufacture, for the processing of the world's raw materials and the distribution of the commodities which came to its door. With the decentralization of heavy industry and a great deal of light industry, New York changed its pattern accordingly, and rapidly became not only the distributive point but also the merchandising point, leaving it to the rapidly growing industrial areas of the nation to do the manufacturing. New York enlarged the concept of the idea-exchange market, financial center, executive center, cultural, advertising, and style center, and took comfort in the fact that in spite of the loss of heavy industry and some light industry through decentralization, it could well make on the bananas what it was losing on the peanuts. The city realized that as fast as manufacturing would be decentralized, just as fast would it be imperative to centralize the market place, the idea center, and the world of finance which, in turn, would make possible the further development of the decentralized areas.

Boston, on the other hand, failed to accommodate itself to change. Boston held on to its old spinning mills, and its weaving and its water power, and had the rug pulled out from under while it tried to retain plants that long since were outmoded by competition which it could no longer meet. New York has been the most rapidly changing of all the cities. It has proved the wisdom of abandoning heavy industry in favor of office buildings. There is no city in the whole nation that has strength and solvency of office-building investments comparable to that of the city of New York. New York gets the highest rent, has always enjoyed the highest occupancy, and has always had the finest corporate representation. When the world capital, the United Nations, was seeking a home, it was New York that reached out and grabbed it, recognizing the importance to the city of this international forum. The United Nations, seeking a city that best suited its character and function, realized that New York was its proper home for a long-term future; and so, finally, New York in addition to all the other things has now become the capital of the world.

Other cities have a similar opportunity to de-

velop within the scope of their potential — Houston, for example, or Buffalo. Many of them are achieving their destinies, some unconsciously; but the moment they start to try to be or to look like New York they are going to fail. The city of San Francisco has a distinctive personality. The same thing is true of Los Angeles, of Atlanta, and of many other cities throughout the country. They must find what they can best do most profitably in the large sense, and then readapt themselves according to this realization.

3

INCORPORATION of the communities that live off the mother city is by far the most important single remedial step that can be taken to stop the breakdown of cities which we are currently pleased to call decentralization. Cities, meantime, must make themselves more attractive; they must reattract people to the central core. Let's say a city has analyzed its potentials. It should then take stock of what it has to offer the people who live in it and around it, and go all out to satisfy their fundamental demands.

In too many cities — especially in the manufacturing and industrial cities — there is an element of grimness, a lack of balance between work and play, which drives people out. The automobile enables people to escape, and they are no longer trapped within a narrow radius as they were before the automobile was invented.

Take the city of Buffalo as illustrative of this point. Basically Buffalo is a vibrant city, strong and virile, with a tremendous growth potential, a great urge to expand. The city is strong industrially. It has a reasonable diversification, although not as much as I like to see. If there were more interests owned locally or more interest taken locally in the home industries, probably less of the city's earnings would be siphoned off and spent elsewhere. But Buffalo is most deficient, as I see it, in this respect: it has not devoted much of its time or thinking to the lighter side of life for the people who are its industrial employees.

Well, what to do about it? We have the trend toward shorter hours and more leisure time. I urge upon the many cities across the country in which this situation exists that they take a well-located site and, making the most of the desire to eliminate blight, replace it with a development just as important as housing: namely, a play area — a place for fun. Each city must find the best place for its center of fun and entertainment, and since most have their share of substandard properties close to the central core, the selection should not be difficult. Watch the way Pittsburgh is developing its new recreation park, once a railroad yard, at the meeting of the rivers.

I visualize these fun centers as consisting of a

tremendous dance hall, bowling alleys, skating rinks, merry-go-rounds for the children, a swimming pool for the children and one for the adults too—in short, a happy, functionally designed center for dancing and exercise and entertainment. In addition to lifting the morale of the people, such a place would give balance to the labor of the men who make the basis for the city's economy. And they would say, "Let's go to town. Let's have some fun tonight!" People would feel that their city is a great place to live in, not a great place to get away from.

Curiously enough, such a center would pay for itself. There is no type of investment well conceived and well located and well executed which will pay as high a return in relation to the invested capital as this sort of thing. If your city is one that people want to come to, one of the great and important problems of your economy can be substantially solved simply through the attraction of more and better labor. And you can reattract to the central area a large part of the buying power that is now being lost to the non-taxpaying satellite communities.

Atlanta, like Buffalo, is virile and dynamic, and is growing out of its breeches. It is a great distributing city—possibly the greatest for its size in the United States except for cities that are seaports. It is blessed with a geographical position beyond the pull of such cities as Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, New Orleans. Atlanta has no important near-by competition that is going to by-pass it and leave it dying on the vine. Geography makes Atlanta's position safe if its potential is fully exploited.

Atlanta is a great retail market as well as a secondary wholesale market. The position of the city with respect to the many communities within its radius is strong and growing stronger. It can draw as a magnet from farther and farther points, thanks not the least to its merchants, who know how to offer people things that they come for. The city is well located from the standpoint of proximity to good labor and raw materials. Since these advantages are correlated with a well-integrated transportation system—air, rail, and highway—the city should continue to grow with a strong, diversified industrial expansion in balance with the distributing, light manufacturing, and retail end. The city has everything except water shipping and makes up for that with railways.

But the same thing applies to Atlanta that applies to Buffalo. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Atlanta, in my opinion, has not devoted enough time and thought and investment of capital to entertainment and play. It should wipe out the blighted central area and, as part of the park system, plan a center of fun. Atlanta should also have cultural and theatrical facilities worthy of its potential, and it should have convention and

auditorium facilities that can handle the people whom it will continue to attract and reattract.

4

THIS brings us to the heart of the matter—the problem of over-all planning. I am a great believer in planning but a great disbeliever in spot planning. Planning means the coöperation of the private developer and municipal authority. Coöperation furnishes the key. I am not in favor of any city authority going into private real-estate business. Planning alone by planners without hard-boiled knowledge of real-estate economics means boondoggling and bankruptcy. On the other hand, I would not permit two or three hold-outs in an area to stymie a great development which would be in everyone's interest. We need a marriage between government and private capital on a practical, workable basis for the redevelopment of our cities.

What is the city's role in development? First, to analyze itself to discover the things it can do and the things it can't do, and then to implement its potentials through a master plan. This master plan may be a somewhat idealized conception, but it can be a vastly important one as a standard to live up to and as a guide.

The city should then enforce its plan through those powers which in its position of arbiter are proper to it: 1) the right to zone; 2) the right to condemn; 3) the setting up of a revolving fund for the purpose of buying and selling land, not in the speculative sense but to achieve the best in its redevelopment program.

Most people know about number one. The city says: If we are going in for office buildings, for example, let's place the highest type here, the second-grade type there; light industry and semi-heavy and heavy industry would be here and over there, where they logically go with utilities and functions allied to them. If we are going in for theaters, let them have a logical relationship to the things that are connected with them—the hotels, dining places, cabarets, and perhaps opera, music, ballet, and allied arts, and schools of all kinds in these several fields. The city must rigidly restrict the different sections against encroachment by an irrational type of building. Second-rate retail stores with neon signs and cheap buildings should not sit next to residential property; residences should be kept to appropriate areas, and industrial activity should not encroach on residential or office space areas. Each has to have its place in the scheme. Leave it to the ingenuity and individuality of the man to plan his own buildings; but in order to protect the community, give him limitations as to where he may build what he wants to build.

The right to condemn is a most important

municipal function. The city should continue to deliver the communal developments such as parks, streets, and highways; but, in my opinion, it should be much more generous in its use of eminent domain for redevelopment purposes and it should also try to make a profit. This may be heresy, but I am against the windfall profit for the fellow who had nothing to do with the creation of increment through a communal development. If the city, in other words, decides it is going to build a park, it should condemn an area around the park and should realize on the increased value of the land around the park through the resale to private developers.

In this way it will be possible for the city to redevelop itself and get its money back for the communal project. Furthermore, the city can create increment merely by virtue of assemblage. If a block consisting of ten separate 25-foot holdings is assembled, it is a simple principle of real-estate economics that the whole is worth more than the ten individual parts. Appreciation of real-estate values in urban areas takes place through assemblage. That costs nobody anything. It is purely the constructive result emanating from the greater functional utility of larger areas. By this means the city can recapture the greater part, if not all, of the cost of areas it wants re-

developed, directly from the properties that realize the benefit reflected in increased value.

The actual redevelopment work would, of course, be left in the hands of private enterprise. To have private capital develop or redevelop the urban areas is vital and essential. I do not believe a bureaucratic, city-wide, state-wide, or national planning or executive commission could possibly accomplish the actual work. It has to be done under the hard, cold analysis that venture capital will give everything that it goes into. Success of individual enterprise is the only true test.

One more point — in some ways the most important of all. The question of master planning and supervision of design can almost never be carried too far so long as it is in intelligent, imaginative, and honorable hands. The relationship between city authorities and private enterprise, therefore, in meeting the great challenge of our cities should be one of mutual open-mindedness. Pride of authorship should be forgotten in the interests of all, and the planning authorities should encourage the submission of plans by creative private enterprise, thus ensuring that no bets are overlooked, that their own planning ideas are compared with those of private enterprise, and that all men in the community are making their best contribution toward a living community.



COUNTRY CROFTS

by LEONARD L. WOLF

EVERY croft makes me remember
My childhood's chamber
Where all that I loved best
Between three books was pressed.

There was a thorn and thistle,
And an oaten whistle;
The goosegirl's ugly mother,
And her youngest brother.

There each trick and stranger
Filled my room with danger;
With Merlin and his trouble,
And kettle's caldron bubble.

It was a joy to see
Such village husbandry;
My swincherds and my churchyard and my hen,
My sturdy, and my Robin-hooded men.

Thorn for me and nettle,
And Lancelot's cold mettle
Made my crofts to be
Full of minstrelsy.

Sweet ambergris and amber
Filled my childhood's chamber
With bay leaves and with sorrel,
With asphodel and laurel.

Now croft makes me remember
That golden chamber,
But I can pay no fee
Restores that minstrelsy.

I can search in nettle,
In every hut and wattle,
But cannot find my hen,
My Merlin, or my gallant-hooded men.



Novelist, playwright, and teacher, THORNTON WILDER combines the creative fire with the cool, objective delight of a critic. He began teaching at Lawrenceville after his graduation from Yale in 1920; he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Fiction for his second novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*; his play *Our Town* (which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1938) is in production in some part of the globe almost every day of the year; and he richly deserves the Gold Medal for Fiction which was presented to him by the American Academy of Arts and Letters this spring. He is presently working on a book which grew out of his Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard and of which we shall publish several installments.

TOWARD AN AMERICAN LANGUAGE

by THORNTON WILDER

NO, here they are. . . . Last night I had the lecturer's vocational nightmare: I dreamed that I had lost my notes.

Since this is a series of lectures concerning American characteristics, I must be sure to offer these young people an American lecture.

Is there a difference?

Bronson Alcott (in 1856) claimed that the lecture is an American invention. If so, it was also invented independently in Europe. Discourses have been delivered in all times and ages; but the lecture as we understand it, the secularization of the sermon and the popularization of the academic address, is probably a product of the middle-class mind. The Swiss have a passion for lectures. Conrad Ferdinand Meyer said that if the citizens of Zürich were required to make a choice between going to Heaven or going to a lecture about Heaven they would hesitate only a moment.

Yet there is a wide difference between an Old World and a New World lecture, and the difference arises from those American characteristics which are precisely the subject of these lectures.

Emerson, describing the requirements for lectures in the Lyceums of his day, said: —

"There are no stiff conventions that prescribe a method, a style, a limited quotation of books and an exact respect to certain books, persons, or opinions."

There's the crux: no respect.

An American is insubmissive, lonely, self-educating, and polite. His politeness conceals his slowness to adopt any ideas which he does not feel that he has produced himself. It all goes back to the fundamental problem of an American's relation to authority, and related to it is the American's reluctance to concede that there is an essential truth, or a thing true in essence.

For centuries — over there — kings were held to be invested with an essential authority. The child born into a royal cradle, be he nonentity or genius, was held to be, for mysterious and unsearchable reasons, the ruler of his people (May he live forever! May God take particular pains to save him, rather than you and me!) and held the royal authority.

Tradition commanded us to revere our fathers, not because they took the trouble to beget us and to pay our board in our earlier years, but because they wielded a paternal authority. America is now rapidly becoming a matriarchy and fathers are bewildered to discover that they are no longer accorded any such magical sway.

For Americans there is no inherent and essential authority accruing to the elderly, either. Thoreau said: "Practically, the old have no very important advice to give to the young. Their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe. . . . I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors."

In the Old World a lecture tended to be a discourse in which an Authority dispensed a fragment of the Truth. Naturally I am not talking of informative lectures — "Recent Theories on the Origin of the Nebulae"; "Silversmiths in Eighteenth Century New England" — which are inherently reading-matter, and are so delivered: but of lectures in fields where every listener can be assumed to have formed or to be forming his own opinion. When Queen Victoria, accustomed to the discretion of Melbourne and Disraeli, complained that Gladstone addressed her as though she were a public meeting; when in impatience we hear ourselves saying, "Please don't lecture to me!" what

is meant is: "Kindly remember that I am a free agent. Everything you say must be passed upon by the only authority I recognize — my own judgment." An American lecture is a discourse in which a man declares what is true for him. This does not mean that Americans are skeptical. Every American has a large predisposition to believe that there is a truth for him and that he is in the process of laying hold of it. He is building his own house of thought and he rejoices in seeing that someone else is also abuilding. Such houses can never be alike — begun in infancy and constructed with the diversity which is the diversity of every human life.

So I must remember to maintain the tone of a personal deposition. I may make as many generalizations as I wish, and as emphatically; but I must not slip into that other tone (how easy when one is tired; how tempting when one is insecure) of one in privileged relation to those august abstractions — tradition and authority.

MR. ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. Ladies and gentlemen: The Committee charged with the selection of . . .

My good friend, the admired poet, is introducing me. During the introduction of a lecturer in America everyone suppresses a smile: the introducer, the audience, and the lecturer.

This introduction is a form, a convention; it is very Old World. To Americans conventions are amusing. They have attended many lectures; they have heard many a clarification and many an ineptitude. They have suffered often. Yet on every occasion they have heard the obligatory words: ". . . we have the pleasure of . . . it is a particular privilege to have with us this evening . . ."

Americans more and more find conventions amusing. It is amusing (and it is beginning to make us uncomfortable) that all letters must begin with the word "Dear." Hostesses are becoming impatient at writing ". . . request the pleasure of . . ." They telephone or telegraph.

The chief thing to remember about conventions is that they are soothing. They whisper that life has its repetitions, its recurring demonstrations that all is well — happy thought, that life with all its menace, its irruptions of antagonism and hatred, can be partially tamed, civilized by the pretense that everyone to whom one addresses a letter is dear and that every dinner guest is a pleasure. Densely populated countries — in Europe, but above all in Asia — develop a veritable network of these forms; but Americans feel little need of them. They even distrust them; they think that civilization can advance better without fictions.

Time was when one had to flatter the tyrant by telling him how kind he was; one reminded him that he was *Serenissimus* and *Merced* and *Euer Gnaden*, and that as a Majesty he was certainly gracious — as one says to a snarling dog: "Good, good Fido."

Americans do not ask that life present a soothing face. Even if they are in a contented situation they do not hope that life will continue to furnish them More of the Same. They are neither fretful nor giddy, but they are always ready for Something Different. In Europe everyone is attentive and pleased during ceremonial and secular ritual and these conventions of courtesy; in America people shuffle their feet, clear their throats, and size up the audience.

Archie is introducing me just right. He is telling them that I am a very hard-working fellow and that I travel about a good deal exhibiting curiosity.

THE AUDIENCE applauds.

MYSELF. Mr. MacLeish, ladies and gentlemen: In 1874, Charles Eliot Norton wrote his friend John Ruskin . . .

Another convention.

The French do this kind of thing superlatively well. They manage in an opening paragraph to allude to the auspices which furnished the occasion, to thank the authorities which invited them, to hint at their own unworthiness, to announce their subject, and to introduce a graceful joke.

But I am an American before Americans and immediately something goes wrong. The fact that I am happy to have received their invitation now comes into collision with my obligation to say that I am happy. And at once an air of unreality enters the auditorium. It is not a chill; it is not a skepticism; but it is a disappointment. Convention demands that I say it, but the moment I have said it, it is spoiled.

These young men and women are near enough to their childhood to remember their agony when, on leaving a party, they knew that they had to say to their hostess: "I had a very good time." A certain number of children always manage to say: "My mother told me to tell you I had a very good time."

Here we are plunged into the heart of a basic American characteristic.

If you have to do a thing, you have lost your freedom. If you have to say a thing, you have lost your sincerity. If you have to love your parent, wife, child, or cousin, you begin to be estranged from them already. If you have to go into the Army . . . if you have to study Shakespeare . . .

Life, life, life is full of things one has to do; and if you have a passion for spontaneity, how do you convert *What You Have To Do* into the *Thing You Choose To Do*?

That is one of the most exciting things about being an American and about watching American life: how an American will succeed in converting *Necessity* into *Volition*. It is a very beautiful thing and it is new; and it is closely related to our problem of authority.

I hurried over this formal salutation as best I could. There lay several months ahead during which I could

show in other ways that I was happy to be among them. Most Americans solve this problem without the slightest difficulty by a resort to humor. Much American humor is precisely the resolution of the conflict between obligation and spontaneity. But we cannot all call upon that happy national gift when most we need it.

I then went on to announce that the subject for my lectures was "The American Characteristics of Classical American Literature" and that this first lecture dealt with the American Language, and that I did not mean the use of new words and idioms, nor did I mean slang or incorrection. I meant the result of an omnipresent subtle pressure which writers and speakers in the United States were exerting on the mother tongue — within the bounds of syntactical correctness — in order to transform an old island language into a new continental one. And I proposed to show that this was not a recent effort but that the group of great writers whose major works appeared about a hundred years ago were deeply engaged in this task.

The Americans who removed to this country during its first century and a half had certain characteristics in common. The conditions under which they lived and the institutions which they created engraved those characteristics still more deeply into their natures. Those basic American traits have had to suffer violent opposition. It is still a question whether many of them may survive.

After the death or during the old age of these writers the whole character of American life changed: those who came from Europe no longer came for the same reasons as their predecessors; the country's boundaries were reached; the big city arose; the industrial society became predominant (now most Americans are employees).

So great was the concussion between the old characteristics and the new conditions that many basic American traits split. They did not merely become watered down into compromise and approximation. They were converted into their opposites. American independence and self-sufficiency became conformity and the fear of other men's opinion; American abstraction became a new American literalness and concentration on concrete detail.

The force and prestige of the original traits remained, however. One has the feeling that their expression — personal, social, and literary — has been driven underground. Perhaps they are so powerful that they will yet be able to furnish a framework — a religion, a social thought, and an art — within which an entire continent can understand itself as unity and as growth. That was the hope frequently voiced by the great writers of the middle of the last century and it was accompanied by a great fear that it might not obtain; for they saw very clearly that the European modes, however fruitful for Europeans, could no longer serve the American people.

There have been no American writers of equal magnitude since their time — nor any comparable leaders, philosophers, or artists. There have been enormous activity and many considerable talents.

There are certain clarifications, however, that only great genius can achieve. And since great genius is lacking, we would do well to return to the last occasions on which it spoke.

A number of these writers consciously discussed the problems that arose from being an American. It is rather *how* they lived and thought, however, which will engage our attention. From the point of view of the European an American is nomad in relation to place, disattached in relation to time, lonely in relation to society, and insubmissive to circumstance, destiny, or God. It is difficult to be an American because there is as yet no code, grammar, decalogue by which to orient oneself. Americans are still engaged in inventing what it is to be an American. That is at once an exhilarating and a painful occupation. All about us we see the lives that have been shattered by it — not least those lives that have tried to resolve the problem by the European patterns.

These writers have not been chosen because they were exemplary citizens, but each was incontestably American and each illustrates dramatically one or more ways of converting an American difficulty into an American triumph. Each of them was what the man in the street would call "ill" — his word for it would be "cracked"; but their illness, if such it was, should throw light on a disequilibrium of the psyche which follows on the American condition.

As they were all writers our study of them will be primarily a literary one, and will bear upon the language in which they wrote.

The American space-sense, the American time-sense, the American sense of personal identity are not those of Europeans — and in particular, not those of the English. The English language was moulded to express the English experience of life. The literature written in that language is one of the greatest glories of the entire human adventure. That achievement went hand in hand with the comparable achievement of forging the language which conveyed so accurately their senses of space, time, and identity. Those senses are not ours and the American people and American writers have long been engaged in reshaping the inherited language to express our modes of apprehension.

The American characteristics were the result, first, of a selection, then of a cultivation.

When I think of those who founded this country I soon find myself thinking of *those who did not come*.

Of those who *almost* came.

I think of those conversations in East Anglia, the Thames Valley, in Somersetshire — conversations which probably took place after dark and with long pauses between the exchanges: —

"Farmer Wilkins, will ye go with us?" "Brother Hawkins, will ye remove with us?"

And the same questions were to be put in Dutch, in the Moravian dialect, in Gaelic . . .

Who came? Who didn't come?

It was not, for many years, a flight from persecution or from want. At most, for the first generations from England, it was a flight from the shadow of a persecution. And it was not until many generations after that that the travelers could be said to have come in the assurance that they would find an easier life.

Those who came were a selection of a selection in Europe. But to say that it was a selection is not to say that it was an elite. Here was the bigot, the fanatic, the dreamer, the utopian, the misfit, the adventurer, the criminal. By the middle of the eighteenth century the phrase was already current: "He has skipped to America."

They all had one thing in common.

Their sense of identity did not derive from their relation to their environment. The meaning which their lives had for them was inner and individual. They did not need to be supported, framed, consoled, by the known, the habitual, the loved — by the ancestral village, town, river, field, horizon; by family, kin, neighbors, church and state; by the air, sky, and water that they knew.

The independent.

Independence is a momentum. Scarcely had the first settler made a clearing and founded a settlement than the more independent began pushing further back into the wilderness. The phrase became proverbial: "If you can see the smoke from your neighbor's chimney, you're too near."

These separatists broke away from church at home, but separatism is a momentum. New religions were formed over and over again. Ousted clergymen went off into the woods with portions of their contentious flocks, there to cut down more trees and raise new churches. When Cotton Mather went to what is now Rhode Island he said that there had probably never been so many sects worshipping side by side in so small an area.

These were the men and women who were most irritably susceptible to any of the pressures which society and social opinion can bring.

I have recently read George Santayana's Character and Opinion in the United States. In it I find: —

"The discovery of the new world exercised a sort of selection among the inhabitants of Europe. All the colonists except the negroes, were voluntary exiles. The fortunate, the deeply rooted, and the lazy remained at home; the wilder instincts or dissatisfactions of the others tempted them beyond the horizon. The American is accordingly the most adventurous, or the descendant of the most adventurous of Europeans. . . . Such a temperament is, of course, not maintained by inheritance [but by] social contagion and pressure."

A mentality so constituted will experience in a certain way and will shape its language — in this case, reshape an inherited language — to serve as instrument of its perception.

Paul Valéry — playing — once inserted four minus signs into Pascal's most famous sentence.

Pascal had said that the eternal silence of infinite space filled him with fright (*le silence éternel des espaces infinis m'effraie*). Valéry restated it by saying that the intermittent racket of our little neighborhood reassures us (*le vacarme des petits coins où nous vivons nous rassure*).

Laughter.

There lies a great difference between Europeans and Americans. Try as he will, the American cannot find any such soothing support in his social or natural surroundings. The racket in which he lives is greater than any European *vacarme* — not because it is noisier (any European city is noisier than an American city), but because of the disparity of things which press upon his attention.

The disparity arises because he is not deeply connected with any of them. And his inability to find any reassurance in this turbulence of unrelated phenomena which is his environment is increased by his unprecedented and peculiarly American consciousness of multitude and distance and magnitude. An American is differently *surrounded*.

It all goes back to the problem of identity.

Where does the American derive his confidence that — among so many millions — he is *one*, and that his being *one* is supported and justified? A European's environment is so pervasive, so dense, so habitual, that it whispers to him that he is all right where he is; he is at home and irreplaceable. His at-homeness is related to the concrete things about him.

Gertrude Stein used to quote in this connection a phrase from the Mother Goose rhymes: "I am I," said the little old lady, "because my dog knows me."

"I am I," says the European, "because the immemorial repetitions of my country's way of life surround me. I know them and they know me."

An American can have no such stabilizing relation to any one place, nor to any one community, nor to any one moment in time.

Americans are disconnected. They are exposed to all place and all time. No place nor group nor moment can say to them: we were waiting for you; it is right for you to be here. Place and time are, for them, negative until they act upon them, until they bring them into being.

Illustrations of this disconnection? Illustrations of so omnipresent a condition will scarcely persuade those who have not long observed it in themselves and in those about them; but: —

Europeans have long been struck with consternation at our inability to place emphasis on the concrete aspect of things. Taking tea with a friend in

London, I am told that I must return to dine and go to the opera.

"All right," I say, "I'll hurry home and change my clothes."

"What?"

"I say: I'll go back to the hotel and change my clothes."

"Home! *Home!* How can you Americans keep calling a hotel home?"

Because a home is not an edifice, but an interior and transportable adjustment. In Chicago — in the good old days — my friends used to change their apartment on the first of May. They were not discontented with the old one; they simply liked to impress their home-making faculty on some new rooms.

More and more farmers of the Middle West are ending their days in Southern California and Florida. After fifty years of hard work in Iowa they do not find it strange to live, to die, and to be buried among palms.

This unrelatedness to place goes so deep that, in an Old World sense, America can have no shrines. For us it is not *where* genius lived that is important. If Mount Vernon and Monticello were not so beautiful in themselves and relatively accessible, would so many of us visit them? What difficulties private individuals have had — in rich America — to save the Whitman and Poe houses.

Americans are abstract. They are disconnected. They have a relation, but it is to everywhere, to everybody, and to always.

That is not new, but it is very un-European.

It is difficult, but it is exhilarating. It shatters many lives; it inspires others.

There are those countries of Europe, each shut in on itself by borders immemorially defended; each shut in with its own loved hills, streams, towns, and roads; each with the monuments of its past continually renewing the memory of its history; each with its language — not a self-evident thing, as natural as breathing, but a thing rendered assertive and objective because beyond the borders were all those *others* speaking no less assertively a deplorable gibberish; shut in with the absorbing repetitions of customs and long-moulded manners; shut in with its convulsions which themselves had the character of repetitions. Shut in, above all, with the memories of old oppressions and with the memories of the long, bloody revolts against old oppressions, against Authorities and Powers — once awe-inspiring, but now hollow as the bugaboos of infancy — still vestigially present, however, as disavowed menaces and seductions, invitations to escape from the burdens of freedom (Führer! Duce! Commissar!).

How close together they live, in each nation, how shoulder to shoulder! — not only by reason of the density of population, but because of a sort of

psychic consanguinity, — another aftermath of feudalism. The relation of master and serf is a *hot* relation; it is a bond of either love or hate, as is any relationship which involves command over another's freedom. It is no wonder that the English have developed the stratification of the social classes, of the greatest precision and of the greatest sensitivity to encroachment: overcrowding, centuries long, has resulted in a condition where *Englishmen can hear one another think*. The barriers were rendered necessary to protect them from this steamy intimacy. Modern English plays and novels show us that the English live in anguish because of the indelicacy of their exposure to one another. In France life and conversation and love itself seem to us to be overruled by a network of conventions as intricate as a ballet or a game; just so the Chinese built walls of ceremonial behind which they could hide from the piercing intelligence of their neighbors.

Yet such density is also warming and reassuring.

I am I because my fellow-citizens know me.

Americans can find in environment no confirmation of their identity, try as they may. The American gregariousness strikes every European visitor as hollow and strained — the college fraternity ("brothers till death"), the businessmen's clubs ("one for all and all for one"), the febrile cocktail party ("Darling, do call me up; you're my favorite person in the world and I *never* see you").

There is only one way in which an American can feel himself to be in relation to other Americans — when he is united with them in a project, caught up in an idea and propelled with them toward the future. There is no limit to the degree with which an American is imbued with the doctrine of progress. Place and environment are but *décor* to his journey. He lives not on the treasure that lies about him but on the promises of the imagination.

"I am I," he says, "because my plans characterize me."

Abstract! Abstract!

Another element entered the American experience which has rendered still more difficult any hope of an American's deriving comfort from environment: he learned to count.

He can count to higher numbers — and realize the multiplicity indicated by the number — than any European. It began with his thinking in distances; it was increased by his reception into this country of the representatives of many nations.

How wide and high was the America to which he came? How many thousands of miles wide and high is a country whose boundaries have not yet been reached? The peoples of Europe knew well the dimensions of their own lands; one's own land is one's norm and scale. Several of these peoples were voyagers and colonizers; their travelers had experience of great distance and vast populations; but concepts of magnitude are not communicable

by hearsay. It is amazing the extent to which European literatures are without any sense of the innumerable of the human race—even those literatures which draw so largely on the Bible, which is indeed the book of the myriad. An individual genius—Dante and Cervantes and Goethe—may grasp it, but it is not in Shakespeare, for a joy in the diversity of souls is not the same thing as an awe before the multiplicity of souls. French literature is about Frenchmen, though their names be Britannicus and le Cid; and Frenchmen are not innumerable. For a century English writers were infatuated with the West Mediterranean people (they felt them to be splendid and damned), but their interest in them did not, to the imagination, increase the population of England or of the earth. Nor was it increased when England came to govern colonies in all parts of the globe; those peoples beyond the sea spoke other tongues and many of them were of another color. How many is many, if the many seem to be deplorably immature and incult? The imagination plays tricks on those who count souls in condescension.

Americans could count and enjoyed counting. They lived under a sense of boundlessness. And every year a greater throng of new faces poured into their harbors, paused, and streamed westward. And each one was one. To this day, in American thinking, a crowd of ten thousand is not a homogeneous mass of that number, but is one and one and one . . . up to ten thousand.

Billions have lived and died, billions will live and die; and this every American knows—knows in that realm beyond learning, knows in his bones. American literature of the great age is filled with the grasp of this dimension; it is in Whitman's oft-derided catalogues, in Poe's Eureka, in Melville's resort to myth, in Emily Dickinson's lyrics. It is not in Thoreau, nor in Emerson, and its absence is all the more conspicuous when they are writing under the influence of the Sanskrit scriptures, where the realization abounds.

This knowledge is now in every American and in his glance. And there as everywhere, it never ceases to call into question one's grasp on one's own identity.

Fortunately, for several generations the American had the Bible. The Bible, like the Sanskrit scriptures, is one long contemplation of the situation of the one in the innumerable and it sternly forbids its readers to draw any relief from what lies about them. Its characters hang suspended upon the promises of the imagination; for generations most Americans were named after them. Those (one and one and one . . .) to whom destiny has extended a promise and a plan have this consolation, that they feel themselves to be irreplaceable. Each one is a bundle of projects.

It would seem as though I were about to say that the Americans are unworldly, spiritual natures like

the Hindu initiates for whom the earth is but an illusion or like the saints engrossed only in intangibles ("I count nothing my own save my harp"; "Here on earth have we no abiding place albeit we seek one to come"). No, for them concrete things concretely exist, so solidly that these things do not exhale a deep emotion nor invite it. How seldom in American literature—outside of Europeanizing epigonous writers like Washington Irving—does one find such effusions as "Dear Tree, beneath which so often I played as a child," or "Newburgh, rising in glorious serenity above the lordly Hudson, would that once again I could tread thy steep streets. . . ." Americans do not readily animate things; their tireless animation is active elsewhere, in the future.

This is the disconnection from place; the disconnection from time is no less radical.

The Melville of *Moby Dick*, the most widely admired work in American literature, is a notably interesting example for our study. Melville was not only writing within the tradition of English literature: he was writing very bookishly and stylishly indeed. No doubt he was conscious that the vogue for his books was beginning to be greater in England than in America; *Moby Dick* was first published in London. Under the mounting emotion of composition Melville's "Americanism" erupted in spite of himself. It can be seen progressively manifesting itself. The first eleven pages of the novel are the worst kind of English English—that is to say, the English of the contemporary New York literary cliques. There are many pages in *Moby Dick* which betray the insecurity of a writer thirty-one years old who has launched upon a mighty subject; but the page from which I am about to quote is completely successful and its success has been achieved through the presence within it of elements inherent in the nation's adventure. This page affords us our first direct view of the White Whale. It is probably the most delayed entrance for a star in all literature; in my edition it is on page 538.

The whale has been sighted—"a hump like a snowhill"—and the boats of the *Pequod* have started in pursuit.

"Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe."

Melville's emotion is gaining on him. The alliterations in *n* and *s* begin to introduce an incantatory tone which will presently be confirmed by constructions employing repetition; but the approach to a state of trance does not prevent his marking the rapidity of the boats with monosyllables and the dragging slowness—as felt by the whalers—by open vowels.

"As they neared him the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves;

seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast, involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side."

Melville's emotion is under powerful control.

We are approaching a paroxysm of swooning love and shuddering horror, but so far he has mainly presented himself to us All Eyes. The emotion is present, however, in this insistence that everything is serene and in the undulation of the rhythm. Scarcely a noun is offered which is not preceded by one or two adjectives, many of which (projecting, soft, white, broad, blue) tell us nothing new. We call this practice a mid-nineteenth century vice and today children are punished for it. Today such a scene — picture and emotion — would be conveyed with the economy of a telegram. But style is not only the man; it involves also the thought-world of the time, including the writer's effort to alter it. This page is an exercise in flamboyant rhetoric; it is a "purple patch," unashamed. Its triumph issues from the superimposition of novel elements upon a traditional form.

Melville continues his description of the whale (this is in Chapter One Hundred and Thirty-three) and the "soft-toed" birds that hover above him. He compares Moby Dick to the "white bull Jupiter . . . that great majesty Supreme!" swimming with Europa on his back, and tells us that "the whale shed off enticings."

"Yet calm, enticing calm, oh whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before."

The climax employs the most rhetorical — that is to say, the most potentially absurd — of all devices: the invocation to an abstraction, to an insensible or absent being. It is characteristic of our time, and related to what I was saying about the decline of our belief in authorities and essences, that few orators can be heard saying "Oh, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, persevere!" and few poets now address the Evening or Sweet Days of Childhood.

"And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose handclappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick

moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw."

To my ear the movement of this passage is not primarily literary — that is to say, of the printed page — but oratorical. It derives from the joy which Americans formerly took in the public address (and which they take no longer). This passage cries aloud to be declaimed *standing up*.

Yet the observation that this passage has the air of being written for declamation does not distinguish it as a work of the New World. De Quincey and Carlyle and Ruskin and Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo and Kierkegaard had all been writing or were about to write prose that took its tone from forensic and pulpit eloquence.

There are three elements in it, however, which indicate that it is written in America: —

1. It contains a number of locutions which reveal the emergence of the American language.
2. It is directed to a classless society — to Everybody.
3. It constantly betrays what throughout these lectures I shall call a certain disconnection in the American mind.

Americans were filled with a sense of newness, of vastness, and of challenge.

As Walt Whitman put it: "It almost seems as if a poetry with cosmic and dynamic features of magnitude and limitlessness suitable to the human soul, were never possible before." And for this big feeling within them they needed to employ a grand style, a swelling rhetoric unabashed. And they needed it at the precise moment that England lost it.

England did not lose it because of any diminution of her exterior or interior greatness. Her exterior greatness had not yet reached its peak; and her interior greatness has never been greater than in our own time. She lost it for two reasons: one, the verbal expression for that greatness had been under employment so long that it had begun to show exhaustion; and two, the islanders (as I said earlier) had dwelt so long in congested proximity that a heroic view of one another was no longer possible. The mock-heroic had been able to flourish side by side with the heroic in the eighteenth century, but finally it had begun to sap the heroic. British feeling in regard to all that was venerable in their institutions did not decline, but their expression of it became more and more an understatement in public and an affectionate persiflage in private. Poet laureates found it increasingly difficult to celebrate great personages and great events in the lofty language that was called for. English humor of the last half of the nineteenth century was precisely based on the mocking application to daily life of the grandiose diction of the preceding centuries.

But America was not overcrowded, and neither its geography nor its history had been for centuries

the subject of literature. The heroic flourished side by side with the mock-heroic, and the mock-heroic itself seemed to be a smiling tribute to the heroic. All of the writers we are considering were highly "bookish" authors and may have been aware of the increasing hollowness of the English grand style (which accompanied an increasing precision and beauty in the description of the homely and intimate), but all advanced unhesitatingly and often into the perilous reaches of ornate eloquence. Boldest of all was Walt Whitman who saw the necessity of de-sophisticating himself in order to achieve it. All of them were able to renew the validity of impassioned utterance by availing themselves of a number of novel elements.

The novel element which seems to me to be of least importance was the presence of new words and idioms. There are no examples of this in the page we are studying. "Bejuggled" — which Melville had already employed in *Mardi* — is not in most dictionaries, but "juggled" has a long history on both sides of the Atlantic. But if there are no new words there are some examples of novel usage.

"The whale shed off enticings." There is little doubt that De Quincey or even Carlyle would have written "shed enticements." "Enticings" will be followed in the next paragraph by "handclappings." These verbal nouns based on the present participle are relatively rare in the plural. A number, after losing their dynamic force (paintings, savings, undertakings), have entered common use, and others (understandings, risings, mumblings) are on their way to the same static condition. But we do not say laughings, shoppings, studyings, enticings, or handclappings. Melville in *Moby Dick* offers us intertwistings, spurnings, coincidings, imminglings, and even "what lovely leewardings!" I have counted thirty-one of them. The following year, while writing *Pierre*, he will have forgotten his infatuation with plural gerunds and will have set out to create new words in -ness, heightening the abstraction in abstract nouns. There we find beautifulness, domesticness (twice!), unidentifiableness, and undulatoriness — all deplorable and some of them atrocious.

Much of this coinage in Melville is mere huffing and puffing. A young man of thirty-one with barely a high school education has remarked Shakespeare's bold inventions without having acquired the tact that controlled them. I find the plural gerunds on this page, however, completely successful.

"The whale shed off enticings." As foreigners who are learning our language frequently inform us, we Americans are forever putting prepositions and adverbial particles to new uses. Here the "off" combined with the "enticings" gives the impression of a continuous fulguration. It is not only an expression of vivacity and energy; it reveals our national tendency to restore to the past its once-

present life rather than to immobilize it, to bury it under the preterite. In narration this assumed a great importance, for Americans wish to declare that all living things are free — and were free — and the past tenses in narration tend to suggest that we, telling the story from its latter end, see them as "determined" and as the victims of necessity.

On this page we are shown the bull and Europa "rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete." Water ripples; tresses ripple. Had we read in a present-day author, English or American, that "Leander rippled straight for Sestos" we would have condemned it as a vulgarity. What saves this phrase from vulgarity is *the gamut of tones* that are juxtaposed in this nineteenth century page — which brings us to our second consideration.

A novel element in our classics of a century ago is the fact that they were written for a classless society, they were written for everybody. European literature for two and a half centuries had been directed to an audience of cultivation, to an elite — Molière's farces not excepted, Dickens's (imminent) novels not excepted. The assumption on the part of our American writers that they were addressing a total society has since disappeared; we are now in the famous division between the high-brows and the low-brows; but given the basic considerations of our American life, such an assumption should constitute the natural function of a much larger part of American writing.

What are the signs that a writer feels himself to be addressing the total community rather than an elite? There are many; I am about to give two, both drawn from the realm of the grand style. It is well to note first, however, that this consideration has nothing to do with whether or not a writer uses long words or erudite allusions. It has nothing to do with a condescension to semi-literacy. The 1611 Bible and the works of Shakespeare are filled with incomprehensible phrases; millions pore over them daily; we read right on, sufficiently nourished by what is intelligible to us.

It is not necessary to remind you that Walt Whitman addressed himself to everyone who could read or be read to.

Listen to Thoreau in *Walden* (and note the forensic tone; there is no surer sign of it than these redundant numerations): —

"Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity. I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumbnail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, if he would not founder and go to the bottom, and not make port, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals . . ."

Thoreau is addressing so vast a throng that in his effort to be heard he has lost control of subjects and verbs — scrupulous writer though he usually is.

“Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things whether clothes or friends. . . . Things do not change; we change.”

All this is for the farmhand, the blacksmith, and the cook as well as for the Governor’s lady. It is for Ralph Waldo Emerson as well as for Thoreau’s mother, the boardinghouse keeper.

New Englanders have been proverbially inarticulate; but they could unlock their hearts and throats if they felt the audience to be sufficiently large. Did not Emily Dickinson say of her poetry: —

This is my letter to the world
That never wrote to me?

Her grand style — sunbursts of Handelian rhetoric — invokes a universe.

Wherein do these paragraphs from *Moby Dick* reveal the fact that he was addressing an undifferentiated audience? They are certainly highly “bookish” — what with that elaborated classical allusion, that stylish subjunctive, and their high percentage of words from the Latin.

First, we observe that elevation and intensity are not solely and inseparably associated with noble images. The sublime does not wear a cothurnus. There are not two doors for words in America, no tradesmen’s entrance: all can go in the front door. In the very same sentence in which he apostrophizes divinity we are told that God has “bejuggled” many a man. It is a word from the skulduggeries of the country fair and the card game at the livery stable. We remember the horror with which Racine’s contemporaries greeted the mention of a dog in tragedy, the protest of the audience against the humble phrase “*Quelle heure est-il?*” in *Hernani*. Generations of critics deplored the drunken porter in *Macbeth*. What better illustration of the limited gamut of tones available for European full-throated utterance than the observation that so many of the words that describe lofty moods are also words that stem from the designations of social rank, or that run concurrently with them and derive much of their force from connotations of status: noble and *herrlich* and *edel* and *magnifico* and *grande* and *soberano* and majestic and even gentle. The United States is a middle-class nation and has widened and broadened and deepened the concepts of the wide and the broad and deep without diminishing the concept of the high. We notice that

the angelic host of birds that glorify the White Whale have soft toes. Toes, like noses, have not hitherto entered the exalted, the dithyrambic style. This page did not have the drawing room in view.

Second, most European exercises in the sublime, in avoiding the common and humble, avoid the specific. In the tirades of Burke and Carlyle on the French Revolution, in the impassioned visions of De Quincey and Chateaubriand, the noble is associated with a high vagueness. Audiences which are composed of the selected and the cultivated and the *Gebildete* and the *honnêtes gens* and the *cognoscenti* are not interested in life’s diversity; the pressures upon them work toward the formulation of taste and convention and the Rules of the Beautiful and an ever-narrowing purity (i.e., economy) in the selection of detail. But the American public was one and one and one . . . to an unlimited number. Their taste could never be codified, for it was overwhelmed by an ever-enlarging vision of the universe and its multifarious character. The bigger the world is, the *less* you can be content with vagueness. The catalogues of Walt Whitman, which have displeased so many immured scholars, are filled with this kind of apprehension. He hears a runaway slave

. . . crackling the twigs of the woodpile,
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw
him limpsy and weak, . . .
The bride unrumpled her white dress, the minute-
hand of the clock moves slowly,
The opium-eater reclines with rigid head and just-
opened lips . . .

Whitman can get a million people into his poem by making sure that not *one* of his twenty is amorphous.

What European poet, reminding us that the sunlight falls on all alike, would have selected as an illustration the reminder that it falls upon the “squirrel in Himalah” — or have drawn from the thought so chillingly abstract a conclusion as did Emily Dickinson?

Since the American can find no confirmation of identity from the environment in which he lives, since he lives exposed to the awareness of vast distances and innumerable existences, since he derives from a belief in the future the courage that animates him, is he not bent on isolating and “fixing” a value on every existing thing in its relation to a totality, to the All, to the Everywhere, to the Always? And does that not require of him a new way of viewing and feeling and describing any existing thing? And would that not require, in turn, a modification of the language?

(The final and most important demonstration of the New World characteristics latent in American writers will be discussed by Mr. Wilder in subsequent issues.)



Competition between the ancient medical lore of India and Western medicine is here described by DR. CARL E. TAYLOR, who was born in the Himalayas and has spent half of his career in their shadow. His parents are medical missionaries, and as a boy he accompanied them on their extended tours of the Indian villages each year. The Harvard Medical School, war experiences in tropical medicine, and specialization in internal medicine in Canada prepared Dr. Taylor for his return to India as a medical missionary for the Presbyterian Board in 1947. He is now at the Harvard School of Public Health, and next year will return to North India to teach Public Health at the Christian Medical College, Ludhiana.

HINDU MEDICINE AND INDIA'S HEALTH

by CARL E. TAYLOR, M.D.

I

MOST Indians rely for their medical care on practitioners of the ancient Indian systems of medicine. Americans tend to dismiss these herbal doctors or *vaidyas* as little more than quacks. Their methods are sufficiently successful, however, to have gained for them the confidence not only of most of the unlettered villagers of India, but also of many of the most highly educated people. With the coming of independence for India, there has been a widespread revival of interest in indigenous medicine, and sharp competition has developed among the various systems of medical practice.

The clinical acumen of some of these *vaidyas* is surprisingly acute. Most of their information is obtained by general observation of the patient and "looking at" the pulse. In the remote Pokhara Valley of central Nepal, where only one white man had been previously, I found an *acharya* (Vedic specialist) who amazed me with the accuracy of his clinical evaluation of the patients we saw together. Having had vast experience with all kinds of fevers, he was particularly good at predicting the course of febrile illnesses.

I called him in for consultation when one of the members of our Chicago Museum of Natural History expedition came down with severe typhoid fever. Because this patient had had a complete series of inoculations just three months previously, I failed to make the diagnosis until he was convalescing and we could get him to a hospital in India. With hospital and laboratory eight days' hard march away over rugged mountain trails, it was good to have a clinician around who was used to relying exclusively on his own observations. One day this *acharya* said, "If our patient starts to sweat by tomorrow noon he will get well, but if his

skin remains hot and dry he will die." The *acharya's* timing was perfect and I was greatly relieved when moderate perspiration did appear shortly before noon; and that did mark the beginning of the patient's recovery.

Their performance is not always so successful, however, and this sort of clinical experience cannot take the place of teaching based on scientific observation. Funny things happen when these practitioners attempt to adopt modern techniques not included in their traditional training. The stethoscope in particular has caught their fancy, and they make a great show of using what they call their *durbeen* (literally translated, "telescope"). Many of them have never been taught how to use a stethoscope. I recall one occasion when I was seeing a patient seriously ill with pneumonia, in consultation with the family *vaidya*. After I had completed a chest examination, he pulled his stethoscope out of the folds of his flowing loincloth and went over the patient's chest just as carefully as I had done, mimicking many of my movements. The only difference was that he left the earpieces hanging around his neck instead of putting them in his ears.

For several years the government's Chopra Committee has studied the place of *vaidyas* in medical practice in India. In their recent report they estimate that there are over 200,000 *vaidyas* as compared with 9000 doctors trained in the Western system of medicine. Most of these men practice in the villages, where it is difficult to get doctors to go. Many have had a bare minimum of training under the preceptorship of an experienced practitioner. The standards of training vary widely, however, and one also finds men practicing *Ayurveda* who are not only erudite Sanskrit scholars but also

university graduates with degrees such as an M.A. in botany.

To Hindus, *Ayurveda* is more than a system of medicine. The word itself is derived from two Sanskrit words — *Ayru*, meaning “life,” and *Veda*, meaning “knowledge.” The emphasis, then, is on the whole of life and only incidentally on the intervals of ill health. The whole of the population is considered, and not just the diseased fraction. Hindus faithfully observe elaborate rules of hygiene which have considerable religious significance. They are more concerned with health than with illness, and prevention of disease is thought to be of greater importance than the treatment of disease. Only recently have we in the West developed the science of ecology, which has many of these same points of view. The traditional Hindu attitude is exemplified in the seventh-century textbook of Vagbhata, which ranks close to the two classics of Susruta and of Charaka as basic Ayurvedic reading. Of the thirteen chapters in this medical textbook, eleven are on health and only two deal with disease.

On a trek one summer to Kedarnath, one of the four main sources of the Ganges, I made friends with an idealistic young *vaidya*. He was a graduate of Benares University and had completed six years' training in *Ayurveda*. He was serving a one-year internship in an isolated charitable dispensary for pilgrims, maintained by an order of Hindu priests. He was as interested in my ideas on medical subjects as I was in his, but we found that we just didn't speak the same language medically.

In *Ayurveda*, health depends on a dynamic balance of the three *dhattus*, which are equivalent to the ancient Greek humors. These basic life-giving elements can be loosely translated as air, bile, and phlegm. The function of respiration of air is thought to be centered in the abdomen, whence it flows to every part of the body. Phlegm or the fluid principle is thought to be centered in the lungs, which have nothing to do with respiration. The bile centers in the upper intestines and controls digestion. The brain is thought to be mere bone marrow, and the seat of the consciousness is the heart. This oversimplified presentation of their physiology is the traditional one which is accepted by the bulk of the ordinary village *vaidyas*. More advanced scholars realize that these concepts cannot be verified by modern scientific methods. They therefore try to show that the *dhattus* have their counterparts in modern physiological findings. Or they maintain that the *dhattus* are even more fundamental elements of life than science has yet discovered. It would be difficult to scrap the whole theory without losing much that is good in *Ayurveda* because their analysis of symptoms and approach to therapy is based entirely on the balance of the *dhattus*.

The origin of these concepts, which are so similar to those found in medieval medical writings, be-

comes understandable when one realizes the handicaps under which ancient anatomists studied the human body. Susruta's textbook, which is still a basic text, although written about the fifth century, stresses the importance of anatomic study and urges every Vedic student to perform dissections. He describes the following technique of anatomical study, which was developed because religious rules prohibited the use of cutting instruments on the dead. The body was wrapped in grass and submerged in a hidden spot in a river. “After an interval of seven days the thoroughly decomposed body should be taken out, and very slowly scrubbed with a whisk made of grass roots, bamboo, or bast. At the same time every part of the body, great or small, external and internal, beginning with the skin should be examined with the eye, one after the other, as it becomes disclosed in the process of scrubbing.” It is obvious that the tropical climate would in seven days make the lungs appear to be filled with fluid, the abdomen with air, and the skull with bone marrow.

2

My Vedic friend and I did, in the course of our discussions, get together on certain specific diseases for which we used the same Hindi name. I have since found that it was in the clinical recognition and description of disease that the ancient science of *Ayurveda* made a great contribution to civilization as we know it. The sweetness of the urine in diabetes is recorded in very old medical writings, and many of our modern ailments were recognized in India centuries ago. Susruta enumerated 1120 diseases, divided according to natural and supernatural causation. He gave a recognizable description of malaria and even attributed it to mosquitoes.

Other ancient texts warned people to desert their houses “when rats fall from the roofs, jump about and die.” Even today, riding through the endemic plague areas of North India it is easy to tell from quite a distance which villages are suffering a plague epidemic. The rats follow the grain from the fields to the villages after the harvest. If plague breaks out, the villagers just camp safely in neighboring groves. The rats take over the village and plague kills them off in large numbers.

The clinical knowledge of *Ayurveda* was carried to Greece by early travelers and by the survivors of the armies of Alexander the Great. The Moslem invaders of the thirteenth century, and later, transmitted this information to the famous Arab physicians of the Middle Ages. Men such as Avicenna and Rhazes kept alive the medical lore of the ages to pass it on to the Western world as our medical practice started to shake off the Galenic tradition at the time of the Renaissance. Today in Pakistan and India the Moslem practitioners of the synthesized Ayurvedic and Arabic systems of medicine are still numerous and are known as *hakims*.

Another contribution of *Ayurveda* has been in the field of treatment. Research workers are just beginning to appreciate and evaluate scientifically the extensive indigenous pharmacopoeia. Some of the practitioners make use of heavy metals such as mercury which are toxic and dangerous. For the most part, however, they rely on herbs. Commercial preparations of one plant known as *Serpina* are available in India for the treatment of high blood pressure. In using it on my own patients I have found it to be as good as almost any of the drugs in our own pharmacopoeia. It causes a significant though temporary lowering of the blood pressure, and patients can be kept for long periods on maintenance doses without apparent toxic effects.

A major part of a *vaidya's* training is in botany. Many of them go on periodic collecting trips to certain ridges of the Himalayas. Before plucking the herbs, they are required to run through specified religious incantations to appease the spirit of the herb and thus persuade it to stay in the medication. Certain of the high Himalayan alpine meadows are thought to produce plants having a specific action.

While living in the Himalayas I heard repeatedly about the herbs that grew on the Panwali range in the northern part of what was then the native state of Tehri (Garhwal). One summer I made the rugged hundred-mile trek to this long ridge, which nestles against the major snow-clad peaks. I found miles of alpine meadows at an altitude of 10,000 to 12,000 feet which were literally carpeted by the greatest profusion of flowers I have seen anywhere. Panwali is famous as the home of the *nussa-ke-paunda* or intoxicating plant. It is claimed by local inhabitants that if any animal or human being approaches downwind of the plant when it is flowering in the fall, he will be rapidly and completely anesthetized. Without warning he will fall over in a deep sleep. There he will lie unless the wind changes in time or someone manages to drag him away. If removed from the influence of the plant he will soon wake up completely normal. At first I thought I was being kidded when I heard this story. But I found that across a 200-mile stretch of the Himalayas anyone who had ever heard of Panwali also spontaneously told the same story about this herb, and I then decided that it merits more investigation.

The results that *vaidyas* achieve with their herbs are sometimes hard to explain away. One day the eight-year-old daughter of an influential and wealthy Indian was brought to me. She had a grapefruit-sized tender swelling in her right side and had been under the care of Indian practitioners for a week. The findings resembled those of appendiceal abscess. I recommended surgery. The child's mother insisted that before an operation was done, one more *vaidya* be consulted. This man was said to have a special medicine for reducing abdominal inflammation. I stressed the danger of

medication, especially the strong cathartics which some *vaidyas* use, but finally had to let them leave.

The girl was taken home; the *vaidya* came to call and gave a single tiny pill of his own formulation. Two days later when the family triumphantly brought the girl to me the mass was gone. There was no tenderness and the girl was up and walking about. I tried to explain that they had been very lucky and that the abscess had apparently drained into the intestines, but they didn't think I was being very sporting.

There is a sequel though. She remained well for several months but was finally brought back to me with a recurrence of a fluctuant abscess in the same position. This time the tiny pills had not helped. Incision revealed a tuberculous abscess which had its origin in a very early infection of the spine. We finally cured her after months of treatment with body casts and antibiotics. But our difficult and tedious therapy did not impress the family members nearly as much as the fact that the *vaidya* had apparently obtained a dramatic though temporary remission by using a single tiny pill.

3

A PROBLEM which arises in medical practice anywhere in the world is the tendency of patients to shop around from doctor to doctor. There is a feeling that if one doctor is good for a patient, then two will be better and three will be even better. Similarly, some patients think that if one drug is beneficial, multiple drugs may be even more effective. In Western countries this natural migratory instinct of patients can be somewhat held in check by the judicious use of consultants. In any case, the methods of treatment and the drugs are usually similar. Indian patients, however, have to choose between two completely different systems of medicine which have historically developed in distinct opposition to each other. Most *vaidyas* know little or nothing about Western methods or drugs. Western doctors have traditionally been so superior and condescending in their attitude that they have not bothered to find out anything about Vedic practices and herbs. The humble villager in his wisdom can see that there seems to be something of value in each system and he naturally tries to get all the help he can.

Early in my practice in India I began to realize that something peculiar was going on in the reaction of certain patients to some drugs. I would try to check a diarrhea in a hospital patient only to have it continue. Several days later I would think to inquire whether he was taking anything else, and would find that his family was bringing him potent purgative herbs prescribed by the village *vaidya*. I had to insist that patients being treated by me take only my prescription.

When a new doctor comes into a community,

there is a tendency for chronically ill patients who have exhausted the resources of local physicians to flock in to give the new man a chance to show his skill. In one instance, a local doctor took me as a consultant to see a prominent zamindar, or wealthy landowner, who had suffered from asthma for years. I was warned that this man was being treated simultaneously by two doctors and three *vaidyas* but he insisted on having my opinion also. I found the man to be well educated, especially on the subject of asthma. Before I left his house he showed me his collection of medications, which could well have graced a medical museum.

I tried to get him to let me do skin tests to determine the allergens he was sensitive to, but he refused — as nearly as I could tell, on the score that he preferred experimenting with various therapeutic preparations. As we discussed the relative merits of several drugs, he informed me that although Western drugs were of value in relieving his symptoms, there were several herbs supplied him by *vaidyas* which were just as good. I assured him that this didn't surprise me greatly, since one of our most widely used drugs for allergic conditions is ephedrine. This was originally discovered empirically by Chinese herb doctors and incorporated into our pharmacopoeia following the scientific establishment of its pharmacologic value. Similarly from the folk medicine of many lands we have got many useful drugs, such as digitalis, cocaine, quinine, caffeine, opium, cascara, squill, ipecac, and pyrethrum.

Reference to Lakshmipathi's recent textbook of *Ayurveda* produces some intriguing items of information. A drug recommended for the eradication of intestinal parasites is horse dung which has been repeatedly dissolved in a special solution and dried in the sun some eight or ten times. An ancient solvent for certain medicines is the urine of the sacred cow. The well-known pipal tree, the most sacred of all trees to Hindus, is said to have a surprising therapeutic range. Seventeen different classifications of disease are listed as being improved by preparations of bark, leaves, shoots, or fruit. Included are diseases of the blood, urinary system, and the ears; also ulcers, vomiting, sterility, diabetes, the buboes of plague, and gonorrhea. Above all, it is said to be an effective aphrodisiac.

It has been interesting to observe the extent to which modern specific therapy has been incorporated into Vedic practice. Quite often now one finds that sulfadiazine powder has been added to decoctions of herbs. Some of the more modern *vaidyas* are also learning how to give injections of penicillin.

One therapeutic technique on which these practitioners place great emphasis is diet control and fasting. For certain kinds of fevers the approved treatment is a total fast. Each illness has a specialized diet directed toward righting the balance of the life-giving *dhatus* or humors. Patients coming to

our hospital in North India were often more debilitated from their fast than they were from their original disease. Massage and special exercises are also widely used.

Originally, a fairly extensive system of surgery was part of Vedic medicine. Centuries ago Indian surgeons were famous for two operations, cataract couching and rhinoplasty. The latter is a plastic operation to rebuild an amputated nose. The need for this arose because, according to the ancient Laws of Manu, the penalty for adultery was amputation of the nose. Lithotomy, or removal of bladder stones, was also developed centuries ago. Susruta described 121 different surgical instruments and several operative procedures, such as tonsillectomy, extraction of the fetus, amputation of the extremities, setting fractures and dislocations, and anal fistulectomy. These techniques have become lost arts, having been almost completely replaced by modern surgery, in so far as it is available.

4

ONE fact which appeals greatly to the villagers is that the ethics of Vedic practitioners discourages them from collecting fees except when they have been successful in their treatment. If therapy fails to satisfy the patient, he is under no real obligation to pay. This guaranteed system of medical care relieves the family of paying fees after the breadwinner dies, unless they want to express their gratitude for the practitioner's having done all that could be done. Fees are usually small and drugs inexpensive. The difference in the method of collecting fees often creates misunderstandings when a villager first comes into contact with Western-trained doctors. It has led some private practitioners to the expedient of taking payment for their services before seeing the patient. It has also caused other doctors to set up pharmacies in their medical offices. They see the patient and charge practically nothing for a consultation fee, but they collect their money when the patient pays for the medicine prescribed.

A practice that somewhat compensates *vaidyas* for the loss of fees when treatment is unsuccessful is their hesitancy in taking cases in which the chances of cure are doubtful. Wherever possible a *vaidya* is supposed to avoid treating diseases from which the patient has been suffering over a year. One of his first obligations in diagnosis is to determine whether the patient has *Ayus* or "strength of life"; and if this seems to be lacking, he is warned to be cautious in attempting treatment. Charaka's dictum, dating from the first century, is taken seriously: "A physician who takes up the treatment of a disease that is incurable incurs loss of wealth, loss of knowledge, loss of prestige, censure of the world, and incapacity for practice."

In determining curability the *vaidya* follows not only his clinical impressions but also the guidance

of omens, lucky and unlucky, encountered en route to the patient's house. The dreams of the patient and his relatives have a predictive value. The appearance of the messenger sent to call the practitioner provides a clue as to the outcome of the case. A good combination, for instance, is to have a man of the same caste as the patient, dressed completely in white, drive up for the *vaidya* in an oxcart. If en route to the patient the *vaidya* meets a virgin, a woman nursing a child, or two Brahmans, that is considered auspicious.

Since *Ayurveda* is essentially part of the Hindu religion, emphasis on the spiritual aspects of healthful living is only natural. A basic precept is that life is primarily a spiritual affair. The causation of disease is thought to be tied up with errors in religious living. Gods and goddesses are assigned to the major scourges such as smallpox. With this concept of etiology it is easy to see why many *vaidyas* rely heavily on charms, sacred incantations, and other religious rituals as therapeutic measures. As in the faith healing of the West, some seemingly miraculous cures are achieved by difficult pilgrimages to sacred spots. It is believed that if a man performs his religious duties and follows the prescribed hygienic rules he will remain free from disease. Specific ways of doing things, such as bathing and brushing the teeth with twigs of the neem tree, have through the years assumed considerable religious significance.

As practiced today, *Ayurveda* is an anachronistic collection of ancient beliefs which do not stand up in the light of modern knowledge. Imbedded in this matrix of superstition and tradition there are, however, jewels of empirical observation which should be added to our scientifically verified body of knowledge.

What can the government do about cleaning up the present hodgepodge of medical practice?

It is apparent to everyone that the medical needs of the 90 per cent of India's people who live in villages are not being met. The Western-trained doctors and hospital facilities are concentrated in the cities. The government maintains rather high and rigid standards for the registration of doctors. For instance, it is impossible for an American physician to get a license to practice in India because Indian degrees do not receive reciprocity without examination in this country. An exception is made to permit medical missionaries to practice in philanthropic institutions if they refrain from private practice.

Bringing order out of the present welter of conflicting systems of medicine is made especially difficult by the cutthroat competition which now exists. Quackery thrives on confusion and can scarcely be checked as long as the present vacuum of medical care persists. A first essential would seem to be the

setting up of some standardization of training within the several systems now in vogue.

There are significant political implications in the revival of interest in *Ayurveda* which has occurred since India gained her independence. A Hindu majority again controls India after centuries of Moslem and British rule. It is politically risky for any person in public life to criticize *Ayurveda* because it is so much a part of Hinduism. Orthodox Hindus claim that the Ayurvedic system is uniquely suited to India's culture and economy and that it is a much more inclusive system of medicine than ours because of its spiritual implications. They concede that a few of the modern procedures and techniques should perhaps be added to the ancient arts.

No one is more aware of the need for improving the standards of *Ayurveda* than the group of enlightened *vaidyas* and *acharyas*. They are making strenuous efforts to systematize Vedic lore and interpret the traditional theories and empiric observations in the light of scientific knowledge. Annual conferences have this as a primary objective although much of their time and effort actually goes into the more immediate problem of fighting Western medicine. It has become evident to thinking *vaidyas* that the survival of *Ayurveda* depends less on political maneuvering against their allopathic counterparts than on setting their own house in order. There is little agreement among *vaidyas* from different places on even such basic matters as the theory of the three *dhatus*.

Until agreement can be achieved on basic concepts of physiology and pharmacology, uniformity of training and practice can scarcely be hoped for. The scientific method of experimentation creates unanimity of opinion by presenting proof. It seems obvious, therefore, that in order to survive, *Ayurveda* needs either to become a science or, better, to become a part of scientific medicine.

Recently a compromise proposal has been made suggesting that Ayurvedic schools be developed to train practitioners for rural service. In an abbreviated medical course the basic sciences would be taught as determined by scientific methods, but the clinical and therapeutic methods would be those of *Ayurveda*. There are obvious dangers in such an arrangement. However, if *Ayurveda* must be continued for political reasons, there is some hope that in this way the present dichotomy would gradually be eliminated.

One thing is to be hoped. In *Ayurveda* there has always been a strong emphasis on the prevention of disease. It should be possible, if *Ayurveda* is modernized with this training program, to continue this emphasis on the preventive approach. If modern scientific methods can be included in their training, these *vaidyas* can perhaps be trained to be rural health officers.



An Atlantic Story



MARY LAVIN does her writing today looking out on one of the loveliest curves of the River Boyne, with the famous Hill of Tara rising above the distant trees. A protégée of Lord Dunsany, she turned to the Atlantic with her first short stories, which when published in 1942 in book form, under the title *Tales from Bective Bridge*, were awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. Her first novel, *The House in Clewe Street*, was serialized in our columns, and her second, *Mary O'Grady*, was published in 1950.

A WOMAN FRIEND

by MARY LAVIN

AFTERWARDS, when the investigations were over and he walked out of the board room, everything might have been the same as before — only for Bina. As a matter of fact the whole thing passed off well. It hadn't been anything like the ordeal that he had envisaged on that awful night when the boy died and he roused Bina in the small hours. No blame had been attached to him at all. The charge of negligence was dismissed after the first five minutes. The boy would have died in any case. Possibly there was some bungling in the diagnosis, but that was not altogether his fault: the boy was sent up as an appendectomy from the county infirmary. And could he be sure that he would have made a new diagnosis if they had succeeded in reaching him with that urgent summons in the middle of the night?

Why, now it almost seemed like a stroke of luck that he was not available when they phoned him; whereas at the time it seemed so disastrous. That of course was because of the way the staff behaved; and then there was the unfortunate encounter he had with the boy's mother as he was running up the steps in the early hours of the morning — when the boy was dead. That had unnerved him more than anything.

It was probably that which caused him to behave so ridiculously in Baggot Street, although there was undoubtedly something in what Bina said about his being overworked. If he hadn't been under such a strain already, he wouldn't have paid any heed to the poor wretched woman.

He ought to have had more confidence in his reputation. If anything, it was higher after the in-

vestigation. There was so much stress laid on his attentiveness — his late visits to the wards, his interest in the aftercare of his patients.

Admittedly there had been an awkward moment when he was asked why he was not available to answer the phone after saying that he was going back to his rooms. They had phoned repeatedly. But at that point, seeing that opinion was generally favorable to him, he took a chance, he had a brain wave really, and asked if it was certain they were connected with the right number; there had been some technical flaw in the hospital switchboard that week, and he just recalled that fact at the right moment. There could have been some confusion in the porter's office. Had that occurred to anyone? It seemed all the more likely since they succeeded in reaching him in the early hours of the morning. Wasn't that odd? And then, seeing that he had scored a point, he followed up with a counter-allegation against the hospital.

"Did it not occur to anyone in the hospital to send a messenger over to my rooms? After all, Fitzwilliam Square is not a hundred miles away! It would only have been a matter of seconds —"

The Attorney-General interrupted him just there.

"And would they have found you in your rooms, Dr. Anderson, if they had done as you suggest?"

That was the climax of the investigation. There was a hush of suspense. The attorney may have thought himself exceptionally sharp. As a matter of fact the man had played right into his hands.

"Unquestionably." That was his answer.

"Yes or no, Doctor, if you please."

"Yes."

"You understand that you are on oath, Doctor?"

"Certainly — I mean yes."

But his first answer filled the bill to a nicety because unquestionably they would have found him; without going up to the doorway at all they would probably have noticed his car outside the door, and if they went up to the door and got no answer they would surely have wondered at the car being outside, and taken a look into it. And all the subsequent bother for everyone would have been avoided.

Well, no matter; the boy would not have been saved. That was the main point. When that was made evident there was less stress laid on his failure to answer the phone.

Integrity counted for something after all. And he had no scruples. It is quite possible that they would have believed him if he told the absolute truth, but that night — or early morning rather — when he broke down in Baggot Street, it seemed fantastic to expect them to believe that he had fallen asleep.

It was all very well for Bina to say it was the most natural thing in the world, but then Bina was Bina.

"It was only to be expected!" she said. "I was often in dread that you'd fall asleep at the wheel going home from here some night."

He had often been afraid of that himself, and when he got into the car that night in particular he was deadly tired. It was a wonder he reached Fitzwilliam; it wouldn't have surprised him in the least if he woke up and found that he hadn't started the car at all but that he was still outside the little hotel in Baggot Street.

2

IT WAS in Baggot Street, of course, that he got the habit of dropping off to sleep regardless of the company. It was there that it first happened anyway; not when he was a student, needless to say, but years afterwards on one of his rare visits — all too rare indeed — when he called back, as he had promised, to see how they were getting along, Bina and her mother. As a matter of fact it must have been a good few years later, because it wasn't until after she got the second stroke that Mrs. Cussen became bedridden. After the first stroke she still managed to get downstairs to the basement for a few hours at night after Bina got finished with the work. But she wasn't downstairs the night he fell asleep in his chair. Bina was alone. She was getting him a cup of tea before he went back to his rooms. She was standing in front of him with the teapot in her hand waiting for the kettle to come to the boil on the bars of the little black grate, and he was leaning back in the battered old armchair, looking at her, when quite suddenly he fell asleep. It was only for

a few minutes; a few seconds. He woke with a jerk. But when he opened his eyes Bina had made the tea, and in the series of small actions that led from lifting the kettle to replacing the lid on the teapot he had missed a whole sequence in the middle. He had been as soundly asleep as if he were stretched in his bed.

But Bina had noticed nothing. Didn't that prove there was no affectation about it? Not that night anyway, and perhaps not at any of the other times either. Somehow or another he was always dog-tired the nights he called at Baggot Street. Perhaps indeed that was why he felt like dropping in there. It was so homely. And then again it was always pretty late when he got there. He never seemed to get around to calling early in the evening. And anyway he knew the run of the little hotel; it fitted in with Bina's routine as well as with his own, to leave it till after ten o'clock to call. At ten o'clock the little hotel stopped ticking. The maids went to bed; the hot bottles were filled and put up in the rooms, and Bina was able to go downstairs to her little sitting room. It was in the basement: for privacy, Bina said. She managed to keep the residents out of it, too. (In all the years he was staying in the place he had never once set foot in it.) The stairs that led down to it were steep, narrow, dark, and were blocked midway down by a green baize door beyond which only the most accustomed foot could descend in safety. And that was by day. At night, when the light could only be switched on from below, the stairs was a black hole, and the privacy of the little sitting room was secure. And after eleven, when Bina made her last ascent to put the chain on the hall door and turn out the hall light, the little room in the basement might as well have been a little cave tunneled under a mountain.

And once they descended to their little cave and sank into the battered armchairs either side of the fire Bina and her mother had things so arranged that they seldom had to stand up again until they stood up for good. Everything was to hand. They even had a little tin kettle — specially small to fit on the bars of the narrow little parlor grate — so that they could heat the water for their own hot bottles or make a cup of tea for themselves if they felt like it. They even — and this always made him smile — they even had an old gray woolen sock hanging on the knob of the tongs to catch hold of the handle of the kettle. It was a man's sock, too, he noticed one night, with amusement. It might even be an old sock of his own after all this time. He left a lot of odds and ends behind him when he was shifting to Fitzwilliam, because it wasn't as if it were an ordinary lodgings: he knew they would treasure everything belonging to him. And he could pick them up at any time. He'd be dropping in to see them very often. In fact he promised. He knew it would mean a lot to them.

It had been a bit of a break for him leaving the

little hotel. But he couldn't afford to let the grass grow under his feet. It wasn't as if he were buying a practice. The Pierce Malone medal, alone, gave him the right to set up in Fitzwilliam, but he had to put up his plate straightaway before he was back-numbered. He did — he set up without any delay, in the thick of the established men: the usual thing, reception room and consulting room on the ground floor, with accommodation in another part of the house; not exactly homely, not exactly comfortable, but he had a good eye for what was right in such things. His rooms were just the same as those of any other specialist in the city; and just as cheerless. But he didn't mind. They were as he envisaged them, when he was a student, taking note of the rooms of the big specialists. There was a coldness that characterized them and everything belonging to them — their manner, their voices, their hands, and above all, their austere rooms that were never more than moderately heated. He used to think there was an air of touch-me-not about their furniture, with its high cold gloss. He knew so well from his student days the feeling of shame that came over one when a ring of mist spread suddenly under one's hands, and then as suddenly contracted again almost as if the highly polished wood shrank repulsed from the contact.

Well! he had the same cold mahogany now in his own reception room, but it did not mist or shrink from his hands, because they were no longer hot and moist. They were acclimatized now to the cool atmosphere of professional life.

Anyway he was very seldom in his rooms for long. And as for sitting down! As he said to Bina one night, he hardly ever sat down in an armchair except when he dropped into Baggot Street to see her.

It was true. When did he get a chance to sit down? He was in the operating theater from nine to eleven every morning, and after that he had his clinics. A good part of the afternoon was spent in the wards. From three to six he saw private patients, and then the night visits began. He had only himself to blame for them, of course. In the beginning of his career — whether from ambition or from conscientiousness he could not now say, although he was inclined to be a bit scrupulous in his early days — he had formed a habit of paying a late visit to the hospital before he went to bed every night.

They were a mistake in a way, those late rounds, although there was no doubt that they helped to establish a reputation for him. But they imposed an unnecessary strain upon him as well, and in the end the staff became so accustomed to having him drop in around midnight that they began to count on his coming, and decisions that should have been the province of the matron or the house surgeon — or even of the nurses in many cases — were deferred instead to him. It really meant, in the long run, that everyone shifted his or her responsibility onto his shoulders, day and night. And the worst feature of

it was that, as time went on, they lost sight of the fact that this nightly attendance was voluntary. It would seem like neglect of duty if he failed to put in his appearance.

But he didn't mind. It was all part of the price he had been prepared to pay from the start.

3

Per ardua ad astra. He hadn't forgotten his motto when he got to the top like some of the other fellows that qualified with him. It wasn't enough to get to the top: you had to stay there; and as far as he could make out, to stay there meant ruling out comfort for good.

How many of his contemporaries had fallen back into mediocrity for the sake of some bodily comfort. It was usually marriage, of course.

Almost without exception his contemporaries had made indifferent marriages. They never seemed to have considered suitability to be a necessary ingredient of matrimony. And what had determined their choice? As far as he could see, it was nothing more than propinquity or contiguity; they had almost all married nurses, or else their first receptionist or their first secretary.

It was really very noticeable that the wives of the specialists were so different from the wives of general practitioners. He used to think they must be a special breed, but when he made a few inquiries he was surprised at the origin of some of them. As a matter of fact Mandeville's wife came from a small hotel, just like Bina. But it was at some seaside resort, Kilkee or Tramore, and that made a difference, he supposed. Because you couldn't imagine Bina ever turning into a Mrs. Mandeville. Not that he was criticizing Bina. On the contrary, he always had the highest opinion of her. He often wondered that she never married. He felt that she ought to have made a good marriage too, with someone who could give her a comfortable home. Bina was used to comfort. But she never made any effort to have friends, men or women. She was very unambitious. He used to think she might marry one of the middle-aged men staying in the hotel, especially after she began to get on a bit in years.

It was mostly men who stayed in the little hotel. And although Mrs. Cussen didn't like keeping permanent boarders — nor Bina either — it came to almost the same thing in the end because the same people kept coming there month after month. It was only because he got the soft side of Mrs. Cussen one night that he himself was taken in there. They never kept students, and never under any circumstances did they keep medicals. But once he got into the place he knew he was in clover, and he was determined to stay there.

They didn't know he was a medical at first. As a matter of fact he got around Mrs. Cussen to let him stay before he told them. He got around her with

a pitiful account of all the digs he had tried, and about the place in Grantham Street where he had to stuff his sock in the broken window and put the rug off the floor on his bed at night. She was a motherly soul and he touched her heart. She agreed to let him stay for a few weeks. But she soon saw that he wasn't the usual run of student: that he was sober and earnest. She saw he was ambitious too, and she admired him for it. She was shrewd; she probably saw that he was determined to get to the top. And once she began to take an interest in him he knew he had landed on his feet all right. If it wasn't for the way she and Bina minded him all those years, he'd hardly have done so well.

That was a thing people didn't take into account, that it was in the early years you needed minding. Poor Mrs. Cussen, she couldn't have minded him better if he were her own son. And Bina never let a night pass without bringing him up a cup of hot milk before he went to bed.

He'd want to be very ungrateful before he'd forget that of them.

And he hadn't forgotten it. But he hadn't gone back to see them often enough though, after he went to Fitzwilliam. They were so glad always to see him though. Yes, it was really pathetic the welcome he got from Bina the first night he went back.

"It's not you!" she cried, looking at him as if she could not believe her eyes. "Come on downstairs," she cried, and she brought him right down to the basement, right into their little private room.

He remembered it all so well, the way she went down the stairs sideways like a crab in order that he might have more light to pick his steps, or so he thought at the time. It may just have been that she didn't want to miss a minute of him. She couldn't take her eyes off him.

"You've put on weight," she said. "And I like your new suit."

It gave him such a homely feeling.

And it warmed his heart the way she called down to her mother when they got as far as the baize door.

"It's Dr. Lew, Mother!" she cried.

That was another thing. Right from the moment he qualified they stopped calling him Lew and began to call him Dr. Lew. As a matter of fact their entire attitude towards him changed subtly after he moved to Fitzwilliam. And mind you, he appreciated it. It helped him to realize his own importance. And it wasn't as if they were any the less friendly or kind towards him. It was just that they knew the difference between intimacy and familiarity, particularly Bina. Now and again Mrs. Cussen used to be a little bit free with him, but he never minded.

"You're working too hard," she said one night. "You're not the young dog you were when you were here, you know."

He thought that was a bit overfamiliar, but he knew it was motherliness that made her say it. And

she was as proud of him as if he were her own son. She admitted it.

"It isn't because you're a big pot that we're proud of you, you know," she said one night. "We're proud of you because of all the good you do for the poor; isn't that right, Bina?"

He used to laugh.

"Is she coddling me, Bina?" he used to ask, to hide his gratification.

But Bina was twice as proud of him.

"You don't know all the things we hear about you," she used to say.

It was Bina who stuck his picture up on the mantelpiece, and when he remarked it she wasn't a bit put out.

"Indeed, it's about time you gave us a proper photograph," she said, "and not have us put up with that old stickyback we found in your room after you were gone."

4

BINA had no sense of propriety. He often noticed that. When her mother got the stroke and wasn't able to come downstairs any more, she still brought him down to the little room in the basement, and it never seemed to cross her mind that it was any way peculiar to be alone with him like that until all hours, as they were so many nights.

That was just like her, of course; unself-conscious or, if you liked to put it another way, unambitious.

It was curious all the same that she never thought of him in any other light than that of an old friend. Of course that was the light in which he saw himself too, but once or twice when he was sitting in the little room with her it had crossed his mind that it wouldn't be too bad at all if, instead of getting up and going out into the cold, to his cheerless rooms, he could sit there opposite her until it was time to stand up for good.

The thought didn't excite him, of course, but then he never thought of it as anything that could still happen, but only as something that might have happened.

There they would be sitting, married, as single, in just the same way, with him yawning every other few minutes and Bina accusing him of working too hard.

She never minded whether he talked to her or not. He could just sit there in front of her like a pig with his legs stretched out, not saying a word if he didn't want. She never made any demands on him at any time, not even the smallest.

How then had the picture altered so quickly — in a few minutes, you might say, on the night that boy died? That was what he simply could not understand. That was why he kept going over and over it again and again.

Of course he was very upset that night: that was what drove him to Baggot Street. And then Bina

looked so different, so altogether different from other times; that may have acted upon him. For one thing she was in her nightdress, and for another she was without her glasses.

She had heard his knock and come down herself to the door. It was like her to come down. The maids would have been afraid, thinking it was some drunk who had come to the wrong door. But Bina never hesitated. She threw open the door.

"My God, Lew, what is the matter?" she cried.

"Let me in," he said roughly. "I'll tell you then."

He wanted to get in off the street, the vacant dawn-lit street that had accentuated the unreality of his situation. But to his astonishment she hesitated for a minute.

"I'm not dressed," she said.

Then, under his withering look she held back the door for him. Did she think he was fool enough to be affected by the sight of a woman in her nightdress?

"I don't think it's the first time I saw you in this elegant garment," he said, cuttingly, because even in his trouble he had taken in the stained and faded condition of the old woolen dressing gown she had bundled about her. But, curiously enough, although he was so sharp about it he didn't really mind the dirty old dressing gown. It reminded him of when he was staying in the place; made it seem more natural for him to have come back there in his trouble.

But his nerves were all on edge.

"For God's sake don't keep clutching it round you like that; you're not naked under it, are you?" he said. He knew she was far from being naked. Under the woolen thing, as far as he could make out, she had some preposterous garment. Could it be flannelette? He didn't think there were still women who wore such garments. It was like what his mother used to wear — God be good to her — when she came in to him in the middle of the night if he wakened in a nightmare. He knew just how it would feel, warm and moist. He knew just the way it would smell, stuffy and sweet. Oh, with what relief he used to bury his head in the stuffy flannelette folds.

For a moment he had an almost overpowering longing to bury his face in Bina's bosom. But at that point he was still in full command of himself; he knew he couldn't do that. And in any case all he wanted was just to be with her: someone he knew; someone who was not a stranger.

"Oh, Bina," he said, and he covered his face with his hands. "I'm in such trouble." But they were still standing in the hallway, and he felt uncomfortable. He glanced up the wide well of the staircase. If there was anyone else awake in the house his voice would easily carry up to them. "Come on downstairs," he said, and he motioned towards the basement steps. But Bina held back. For a minute

he thought that she was looking at him queerly. Perhaps, after all, she thought he had taken a drink, because she wasn't wearing her glasses. As a matter of fact he had never before seen her without them, although he used to wonder what she would be like without them, and he remembered thinking, once, that if she got married her husband would see her without them; it would be one of their first intimacies, and he felt in some way sorry for her, as if over and above the pitiful exposure of her sex she would be submitted to an additional indignity. But here she was now blinking at him. He was wrong, though, in thinking that she had any doubts about his sobriety, because she had only delayed to run into the dining room and snatch up a glass and a decanter.

He had to stop her from pouring it out.

"No — please," he cried, impatiently. "No; they might smell it off my breath."

It wasn't until then that she realized there was something seriously wrong. The extraordinary thing was that she jumped at once to the conclusion it was the boy.

"Is it that boy you were telling me about last night; the one that was brought in just as you were leaving?"

He nodded. He couldn't help being touched by her interest, because he hardly remembered telling her anything at all about the case, but he must have made some reference to having an appendectomy for the morning.

"Is he — dead?" she asked quietly.

He nodded. She said nothing for a moment or two.

"My poor Lew," she said then, and he almost burst into tears.

That was what you might call a friend: he was touched beyond words. She was so loyal to him; she didn't wait to hear what had happened: she was on his side. It was so different from the hostile attitude at the hospital.

"Surely you're not blaming yourself, Lew?" she cried. "You know you often told me that there is no such thing as an unsuccessful operation — that the damage is done long before the case comes onto the table!"

He couldn't help being a bit edgy. Couldn't she give him a chance to tell her what had happened?

"You've got it wrong," he said abruptly. "I didn't get time to operate."

But she wasn't one to waver.

"Do you mean they didn't get you in time? Why, that was criminal negligence!"

He winced. "It wasn't their fault," he said impatiently. "They tried to get me on the phone repeatedly. Can't you let me tell you, Bina, and not keep interrupting me?"

But she wasn't listening to him.

Her face suddenly got white.

"You were sick, Lew?" she cried, and she made a

start forward almost as if she were going to put out her arms to him, but she stopped short of it.

"No, no, there was nothing the matter with me," he said, "at least not in the ordinary sense of the word." He paused and took a breath. "I was asleep, Bina — outside the house — in the car!" Even telling her was hard: how would he ever tell the Board? It sounded so incredible, so foolish. "If I was in the house I'd have heard the phone, but I fell asleep at the wheel. I must have closed my eyes for a minute when I got to the curb, and the next thing I knew it was morning — morning! — and the telephone was ringing; but it was only to tell me he was almost gone!"

At the thought of the way he felt when he woke up, cramped and frozen, and staggered into the house to take up the receiver and hear the consequences of his lapse, he gave a violent shudder.

She seemed to be shocked at last into giving a thought to the dead. But her thoughts quickly returned to him.

"But it wasn't your fault, Lew. Think of the hundreds of lives you've saved. Think of that!"

She still didn't seem to understand the full seriousness of the situation.

"You don't seem to realize: there'll be an inquiry," he said sharply.

"Do you mean you'll be blamed?" she said, and she looked so bewildered as to appear actually stupid. There was something in what she said all the same. "How could they possibly blame you? If it was anyone's fault it was the fault of the hospital — yes, I mean it — you're grossly overworked down there — you know it — I told you so a hundred times, I'm not only saying it now, you've heard me yourself — I'm always saying it. So was poor Mother. I used to say to her, 'I hope they're grateful, that's all —'"

She was so vehement he stared at her in surprise. It was true what she said; he was overworked. Many a time he had to acknowledge it when they were all three sitting around the fire in the little basement room, so cozy, so warm.

Oh, they were so happy, those evenings. Would such evenings ever come again?

"You don't understand at all, Bina!" he cried. "This could be the end of me. A man in my position has so many enemies; people are so jealous, you know nothing about it: they're only watching for you to make a false step and they come down on you."

It was true, and as he said it, involuntarily as a wave of nausea, the longing came over him again to press his head into the soft moist flannelette bosom at which he was staring. But Bina's practicality was like cold water.

"What kind of talk is that?" she said. "I'm surprised at you. Have you no confidence? I must say that I think you ought to have a little more confidence in the hospital too, if it goes to that!"

He couldn't help admiring her. She built him up.

"Inquiry indeed!" she cried. "I'll tell you what there ought to be: an inquiry into when you last had a holiday! I'm surprised at you, Lew. You'll be ashamed of yourself when you think things over. You'll find there will be no inquiry at all; or if there is, it will all blow over in no time."

She was so matter-of-fact. Just then she stepped out into the hall and looked up the well of the stairs.

"I thought I heard someone stirring. It's getting on for seven. The maids will be getting up. It wouldn't do for you to be seen here. And anyway, you're not shaved," she said. "Are you going back to the hospital? Because if you are I think you ought to go back to Fitzwilliam first and have a wash. You look a bit the worse for wear. Take a look at yourself," and she nodded at the little diamond of mirror stuck on over the hall stand.

He looked bad. There was no doubt about it. It sobered him to think that he had to go out into the street in that condition. But he had to go.

"I'd better get back, I suppose," he said.

"That's the spirit," said Bina, and she opened the hall door.

It was later than he thought.

5

INSTANTLY, when the door was opened, his reluctance to go out vanished. In fact he felt eager all at once to get away. There was a stuffy night odor in the little hotel, and out in the street the air was fresh, untouched. He felt stifled every minute he remained within. But he could not rush out abruptly. After all, he had wakened her up out of her sleep; it was too late now for her to go back to bed. She would be on her feet all day. She was fagged-looking even now, he saw with compunction — of course she was not as young as she used to be. Suddenly he wanted desperately to be kind; to show his gratitude. She had done so much for him in the bad half-hour that had passed. Perhaps she was right in thinking everything would be all right: he was inclined to see things in a different light already, but there was no doubt that he saw things differently when he came knocking at her door. Only for her — well, he didn't like to think of what would have happened only for Bina. She helped him to live through the worst hours of his whole life.

"You're a good friend, Bina," he cried, from his heart.

She was pleased. He could see she was pleased, but it wasn't enough.

"I wish there was something I could do for you, Bina."

He must let her see how he felt. He meant what he said too. "Isn't there anything I could do for you?" he pleaded.

But what needs had she that he could satisfy?

"Take care of yourself, Lew," she said quietly. "That's the best thing you could do for me."

It was inexpressibly touching. He was bowed with humility before such unselfishness.

"I will," he said simply.

You had to be simple with a person like Bina. He stepped out into the air. Then he turned and put out his hand. She took it.

"When this is all over, Lew, I hope you'll take a good holiday."

It was something positive that she was asking him. He owed it to her to treat it seriously.

"I'll do that, Bina," he said. "I promise. When this thing blows over I'll take a good holiday."

It was quite an idea; he needed a rest.

"I'll do that," he repeated emphatically; "not just a few days, either, but a decent holiday. I might take a few months and take a trip over to the Continent." He looked over the rooftops in the direction of the coast. "This would be just the time of year for it," he said. He took a deep breath. He felt better every second that passed. It was hard to think that he had been so rattled. He hoped they had not seen in the hospital that he was rattled. If so, the sooner he got back there the better, to let them see him in his new frame of mind. "Well, Bina — thanks again." He went down two steps.

"You won't forget the holiday?"

"I won't forget," he said. He was standing on the pavement now. Desperately now he wanted to get away. "But you'll see me again before then." Surely she didn't think that he would be as casual as all that?

And yet it was just what he'd be likely to do to her, unless — Unless? Just as he was about to step confidently away from the door, this word arrested him. Supposing he was too confident; supposing things went badly with him? He'd be back to her soon enough then. He told her she was a good friend.

She was more than that; she was the only friend he had.

If things went against him, if he had to pack his bags, he'd have to have someone to go with him wherever he went. He'd never be able to start all over again without someone to help him. He'd never build up a practice again in a new place — alone.

But Bina was closing the door.

"Bina!"

He felt if that door closed he would be all alone in the whole world. He ran up the steps.

"Will you be here all day, Bina?" he cried.

Bina looked frightened. "I suppose so," she said.

She looked back over her shoulder. The maids would be up and coming downstairs any minute.

"Why?" she asked, but absently.

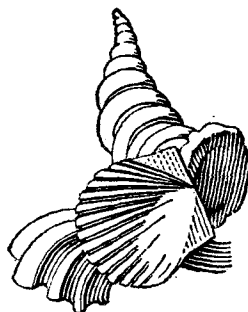
"I might be back," he said. He didn't feel safe in leaving it at that. He'd have to go the whole hog. "Wait a minute, Bina. Don't go. I want to ask you something. Will you come with me — on the holiday, I mean?"

It gave him some satisfaction to see how stupefied she looked. He hadn't been walked into it, anyway: it was his own doing. It was the last thing in the world that Bina expected of him. It was all his own doing.

"Will you marry me, Bina? No matter what happens — no matter how things go with me?"

It was the only thing he could do. You couldn't ask any woman to wait and see how things went; even a person like Bina.

The only pity was that there was never any question of things going badly. If he had kept his head he would have known that everything would be all right. It was only a little cloud that blew up in a clear sky, and after a few days it had blown over. And everything would be the same as ever — only for Bina. Not that he was altogether sorry. And he needed a holiday badly.





The state of affairs in Morocco has become almost as important to those who believe in NATO as it is to the security of France. A Bostonian and a veteran of both World Wars, CHARLES R. CODMAN served as a combat pilot in the American Air Force (1917-18) and as Senior A.D.C. to General Patton (1942-45). He made his first visit to Morocco in 1925 at the time of the Riff uprising; his second during Operation Torch, the Allied landings in North Africa in November, 1942, when he was the first American Liaison Officer assigned to the French Protectorate; and his third last winter.

FRENCH MOROCCO: TORCH PLUS TEN

by CHARLES R. CODMAN

1

Now that Shephard's is no more, the Hotel Mamounia at Marrakesh, French Morocco, may well lay claim to being the most colorful European caravansary of the Moslem world. The Mamounia is situated just within the tawny ramparts of the ancient Saharan city from whose name the word Morocco is derived, and its appurtenances and southern exposure attract people from near and surprisingly far. From any one of the myriad private verandas on which in mid-winter one may simultaneously enjoy breakfast and a sun bath, the Mamounia guest (about \$7 a day) is privileged to gaze upon a Moorish garden of olive, palm, and citrus fruit, the flat rooftops and minarets of the Medina, and beyond, the spectacular backdrop of the Grand Atlas — snow-capped, majestic, breath-takingly beautiful.

Less beautiful, though not without a certain decorativeness, is the crowd which during the season — November through May — packs the place to capacity. It is a heterogeneous crowd. On a random day last winter the comings and goings through the spacious lobby included those of a group of South African textile men and their wives, the U.S. Admiral commanding the Western Mediterranean, the Commandant of one of the new Air Bases, the present owner of the famous Villa Taylor (Roosevelt and Churchill slept here), the Chief of U.S. Engineers, an executive of Atlas Constructors, a former Premier of France, and a high-level investigator from the Department of the Army in Washington. And, oh yes, at a discreet table by the wall, the nephew of the late Marshal Lyautey, having tea with the son of the Pasha of Marrakesh.

While the presence in North Africa of some of these guests may superficially reflect a few of the activities afoot in 1952 Morocco, it does not fol-

low that *apéritif* hour at the Mamounia is likely to provide lasting solutions to deep-seated problems. In the space of a fortnight the observant tourist may sense the shape and form of many current questions. He may even come up with a ready answer or two — a habit sometimes exasperating to those who have spent the better part of their lives grappling *in loco* with the hard facts of life. Nowhere, however, is the tourist more welcome, and nowhere that I know of is the beaten track more stimulating.

The boom city of Casablanca, for instance — its skyscrapers, its night spots, its old Medina, its new Medina, its Coca-Cola signs (in English and in Arabic), its teeming three quarters of a million population of Moslems, Jews, and Christians. What is its message? Perhaps merely that times have changed. Fifty years ago Casablanca was a small seaport of some twenty thousand natives and four hundred Europeans. The journey to Rabat, today an hour and a half motor trip, was not lightly undertaken then. Essential requisites were rations, arms and an ability to shoot straight, and, of course, a horse, mule, or camel, since roads were nonexistent, indeed superfluous, for the simple reason that throughout the quarter million square miles of Moroccan plain, mountain, and desert, the principle of the wheel as applied to locomotion was unknown. In 1952 the wheels are really turning. In Casa's modern streets and boulevards flows a steady stream of Citroëns, Dodges, trucks, and autobuses. Factories hum and warehouses bulge. New suburbs and a new model city for native workers push southward beside the road to Marrakesh; new docks push westward into the Atlantic. By 1954 the city's population is expected to pass the million mark.

In contrast stands the native city of Fez. Passing through an archway of its great encircling walls, one steps straight back into the Middle Ages. Fez is unique and indescribable — its mosques, its fountains, its restless, stirring population; the sense of adventure in following the turbaned guide through byways tailored a thousand years ago to fit the passing of two beasts of burden and no more. And after a strenuous but gratifying day in the *souks* dodging olive-laden donkeys and bargaining with picturesque biblical characters for rugs, brasswork, and leather poufs, it is enchanting to relax by the fountain on the tiled terrace of the Jamaï Palace, and to listen at dusk to the chant of the muezzins atop the minarets, calling the faithful to prayer.

Moulay Idris and Meknès, and, farther south, Marrakesh, Mogador, Mazagan, Agadir, and many others, are now familiar names to passengers of cruise ships touching at Casablanca, and to those who, via Tangier, motor across the narrow strip of Spanish Zone to visit this fascinating land.

Rabat, the nation's capital, is not only the seat of government but the country's nerve center. For some reason, the average tourist, allowing himself but a day or two at the Balima or Tour Hassan, seems content with a brief visit to neighboring Salé, home of the Barbary pirates, a quick look at the Casbah des Oudaias, a curious glimpse past smart black guards in crimson tunics into the Mechouar — the vast inclosure surrounding the Sultan's palace — and lets it go at that. Rabat, with its fine broad boulevards and California-Moresque villas, deserves and repays a longer stay, but at the moment let's pause just long enough to identify the two outstanding figures of the current Moroccan scene.

2

TEN years ago this autumn, in the early hours of Sunday morning, November 8, 1942, the world was electrified by the news of six Allied landings in North Africa — three in Mediterranean Algeria, three in Atlantic Morocco. This joint undertaking, to date the largest overseas operation in the history of mankind, was known by the code name Torch. It was commanded by Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The Moroccan landings, the first amphibious operation of the war to be launched across the Atlantic, were effected by Western Task Force, the all-American component of Torch, Major General George S. Patton, Jr., commanding.

These landings were briefly but fiercely resisted. A few hours after the conclusion of hostilities, General Patton, seated at the head of a table in the salon-fumoir of the Hotel Miramar at the small beach-resort town of Fédala near Casablanca, was faced with a dilemma. In his hand

was a sheaf of typescript setting forth the armistice terms, and across the table sat the French delegation on whom they were to be imposed. Said armistice terms, drawn up in Washington, had seemingly been drafted with the strictly civilian setup of Algeria in mind. At any rate, in the course of discussion it became apparent that Washington had inadvertently overlooked the fact that, unlike Algeria, which is a part of France, French Morocco was (and is) a Military Protectorate. It became equally apparent that literal application of the decidedly stiff terms would seriously impair the efficiency of the Protectorate as a going concern. At that time, communications with General Eisenhower's headquarters at Gibraltar, and with General Clark's in Algeria, were out. Accordingly, General Patton, playing by ear, made one of his characteristic, lightning decisions. Rising to his feet, he picked up the document which a few moments before had been read to the dejected delegates and tore it into small strips.

"Gentlemen," he said, "all of us in this room are soldiers and men of honor. Your given word and mine are quite sufficient. You will do thus and so, we will do this and that. Agreed?"

It was.

"There is, however," the General continued, "an additional condition upon which I must insist."

The faces of the French delegation, which had brightened considerably, lengthened.

"It is this," the General said, signaling an orderly, "that you join me in a glass of champagne."

Now General Patton was not just being a good fellow. In the event of French disaffection, it was his considered opinion that to maintain order in Morocco, a country of some seven million Arabs and Berbers, whose pacification had been completed only eight years before, and, in addition, to secure the Spanish Zone border and protect his own communications, would require five or six American divisions. With barely three divisions at his disposal, it seemed not only reasonable but essential to do everything in his power to ensure continuity of French responsibility and prestige.

Several weeks later General Patton made an inspection trip to a number of the more remote French military posts. Accompanied by members of his staff and a certain French Colonel in charge of native affairs throughout Morocco, he made various stops, which included among others the mountain retreat of a Berber chieftain, the headquarters of a Tabor of Goumiers, and the house of an aged Caid where there happened to be assembled a group of Arab notables.

With each group and in fact each individual, the French Colonel's apparently quite effortless technique was impressive. He was animated and decisive, and it was evident that his equipment,

which included, together with several Arab and Berber dialects, precisely the right balance of friendliness, firmness, patience, brusqueness, and humor, had not been acquired in a day. That he knew exactly what was wanted and what *he* wanted, and that it got done fast, was as obvious as the universal respect and affection in which he was held. At Rabat, as the Colonel was taking his leave, the General asked how many troops were normally required by the French to hold Morocco. The number was about two divisions less than the American estimate. On the road back to Casablanca, the General was thoughtful.

"Well," he said, "that man alone is worth a couple of divisions. What's his name again?"

His name was Colonel Augustin Guillaume. In the early twenties, shortly after graduating from Saint-Cyr, he became one of the elite *Officiers des Affaires Indigènes au Maroc*. During the pacification period he distinguished himself in the grueling Central Atlas campaign and found time not only to write a book about it but to compile the first and only French-Berber dictionary. Following the German occupation of France he became head of the famous D.A.P. — *Direction des Affaires Politiques* — the Protectorate's most important single ministry. Under his cloak of office and the noses of the German Armistice Commission, he directed the clandestine organization of the Moroccan Goumiers — a dangerous game — and when in the summer of 1944 de Lattre's First French Army landed in southern France, Brigadier General Guillaume had the satisfaction of leading his Tabors up the Rhone Valley through the Vosges and into Alsace. Finishing the war as a Corps Commander, he was sent in 1945 to Moscow as Military Attaché. Here he learned two or three additional languages and wrote a book on the Red Army which should be required reading for all Allied military men. On his return from Russia he succeeded General Koenig as Commander in Chief in Germany. After his departure last autumn, General Eisenhower remarked to a visitor at SHAPE, "In the entire French setup there is no better man than Guillaume. I can tell you we shall miss him."

Here then is the man who at fifty-seven is now Commissaire Général de France au Maroc and in whose person are invested all the considerable powers of the French Republic in Morocco. He has a job on his hands — a big job, to which he brings qualities of character worthy of the best traditions of his former patron and friend, the great Marshal Lyautey, in whose palace, known as the Residence, he and Madame Guillaume now live. The General's capacity for work is limitless, his hours fantastic, and anyone he asks to accompany him on one of his frequent inspection tours had better be prepared to leave at six in the morning and not get back until midnight.

Only a few hundred yards from the Residence, its gardens, and the handsome administration buildings lining the main boulevard of Rabat are the walls of the Mechouar. Within its confines lies another palace, of severely modern design, the abode of His Majesty Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, Sultan of Morocco, descendant of the Prophet, and thus a Sherif possessed of the *baraka* — that untranslatable word evocative of the Grace of God — spiritual and temporal ruler of more than nine million Moslem subjects. The third son of His Majesty Moulay Youssef, who was a loyal friend of France, the present Sultan belongs to the Alaouite Dynasty, which came into power in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Upon ascending the throne in November, 1927 — that is, two years after the departure of Marshal Lyautey and during the Residency of Monsieur Steeg — he was eighteen years old. During his reign all parts of the realm have, for the first time in Moroccan history, acknowledged the Sultan's sovereignty.

At the time of the Torch Operation, the Sultan, a distinguished, rather fragile-looking young man of great dignity and considerable personal charm, was on excellent terms with General Noguès, the then Resident General. Through their mutual coöperation and skillful joint action during the difficult years of 1940–1942 the heavy-handed machinations of the German Armistice Commission in Morocco were rendered relatively ineffective. Now in his early forties, the Sultan appears somewhat more robust than formerly, and his manner, while affable and courteous, shows marked signs of increased self-confidence. In theory, he is an absolute ruler governing by decree through his Vizirs, Pashas, and Caid. Actually, at every level there is French control. His chief of staff is the Grand Vizir, Si El Hadj Mohammed El Mokri, a remarkable and delightful old gentleman who — according to Arab friends — is well over a hundred years of age. The Sultan's children consist of two sons, Their Imperial Highnesses Moulay Hassan and Moulay Abdallah, and three daughters, Princesses Lalla Aicha, Lalla Malika, and Lalla Nza.

Since the war the Sultan has lent an increasingly sympathetic ear to the young Nationalists, whose ranks were chiefly recruited from the intellectual and middle classes of the larger northern cities. Last year his open espousal of the cause of Istiqlal, the most extreme of the Nationalist parties and whose avowed goal is complete independence, severely strained the relations between the Palace and the Residence, occupied, at the time, by General Juin. It also caused a serious break with the most powerful feudal chieftain of the Atlas, the aged Si El Hadj Thami El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh. Upon remonstrating with the Sultan and being sharply rebuffed, the Glaoui left the Palace vowing never to set foot in it again.

Last autumn, General Juin was succeeded by General Guillaume, who has, of course, known the Sultan for many years. Last winter their personal relationship appeared frank and cordial, but that a certain state of tension existed between the Palace and the Residence was evident.

3

OF the three great French North African areas, in which dwell over twenty million Moslems, Algeria was the first to come under French influence, and one hundred and thirty years of French rule have profoundly transformed this predominantly rural country. Today, divided into three *départements*, with *préfets*, *députés*, and the rest, it is part of France. To the east lies Tunisia, a Protectorate of France since 1881, where the French have recently made important concessions to the Arab point of view. Whether or not a lasting *modus vivendi* has been achieved remains to be seen. To the west, forming the strategic north-west corner of the African continent, with an Atlantic littoral of some five hundred miles, stands Morocco.

The French are in Morocco by virtue of the Treaty of Fez of March 30, 1912, negotiated between the French Government and the then Sultan of Morocco with the assent of the thirteen nations — including our own — attending the Algéciras Conference of 1906. Under Article I of its terms, the French Government and the Sultan agree to the institution of a new regime providing for such administrative, judicial, educational, economic, financial, and military reform as the French Government shall deem useful to introduce upon Moroccan territory, it being understood that the Sultan's prestige and the free exercise of the Moslem religion will be safeguarded. There is also reference to special arrangements in regard to the International City of Tangier and the Spanish sphere of influence.

Articles II and III concern military and security measures to be taken by the French, and their obligation to protect the Sultan's person and throne.

Articles IV, V, and VI set forth the broad control powers of the French Government, in particular those of the Resident General, who shall be the sole intermediary between the Sultan and all foreign representatives, it being understood that the Sultan will not conclude any act of an international character without the assent of the French Government.

Articles VII and VIII have to do with loans and financial matters.

The Treaty of Fez was frankly designed to allow the French a free hand in restoring law and order to a territory which throughout the nineteenth and well into the twentieth century pre-

sented, at the very threshold of Europe, a spectacle of unbridled violence, depredation, and anarchy. Colonization, pacification, call it what you will, France's undertaking in Morocco originated as a necessary job of policing. Fortunately for France, and for Morocco, its prime mover happened to be no ordinary policeman but a man of genius. Few, I believe, would deny that Lyautey's policies were a brilliant synthesis of intelligence, humanity, and a passionate creativeness, and that the chief beneficiaries of his extraordinary gifts were the Moroccans themselves.

The post-war period in Morocco was one of intense activity resulting in the spectacular expansion of capital investment, urbanism, mining, irrigation, and hydroelectrification. To these essentially French activities, of which France is justly proud, there have recently been added some of our own — strategic investments bearing the names of remote hamlets — Sidi Slimane east of Port Lyautey; Nouasseur in the Casablanca area; and in the pre-Saharan plains, stretching expectantly toward the one natural scoop in the foothills of the Atlas, the great 14,000-foot runway of Ben Guerir. Usually referred to in American newspapers as "our bases in North Africa," they are, for the record, the Franco-American Bases in French Morocco, operational (as these lines are written) for the largest planes we have in existence, in production, or on the drawing boards — dramatic and vital links in the NATO chain of defense. A glance at the map of North Africa and the Middle East may suggest how delighted our opponents would be to see, and perhaps help to produce, in that sensitive area friction, disorder, and chaos.

Ten years ago this autumn the course of World War II was completely altered by the Allied landings in North Africa. Of these the lodgment in Morocco presented the major difficulties and hazards. In charge there happened to be a man whom history is likely to rate as the most gifted and intuitive field commander of his time. On his own, he made a decision to uphold a re-created partner in a common enterprise. A diplomatic decision outside the province of a field commander? A military decision clearly involving the commander's responsibility? Possibly both. In any event, General Patton was vindicated not only by his superiors in Algiers and Gibraltar but within a matter of weeks by the joint action of United States, French, and Moroccan troops in Tunisia.

I am not suggesting that today's Moroccan Question can or should be resolved by military fiat, nor that we should disinterest ourselves in valid aspirations towards self-government. I do submit that in spite of obvious dissimilarities the situation on the tenth anniversary of Torch presents certain parallels worthy of our careful consideration. Now, as then, the French are our

partners; they are, for the time being, responsible for law and order in Morocco, a country in which we have jointly made an important strategic investment. Yes, we paid for the Franco-American Bases. According to all reports the cost was high. The cost will be considerably higher should it become necessary to help protect them with American divisions.

In spite of the brilliantly constructive aspects of the past forty years of French control in Morocco — peace and law and order, to name but a few — the impact of Western civilization on a medieval way of life has produced stresses and strains currently exacerbated by the stirrings of Arab Nationalism. The French position has been briefly stated by Monsieur Robert Schuman before the General Assembly of the United Nations.

"The policy of the French Government," he said, "is founded on 1) a mutual agreement freely arrived at between Morocco and France [the Treaty of Fez], and 2) mutual examination of reforms necessary to accelerate the evolution towards that [Moroccan] autonomy which is our mutual objective."

Independence now and discussion afterwards, say the Nationalists. Reforms, education, and further evidence of a capacity for self-government before liquidation of existing treaty obligations,

reply the French. Independence now and discussion afterwards, reiterate the Nationalists. It would thus appear that the basic issue in regard to self-government is not *whether* but *when*.

At the present time the cause of Arab Nationalism is seeking to enlist American sympathies. Our tendency to champion the so-called underdog may indicate a generosity of spirit admirable in itself, but impulsive action, no matter how sincere, if based on incomplete or faulty premises, may be in serious opposition to our own enlightened self-interest. We are engaged with thirteen other nations of the Western world in an unprecedented common enterprise designed to deter aggression and preserve peace. In North Africa, with whose peoples and problems our familiarity is of relatively recent date, one of our principal allies, France, is wrestling with issues highly charged with racial and religious dynamite — issues which will be resolved constructively and equitably only by bringing to them, at the highest responsible levels, a large measure of sagacity, patience, and good will. During the period necessary to achieve just and lasting solutions — and they will take time — we should be very careful indeed to avoid actions and words tending to weaken the hand of a member of our own team or unwittingly to add fuel to a potential bonfire.



SIESTA

by CLAIRE NICOLAS

THE drowsy afternoon
Descends upon the world
On the wings of a great white
Silent bird.

It moves from tongue to cheek,
From palm to fingertips.
I know the taste of sleep,
A smile about the lips.

The sun trapped in the room,
The bed a vast expand,
A clock struck at the heart,
A dream caught in the hand.

Clouds gather in the head,
Clouds travel through the sky.
This wasteful afternoon
Is blowing by.



What guides the trial judge in his findings, in his instructions to a jury, and in his obligations to the higher courts of appeal? This was the substance of the self-examination which JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., presented in the annual Cardozo Lecture before the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School who served as secretary to both Judge Augustus N. Hand and Judge Learned Hand, and from 1935 to 1937 as special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, Judge Wyzanski was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in December, 1941.

A TRIAL JUDGE'S FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

by JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

1

THE ethical test of a judge is not whether his judgments run parallel to the judgments of a moralist, but whether the judge administers his office true to its traditional limitations as well as to its aspirations. From the day he takes his seat he is aware that while he has more personal discretion than the books reveal, he is hemmed in by impersonal usages, canons, and legitimate expectations. While he has choice, he cannot exercise it even to his own satisfaction unless it is disciplined according to standards. The minima are supplied by reversals administered by appellate courts. Those, however, are necessarily negative in nature. What counts more is the establishment of affirmative norms of judicial behavior. One man knows the practices of his own and perhaps a few other courts; so, to evolve standards, he must become critical of his own shortcomings, attentive to the reactions of the bar, informed of the unrecorded practices of his colleagues, and, above all, reflective about subtle differences in the tasks assigned to him.

The trial judge's first problem is his relationship to the jury. Much of the debate about the jury system rests on political premises as old as the eighteenth century. Montesquieu, Blackstone, and their followers contended that lay tribunals with a plurality of members were the safeguard of liberty. Bentham and more modern reformers replied that when the rule of law itself is sound, its integrity requires that its application be entrusted to magistrates acting alone. In their view, responsibility is the secret of integrity, and a reasoned choice is the secret of responsibility.

Experience will not give a sovereign answer to these warring contentions. Yet the disagreement can be narrowed if the question of the jury's utility is subdivided with specific emphasis on separate types of suits.

The importance of this subdivision is concealed by Chief Justice Hughes's striking phrase that a federal judge is the "governor of the trial." Some regard this as an implied acceptance of the practice of English courts. They construe it as a broad invitation to exercise in all types of cases a right to comment upon the evidence, provided of course that the judge reminds the jury in his charge that they are not bound to follow the court's view of the facts or the credibility of the witnesses.

Such boldness is not the surest way to end disputes in defamation cases. In 1944 a discharged OPA official brought a libel suit against the radio commentator, Fulton Lewis, Jr. At one stage in the examination I suggested that Mr. Lewis's counsel was throwing pepper in the eyes of the jury; and at the final summation I indicated plainly that, although the jury was free to reject my opinion, I thought Mr. Lewis had been reckless in his calumnious charges against the ex-OPA official. It makes no difference whether what I said was true; I should not have said it, as the reaction of the bar and public reminded me. A political libel suit is the modern equivalent of ordeal by battle. It is the means which society has chosen to induce bitter partisans to wager money instead of exchanging bloody noses. And in such a contest the prudent and the second-thinking judge will stand severely aside, and will act merely as a referee applying the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Later a libel suit was brought by James Michael Curley against the publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post* for having said that Mr. Curley was a Catholic of whom His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell would have no part. Who knew better than the Cardinal whether that charge was true? Mr. Curley, the plaintiff, did not call the Cardinal to the stand. The defendant's distinguished counsel did not de-

sire to find out what would be the effect upon a Greater Boston jury if a Protestant lawyer should call a Catholic prelate to the witness stand. Should the court have intervened and summoned the Cardinal on its own initiative? The Fulton Lewis case gave the answer. In a political libel suit the judge is not the commander but merely the umpire.

Those cases which involve sordid family disputes also are better left to the jury without too explicit instructions. Plato implied and Holmes explicitly stated that judges are apt to be naïve men. If judges seem to comment on the morality of conduct or the extent of damages, they may discover that the jurors regard their own knowledge as superior to the judges'. At any rate when brother sues brother or when spouse sues paramour, the very anonymity of the jury's judgment often does more than the most clearly reasoned opinion or charge of an identified judge could have done to still the controversy.

What of the trial judge's role in accident cases? How far should he go in requiring available evidence to be produced, in commenting on the testimony, and in using special verdicts and like devices to seek to keep the jury within the precise bounds laid down by the appellate courts?

There are some who say that the trial judge has not fulfilled his moral obligation if he merely states clearly the law regarding negligence, causation, contributory fault, and types of recoverable damage. In their opinion it is his duty to analyze the evidence and demonstrate where the evidence seems strong or thin and where it appears reliable or untrustworthy.

Most federal judges do not make such analyses. They are not deterred through laziness, a sentimental regard for the afflatus of the Seventh Amendment, or even a fear of reversal. They are mindful that the community no longer accepts as completely valid legal principles basing liability upon fault. They perceive a general recognition of the inevitability of numerous accidents in modern life, which has made insurance widely available and widely used. Workmen's compensation acts and other social and economic legislation have revealed a trend that did not exist when the common-law doctrines of tort were formulated. And the judges sense a new climate of public opinion which rates security as one of the chief goals of men.

Trial judges cannot, without violating their oaths, bow directly to this altered policy. In instructions of law they must repeat the doctrines which judges of superior courts formulated and which only they or the legislatures can change. But trial judges are not giving "rein to the passion element of our nature" or forswearing themselves by following Lord Coke's maxim that "the jurors are chancellor." Traditionally juries are the device by which the rigor of the law is modified pending the enactment of new statutes.

Some will say that this abdication is not merely cowardly but ignores the "French saying about small reforms being the worst enemies of great reforms." To them the proper course would be to apply the ancient rules with full rigidity. They anticipate that adverse reactions would then lead to a complete resurvey of accident law; to a scrutiny of the costs, delays, and burdens of present litigation; to a comparative study of what injured persons actually get in cash as a result of lawsuits, settlements out of court, administrative compensation proceedings, and other types of insurance plans; and ultimately to a new codification. To this, one answer is that in Anglo-American legal history reform has rarely come as a result of prompt, comprehensive investigation and legislation. The usual course has been by resort to fictions, to compromises with logic, to juries. Only at the last stages are outright changes in the formal rules announced by the legislators or the appellate judges. This is consistent with Burke's principle that "reform is impracticable in the sense of an abrupt reconstruction of society, and can only be understood as the gradual modification of a complex structure."

2

I AM not at all certain that it would be a desirable reform in those personal injury controversies, known as tort cases, to substitute trial by judges for trial by juries. Just such a substitution has been made in the Federal Tort Claims Act. And experience under that statute does not prove that in this type of case a single professional is so satisfactory a tribunal as a group of laymen of mixed backgrounds. In estimating how a reasonable and prudent man would act, judges' court experience counts for no more than juries' out-of-court experience. In determining the credibility of the type of witness that appears in accident cases an expert tribunal is somewhat too ready to see a familiar pattern. Shrewdness founded on skepticism and sophistication has its place in scrutinizing the stories of witnesses. But there is a danger that the professional trier of fact will expect people of varied callings and cultures to reach levels of observation and narration which would not be expected by men of the witness's own background. Moreover, when it comes to a calculation of damages under the flexible rules of tort law the estimate of what loss the plaintiff suffered can best be made by men who know different standards of working and living in our society. Indeed, I have heard federal judges confess that in a Federal Tort Claims case they try to make their judgments correspond with what they believe a jury would do in a private case. And many judges would prefer to have such cases tried by juries.

In commercial cases and those arising under regulatory statutes there is reason to hold a jury

by a much tighter rein than in tort cases. This is not because the rules of law are more consonant with prevailing notions of justice. In these controversies judges have a specialized knowledge. Parties have usually acted with specific reference to their legal rights. Departures from the declared standard would undermine the legislative declaration and would be less likely to produce reform than confusion and further litigation.

An extreme example will serve as an illustration. In a tax case tried before a jury at the suit of one holder of International Match Company preference stock, the issue was whether for tax purposes those certificates had become worthless in the year 1936. In another taxpayer's case the Second Circuit Court of Appeals had affirmed a ruling of the Board of Tax Appeals that similar stock had become valueless in the year 1932. Technically this adjudication did not bind the jury, though the evidence before it was substantially the same as that in the earlier case. To preserve uniformity on a factual tax problem of general application I had no hesitation in strongly intimating to the jury that they should reach the same result as the Second Circuit.

In sales cases something close to a scientific appraisal of the facts is possible; there are strong mercantile interests favoring certainty; and future litigation can be reduced by strict adherence to carefully prescribed statutory standards. These considerations sometimes warrant giving juries written instructions or summaries and often justify the use of special verdicts. Either method makes jurors focus precisely on the formalities of the contract, the warranties claimed to have been broken, the types of damage alleged to have been sustained, and the allowable formulae for calculating those damages.

Indeed, except for tort cases, I find myself in agreement with Judge Frank that the trial judge ought to use special verdicts to a much larger extent, though it is more difficult than may at first be realized to frame questions to the satisfaction of counsel and to the comprehension of juries. Once when I used what I thought simple questions, a fellow judge, half in jest, accused me of trying to promote a disagreement of the jury and thus to force a settlement.

The arguments supporting special verdicts in commercial or statutory cases also support a trial judge in giving in such cases a more detailed charge and more specific guidance in estimating the testimony. In complicated cases or those in fields where the experience of the average juror is much less than that of the average judge, there is a substantial risk of a miscarriage of justice unless the judge points rather plainly to the "knots" in the evidence and suggests how they can be unraveled. The only time I have ever entered judgment notwithstanding a verdict was in a private antitrust suit. The jury had awarded damages of over one million dol-

lars as a result, I believe, of the generality of my instructions.

So far I have said nothing of federal criminal cases. About 90 per cent of all defendants in the federal court plead guilty. In those federal cases which come to trial the crime charged frequently concerns economic facts; and generally, though not invariably, the preliminary investigation by the FBI and other agencies of detection has reduced to a small compass the area of doubt. Often the only remaining substantive issue of significance is whether the defendant acted "knowingly." Indeed, the usual federal criminal trial is as apt to turn on whether the prosecution has procured its evidence in accordance with law and is presenting it fairly, as on whether the defendant is guilty as charged. All these factors combine to concentrate the judge's attention upon the avoidance of prejudicial inquiries, confusion of proof, and inflammatory arguments. Counsel can aid the judge to maintain the proper atmosphere by stipulation, by refraining from putting doubtful questions until the judge has ruled at the bench, and by other coöperative efforts. But if coöperation is not forthcoming, the judge should hesitate to fill the gap by becoming himself a participant in the interrogation and should not indicate his view of the evidence. For the criminal trial is as much a ceremony as an investigation. Dignity and forbearance are almost the chief desiderata.

3

I TURN now to the freedom of the trial judge when he sits without a jury. In nonjury as in jury cases, a substantial part of the bar prefers to have the judge sit patiently while the evidence comes in and then at the end of the trial summarize the testimony. This seems the sounder practice in the great bulk of trials. But in cases of public significance, Edmund Burke admonished us: "It is the duty of the Judge to receive every offer of evidence, apparently material, suggested to him, though the parties themselves through negligence, ignorance, or corrupt collusion, should not bring it forward. A Judge is not placed in that high situation merely as a passive instrument of parties. He has a duty of his own, independent of them, and that duty is to investigate the truth. . . ."

Let me give some examples of when I believe the judge has a duty to elicit facts in addition to those that are offered by the parties. The plaintiff, an owner of a multiple dwelling, brought suit for a declaratory judgment seeking to have the premises declared a "hotel" and thus exempt from the rent regulations of the OPA. Only one of the numerous tenants was named as defendant. In the trial the plaintiff offered evidence that showed the building was a hotel and not an apartment. Because of lack of funds or of forensic skill, the tenant's counsel failed to shake the stories of the plaintiff's witnesses

or to offer adequate testimony to the contrary. Yet if the trial judge had called specialists and others familiar with the community and the property, the evidence would have demonstrated that in truth the building was a mere apartment house. I took no step myself to call witnesses or to interrogate those who did testify but, relying exclusively on what the parties offered, entered a judgment declaring the premises a "hotel" and thus exempt. Since this declaration of status became in effect a general rule binding on scores of persons not represented in the proceedings, would it not have been sounder if the court had taken a larger initiative in seeing that the record corresponded with reality?

A later controversy of even greater public importance posed a similar problem. In a case still undecided, the United States sued the United Shoe Machinery Corporation for violation of the antitrust laws. Among the issues that were presented was the effect of the corporation's acts upon its customers and its competitors. The Government in its case relied exclusively on the corporation's documents and officers. The corporation planned to call some customers, though the method by which they were drawn was not disclosed to the court. This seemed an inadequate survey. So the court asked the parties to take depositions from forty-five customers, selected from a standard directory by taking the first fifteen names under the first, eleventh, and twenty-first letters of the alphabet; and the court itself called to the stand the officers of the principal competitor. In the summons the court listed topics appropriate for questioning the officers. The actual examination was conducted in turn by the competitor's counsel, the Government's counsel, and the defendant's counsel. Both these types of testimony give a much clearer understanding of the total picture of the industries that will be affected by any decision.

Another problem in the United Shoe case has been to determine what have been the usual methods followed by the defendant in setting prices, in supplying services, and in suing competitors. An adequately grounded conclusion can hardly be based entirely on the plaintiff's selection of a few dramatic incidents and on the defendant's testimony of the general attitude of its officers. The critical point in determining liability and the form of relief may turn on what has been the typical pattern of the defendant's conduct and the typical effect of that conduct on outsiders. Here the judge can perform a useful function if he, through pre-trial conferences or at a later stage of the litigation when he is more aware of its dimensions, provides for appropriate samplings of the conduct and the effects. If the judge is fortunate, the parties may agree on the sampling. But where they do not, it seems to me to be the judge's re-

sponsibility first to elicit from witnesses on the stand the criteria necessary to determine what are fair samples and then to direct the parties to prepare such samples for examination and cross-examination. Sampling will make the record not merely more informative but shorter.

4

THE question as to what has been the custom of the market and what would be the consequence of a judicial decree altering those practices arises not only in antitrust cases but also when the judge is faced with the problem of determining either the appropriate standard of fair competition in trademarks or the appropriate standard for fiduciaries. Usually, to be sure, diligent counsel offer in evidence enough relevant material. But where this has not been done, there have been times when a judge has tended to reach his result partly on the basis of general information and partly on the basis of his studies in a library.

This tendency of a court to inform itself has increased in recent years following the lead of the Supreme Court of the United States. Not merely in constitutional controversies and in statutory interpretation but also in formulation of judge-made rules of law, the justices have resorted, in footnotes and elsewhere, to references drawn from legislative hearings, studies by executive departments, and scholarly monographs. Such resort is sometimes defended as an extension of Mr. Brandeis's technique in *Muller v. Oregon*. In Muller's case, however, Mr. Brandeis's object was to demonstrate that there was a body of informed public opinion which supported the reasonableness of the legislative rule of law. But in the cases of which I am speaking these extrajudicial studies are drawn upon to determine what would be a reasonable judicial rule of law. Thus the focus of the inquiry becomes not what judgment is permissible, but what judgment is sound. And here it seems to me that the judge, before deriving conclusions from any such extrajudicial document or information, should lay it before the parties for their criticism.

How this criticism should be offered is itself a problem not free from difficulty. In some situations the better course may be to submit the material for examination, cross-examination, and rebuttal evidence. In others, where expert criticism has primarily an argumentative character, it can be received better from the counsel table and from briefs than from the witness box. The important point is that, before a judge acts upon a consideration of any kind, he ought to give the parties a chance to meet it. This opportunity is owed as a matter of fairness and also to prevent egregious error. As Professor Lon Fuller observed, the "moral force of a judgment is at maximum if a judge decides solely on the basis of arguments presented

to him. Because if he goes beyond these he will lack guidance and may not understand interests that are affected by a decision outside the framework."

The duty of the judge to act only on the basis of material debated in public in no sense implies that the judge's findings should be in the precise terms offered by counsel. Nor does Rule 52(a) of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure require the judge always to recite all relevant evidence and to rely for persuasive effect exclusively upon mass and orderly arrangement. Yet in corporate cases or other litigation where the issues turn on documentary analysis and precise analysis of business details, and where appeal is almost certain to be taken, the trial judge may perform the greatest service by acting almost as a master summarizing evidence for a higher tribunal.

On the other hand, if a judge sitting alone hears a simple tort or contract case falling within a familiar framework and analogous to jury litigation, it is perhaps the best practice for him to state his findings of fact from the bench in those pungent colloquial terms with which the traditional English judge addresses the average man of common sense. When credibility of witnesses is the essence of the controversy, the parties and the lawyers like to have judges act as promptly as juries and on the basis of fresh impressions.

Where the search for truth is more subtle, the trial court faces the same stylistic challenge as the appellate court. Fortunate are those who, like Judge Learned Hand, have the gift of many tongues. His admiralty opinions breathe salt air, his commercial cases echo the accents of the market place, and his patent rulings reflect an industrial society developed by Yankee ingenuity. Even those whose narrower experience makes them stutter, occasionally strike a subject where they have both the sensitivity and the self-confidence to put the story simply and selectively. But in most cases we average judges can only try, without much hope, to make our summations of facts pithy, sympathetic, and illuminating.

5

WHILE, in summarizing the facts, we trial judges may seek to imitate our superiors on the higher courts, when we wrestle with the substantive law we should not regard ourselves as the appellate judges writ small. Our freedom is inevitably more narrowly exercised. Most of the time we do not see the points of difficulty too clearly. With us the pace is quicker, the troublesome issues have not been sorted from those which go by rote, the briefs of counsel have not reached their ultimate perfection. Yet even when we have the clearest perception of the legal issues, certain inhibitions are peculiarly appropriate to restrain a judge who

sits alone and subject to review by judges higher in commission.

If the trial judge is presented with the claim that a legislative act is unconstitutional, he ought to remind himself that every possible presumption is in favor of the validity of the legislation and that in certain constitutional controversies a district judge has no jurisdiction to act unless he is sitting with two other judges. Though in a constitutional case or any other case he must not surrender his deliberate judgment and automatically accept the views of others, he can ordinarily best fulfill his duty in a constitutional case by explicitly stating for the benefit of an appellate court any doubts he has, without going so far as to enter a decree against a statute which has commanded the assent of a majority of the legislature and, generally, of the executive.

If there is no constitutional question and the trial judge is presented with a judicial precedent or precedents contrary to his own view of what would be the sound rule of law, the problem is more subtle. First, take the situation where the hostile precedents are in the tribunals that sit on review of his own decisions. If the precedents have been so severely impaired by recent cases that it is reasonably clear they no longer represent the present doctrine of the appellate court, the trial judge is generally thought to be free to minimize their directive force, though there is strong opinion to the contrary. Where the precedent has not been impaired, the balance is in favor of the trial judge following it in his decree and respectfully stating in his accompanying opinion such reservations as he has. The entry of the decree preserves the "priority and place" which Shakespeare reminded us were indispensable to justice. Moreover, the reservation in the opinion promotes the growth of the law in the court where it most counts, for if the criticism of the precedent be just, the appellate court will set matters straight, and any trial judge worthy of his salt will feel complimented in being reversed on a ground he himself suggested. No trial judge of any sense supposes his quality is measured by a naked tabulation of affirmances and reversals.

Where the hostile precedents come from a judge of equal rank or a court not in the direct line of superior authority, I doubt whether there should be absolute rules of deference. If the precedent is from a sitting judge in one's own court and represents his mature reflection, the argument in favor of following it rests not only on the appropriate amenities, but also on profounder considerations of equality in the treatment of litigants. But the situation is different where the precedent comes from an inferior court sitting in another geographical area. In the federal system conflict of judgments between the inferior courts is one of the ways that the Supreme Court is led to grant review

of legal questions. And the most effective method of getting a significant issue over the Washington threshold is to challenge overtly a court in another circuit.

We federal judges are told that in diversity jurisdiction cases our duty is to follow the state law. Most of the time that is readily discoverable. But what are we to do when no state law has been declared, or the state law has not been the subject of reconsideration for a generation or more? Take unfair competition cases, at least before the Lanham Act. Until the end of the rule of *Swift v. Tyson* the state law lay relatively dormant. Most of the important controversies in this field had always been adjudicated in the federal courts according to a general jurisprudence. What happens when these federal cases are not binding authorities? Shall we seek to evolve the state rules exclusively from state precedents, some of which are quite old, and ignore the federal precedents?

Shall we be equally conservative in corporation cases? A short time ago a policyholder brought a derivative suit in the United States District Court for the District of Massachusetts against an insurance company without first seeking to enlist the aid of his fellow policyholders. The reported Massachusetts cases involved stockholders' suits. None of them was precisely in point. Some of the rulings were not addressed to considerations recently stressed by other courts and by legislatures and administrative agencies. Should the federal court follow closely what the state has already said, or should it keep one eye on the national trend? Or look at the case of a stockholder seeking to procure an equity receivership for the purpose of liquidating a corporation. The only Massachusetts decisions are old and negative. The modern trend is favorable. Shall the federal court assume that the Massachusetts state court will follow its predecessors or its contemporaries?

The impression that I gather from the cases is that a federal judge sitting in a diversity jurisdiction case is less willing to depart from obsolete doctrines than when he sits in a purely federal case. Every time judges are called upon to apply the law of a foreign jurisdiction, are they not inclined to give undue weight to the recorded landmarks and to underestimate the mobile qualities and the thrusts of principle we discern in our domestic law?

And now, before I conclude, may I address myself to a doubt which should perhaps have been tackled at the outset. Are the usages followed by trial judges more than patterns of behavior; are they law in any sense; and even if they are law, are they too disparate and detailed ever to have an honored place in the study of jurisprudence?

Concede that the normative practices which we have been reviewing fall far short of the Austinian

command of the sovereign. For a judge who chooses to depart from these particular standards does not lay himself open to reversal by courts of superior authority. And yet that which is generally approved as being good and being within the reach of average men does in time become law in the strictest sense. This, we all know, is how the law of fiduciaries and the law merchant have grown. And the principle applies in equal measure to the law governing trial judges. What is the whole law of procedure but the crystallization of judicial custom? The trial judges made the law of evidence by their usages; and perhaps now they are unmaking it by their usages. The revocation is hidden by appellate courts which treat departures from the proclaimed evidentiary rules not as though they represented new doctrine, but as though they were insignificant nonreversible errors.

What are the rules governing measure of proof? Today we say there exist in the federal courts only two standards: the criminal standard of proof beyond a reasonable doubt and the civil standard of the preponderance of the evidence. And yet already in some special classes of cases where fraud is the central issue, we seem to see the emergence of an intermediate rule, the requirement that the evidence shall be clear and convincing. This intermediate requirement reflects the unspoken practice of trial courts to move with extreme caution in fastening a finding of immoral conduct upon a party litigant.

What shall we say of remedies which trial judges have newly evolved in equitable suits founded on statutes? Novel remedies begin as permissible exercises of discretion by the court of first instance. They win approval and imitation by other similarly circumstanced courts. And in the end what was discretionary has become mandatory. Here is the common law at work — a progressive contribution by the judges, trial as well as appellate; less important perhaps today than formerly, and always less important than the additions made by legislative bodies; but more clearly ethical in its nature because the consent on which it rests has undergone a longer, more intimate, more pragmatic test.

Let us not suppose that because our jurisdiction is limited, because so much of our work goes unreported, because we are immersed in the detail of fact, we trial judges are clothed with small responsibility in relating law to justice. It is we who make the law become a living teacher as we transmit it from the legislature and the appellate court to the citizen who stands before us. It is we who watch the impact of the formal rule, explain its purpose to laymen, and seek to make its application conform to the durable and reasonable expectations of our communities. It is we who determine whether the processes of common-law growth shall decay or flower with a new vigor.



Artist, sportsman, and country gentleman, JAMES REYNOLDS is a painter of murals, an expert on Palladian architecture, and a connoisseur of Irish ghosts. His beautifully illustrated volume Ghosts in Irish Houses, which combines his two loves, has met with an enthusiastic reception in this country, as has his second volume, Gallery of Ghosts, which goes further abroad, to find its themes in India, Restoration England, and Maine. Mr. Reynolds's second novel, Maeve the Huntress, was published this spring, and Farrar, Straus & Young will bring out his illustrated autobiography, James Reynolds' Ireland, this fall.

GALWAY GREAT WEEK

by JAMES REYNOLDS

I

ALONG about the first week in July of each year, the ancient, gray harbor-town of Galway seems to shake off a kind of lethargy, "a class ave halt athwart her shoulders," as a pub lounge once told me, and him draining a third mug of porter, at my invitation. He continued, as a fourth mug was slid along the bar toward his wide-spread fingers: "That auld skelper Neptune treats us all to a month ave Atlantic Particulars, lashin' thim causeways to splinters" — he motioned out towards the Spanish Quay.

"Neptune is washing the dunes at Salthill," I replied, "and the length of the Marine Parade, sweeping all clean in readiness for your Great Week of Galway racing. Think of the money it saves the Town Council. After all, the breakwater is a great monster of stone. The damage is very little."

The man agreed, but opined that if it were not for the excitement of Great Week each year, there wouldn't be a young girl or boy left in the town, for they'd all hare away to Dublin or America. "It's a dull life fer the young." He took another great gulp of porter.

For the greater part of the year, the Galway man spends his time lounging on the humped-stone bridge arching the River Corrib, idly speculating on the poundage of the salmon which leap the weir. Suddenly, with the advent of sultry July, a vibration seems to pulse in the salty air, not only in and around Salthill and Galway but over all of Ireland. A stirring of interest, a susurrus of words and comments from every sport-inclined man or woman: "What sort of horse have you fancied lately that might win the Galway Silver Cup?"

That is how it begins. Each year renewed interest in horses that might win the Galway Cup, and a general pilgrimage from one to another of the well-known, highly regarded breeding or training farms

to look over the horses that will start in the three days of racing fixtures known far and wide as Galway Great Week. Only one other week during the year is comparable in the horse-conscious Irish mind. That is the Dublin Horse Show Week, which takes place about ten days or a fortnight after the Galway Races.

As the first day of Great Week draws nearer, excitement mounts and so does attendance at the stud farms scattered over most of the Irish counties. One constantly meets friends as well as strangers crisscrossing each other on the highroads and bohoreens, those little back lanes leading to remote pasturage and stables.

Bingo Lacey, head stableboy at my Ballykilleen farm, nearly ran down a woman one day. She was walking in a heavily shaded cart track leading to the back entrance to Kildangan Stud in County Kildare. Roderick More O'Farrell breeds as fine a lot of horses here, year in, year out, as one will find in the Island. The woman let out a yelp, leaped to the side of the lane, gathered her wits, and turned a full-strength smile upon us. I stopped to see that she was all right. "I am, and I shouldn't be for my carelessness," she said. "I'm so absorbed in trying to pick a winner for the Cup from that lot of Kildangan horses I've just seen that I paid no heed that I'm walking in the middle of a public road."

"And a dread, dark class ave one, madam," Bingo said with sharpness albeit politely, "where the eternal pit 'ud not be darker. Sure ye'd me heart crossed in me throat that I'd run ye down." Then he returned her smile. "But if ye'll tell me the name of the horse ye fancy as winner I'll forgive ye."

For a moment the woman regarded a tiny red book she held in her hand. She turned her head towards Bingo. "Riskallion," she said and quickly merged with the green shadows of the path.

Later we saw the horse she had named. I did not particularly like his looks. Not enough power, I thought, in his conformation to win so grueling a race as that over the heart-breaking walls and banks of the Galway Course. As we were driving back I said to Bingo, who is a wizard at spotting potentialities for greatness in a horse, "What did you think of Riskallion? Is the woman fey? Will he have a chance at Galway?"

Scorn rode the tones of his voice. "He will not. That animal's a refuser be the book. Did ye heed his wild, adventurous eye and the sloppy lop ears ave 'im? A sure sign ave a chancy refuser. As yerself well knows." Then he let out a croak of laughter. "I know that woman. She'd not know one end ave a horse from the other. Not for sure, that is. She's Miss Annie Mulreagh, a schoolteacher from Banbodey ferninst." He flipped a hand to the right over the highway.

2

EACH morning invitations arrive at the breakfast table for all manner of balls, picnics, and parties. Hostesses of country houses, particularly in the environs of Galway, assert their renowned hospitality. Actually, Galway Race Week is mostly devoted to getting oneself accommodated at a hotel, a pub, or a big country house. Then the festivities attendant on any major sporting event in Ireland begin. Racing, as such, only occupies the afternoons of three days. The rest of the time is given to Bloodstock Sales. The vendors sell yearlings or two- and three-year-olds. Many a good seasoned hunter or champion chaser is sold by private sale, conducted mostly in shaded rooms with a tall cold drink to help bind the bargain.

I once bought a hunter during the last feverish days preceding Great Week. It was a day that on all counts I shall long remember. First, I was hailed by a *maneen* — what in Ireland we call a tiny scrap of male who just escapes being a dwarf, but is a giant among men in his own mind. As I was warily negotiating a hairpin turn in the road, the little fellow ran, light as a thistle tuft, alongside the car. "Would ye be a creature ave great heart an' give me a lift to the gates ave Kiltytulla?" he called out in a high-pitched voice, accompanied by a face-splitting grin.

"I will indeed," I called back, "for I'm bound there myself." Seldom can I recall so entertaining, so disarming a companion. His name was Jeepsy Killarkin and he "ran the roads on errands for the gintry." Not a tinker, he said, but "a class ave courier now nearly extinct in the land." And I believed and fully agreed with him. His attire was out of fable. Bright kingfisher blue jacket; his short bandy legs spiraled in mustard yellow horse-bandages; and a flat-crowned brown bowler set at a rakish angle on wispy gray hair. He resembled

nothing so much as a raffish cock pheasant — which portrait his beady brown eyes and thin pointed nose, red and glazed at the tip, bore out amazingly. He told me yarns about "his little adventures wid the gurls" rolling his r's like thunder.

One story I remember with relish. "I once entered a pub in Downpatrick," he said. "I carried the time ave day and a wink to the barmaid, a fine round yella woman. The kind ave female a man likes to cozzen along. So — I lifted me mug ave porter and toasted the gurl as the finest bit ave stuff I'd seen in many's the long day ave traipsen. But she was a haughty piece an' tossed her head replying acidly, 'I'm sorry I can't return the compliment.' 'Oh, well, gurl dear,' I replied. 'Couldn't ye have done as I did? Couldn't ye have told a lie?'"

Arriving at Kiltytulla Stud we found that all was confusion, for a busload of visitors from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in Dublin had just arrived. I remember thinking what a lugubrious lot of individuals they looked in "hot black," for the day was very warm. Little Jeepsy nudged me. "What a lot ave auld ravens croakin' at the lovely horses," he whispered. "Sure one look at thim black exclamation points ave woe, and any horse 'ud drop dead on the instant." I stood on the side lines as the various horses were brought out into the yard and put through their paces.

No thought had so far entered my mind to become a purchaser. The gods knew, for a certainty, I owned enough horses and to spare. But I am a fool for grays. A "low boy" as we call a little lad, against a "high boy," who is perhaps eighteen or twenty, walked quickly past me leading a big rangy gray hunter. The horse regarded me and nickered. It was love at first sight. Bantry Barricade was his name. I hunted Bantry for nine years and he won many cups and prizes in point-to-points and hunter chases, but had never quite the desired speed to make a classic steeplechaser. I have always believed that it was picking up Jeepsy the Courier that brought me the luck to acquire Bantry Barricade.

The first day of Great Week arrived, and soon after the first bit of saffron dawnlight slit the eastern sky above the Twelve Pins of Connemara, I set out for Galway. The great annual trek towards Galway had begun with a vengeance. The world and his wife and all their children were on the move, on foot and in every kind of conveyance imaginable. Big lumbering limousines of ancient vintage. Raspy little Fords. Jaunting cars. Governess carts. Carry-alls and a few old musty cabs and "growlers" caded by some inebriate, I was willing to bet, from in front of Westland Row Station in Dublin. Tinkers and itinerant minstrels were weaving among the crowd on foot, already well away with predicting fortunes at the coming races and singing ballads.

Just as I was maneuvering my car into Eyre

Square, the hub of Galway Old Town, now packed with humanity and equipage by the thousands, I was hailed by my cousin, Terrance Darragh. "God's luck to ye, Shamas," he roared. "All Galway strums the like of a bard's harp. It'll be a grand race today. Hermitswood, your long-time favorite, is the horse picked to win."

Hermitswood did win the Galway Bay Steeplechase of the first day in raking style. And a jubilant crowd went wild, for it was a good omen that the horse picked as favorite won as it was intended he should by the excited punters.

The Thoroughbred Sales on the second day of the fixture were well attended by persons from far places beyond Ireland. Many fine horses changed hands and many a tureen of "mountain dew" (poten) and dark, pungent John Jameson's Best was downed to "good fortune on the courses."

The usual tatarara was heard the length of the day. Far into the night, music, dancing, and dark couples slipping off to the shadows of Salthill sand dunes was the pattern, with little variation. There is nothing on earth quite like the fabric of Galway Great Week. So much more than trading in Thoroughbred horseflesh, or racing over heavy going to prove the ultimate qualities of a lepper. A phantasmagoria of laughter, shenanigans, dancing to bands you have to imagine, for it is next to impossible to hear the rhythm, and displaying whatever sartorial splendor one is able to afford.

Perhaps nowhere on earth will one find a crowd of race enthusiasts so articulate as the Irish. So the silence which follows the shouting at betting booths on a country course is all the more intense when the starter's flag hovers uncertainly against the sky, ready to drop as soon as the field of horses are calmed and in line for the start. I remember the hush, after bedlam shouting, that swept like a curtain of night across Galway Course as twenty horses took off for the Galway Bay Silver Cup on the third day. It was what is termed a "bunched" start. No lagers. All shot forward as if from a catapult. Brandon Star took the lead, but not for long. As the second jump was negotiated with no fatalities, Hermitswood crept on apace to pass Cloister Abbey, Farrago, and Pride of Lissrea. Yelps of rising excitement began to shred the air. As the field came up to the torturous wall-and-water jump on the highest part of the course the runners took it flying. But once over, instantly there was a welter of flailing hoofs and sods of turf. An old die-hard racegoer standing next to me grabbed my shoulder in his explosive distress at seeing Clanratty go down in the ruck. He cried out in a whine, a keening voice, "Holy Jehovah, there goes me month's rent at that purgatorial jump. That horse is the definition *ave catastrophe* from here out."

Then I watched one of those unexplainable occurrences which happen now and again on a race course. Gaunt, starveling class of horse that Pride

of Lissrea was, he crept stealthily along, far outside of the groups of horses. I had thought this horse tired, damn near foundering, by his heavy breathing and his lathered hide. But no — a second chance was offered him by a clean-swept lane all the way to the finish post, with only one brush jump between. His rider, a youngster named Paddy Lawlor (who later became one of the outstanding steeplechase riders in Ireland), leaned forward and whispered or shouted, I couldn't hear which, some magic words of encouragement into the flattened-back ears of his mount. The red bulk of Pride of Lissrea lengthened out until the horse was more bullet than animal. Like lightning he leaped the brush barrier as if it were not there and lay all out on the last flat stretch to win from Hermitswood by five lengths. The crowd went wild, for the horse and his young rider had given a game battle against crushing odds from horses who were old campaigners. The remarks I heard later at the betting windows would fill a book. One I recall, clearly was from Bingo, who opined, "I won a nice little packet *ave cash*, and it couldn't have happened at a better time. Sure me pocket's as empty as a Protestant's promise."

The gaiety at the hotels along Salthill is a bit too obstreperous for the general visitor to Galway during Race Week. And, oddly, only the Eyre Park Hotel in Galway is good. Delightful accommodations can be had at luxurious Ballynahinch Castle in Connemara a few miles away. This is the excellently run hotel that was once a shooting lodge of an Indian maharajah. Renvyle House at the sea end of a rocky headland in the part of County Mayo known as Joyce's Country is another most agreeable hotel at which to stop. Once the country house of Oliver St. John Gogarty and run by him as a fishing club, it is now run by his son. Many persons choose to stop at the Twelve Pins (name given the range of spiky-peaked mountains which shut Connemara off from the North of Ireland seacoast) Hotel in Clifden a few miles inland. This hostelry is famous for its marvelously fresh sea food prepared by the hand of a fisherman who is also a *cordons bleu*, in massive white steeple hat.

The day of dispersal of crowds, after some big event, always interests me. The racing enthusiasts of all ages who litter the roads out of Galway Old City the day after the finish of Great Week are a show in themselves. One sees exhausted faces, sour because of heavy losses in the betting ring. Happy smiling faces, perhaps a bit flushed from imbibing many "Here's to ye's," tell the tale of the lucky winner. Every kind of conveyance trundles along.

"What will you do now? Where are you off to?" I call out to a friend lolling in extreme fatigue in a motorcar.

"To bed. Alone. Not a stir out of me until Dublin Horse Show Week. See you there."



"Productivity in the United States," writes SUMNER H. SLICHTER, "has been growing faster and faster, and the fact that it is far higher than in any other country suggests the need of revising some widely accepted ideas." A foremost American economist, Lamont Professor at Harvard University, Mr. Slichter is the author of What's Ahead for American Business, which was published last year under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

PRODUCTIVITY: STILL GOING UP

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

MOST Americans would probably be surprised to discover that productivity in the United States is growing faster now than it was a century ago. They have uncritically gained the impression that our economy was more dynamic when it was young and that, as it has been getting older, it has been losing vigor. Many radicals have proclaimed that capitalism is decaying, and many conservatives gloomily assert that it is being ruined by bad public policies. Both the radicals and the conservatives are wrong.

Output per man-hour is growing more than *three times* as fast today as a hundred years ago. The increase in the rate of growth has been fairly steady. Between 1850 and 1880, output per man-hour increased 28 per cent; between 1880 and 1910, about 74 per cent; between 1910 and 1940, about 83 per cent. Between 1940 and 1950, the annual rate of increase was one fourth faster than between 1910 and 1940—large enough to double output per man-hour in thirty years.

Productivity has also been growing faster in the United States than in most other countries. Since the disruptions of the First and Second World Wars have affected recent figures, let us go back to the pre-war period. Between 1880 and 1910 real output per occupied person increased 38 per cent in France, 38 per cent in Germany, 48 per cent in Britain, and 53 per cent in the United States. Sweden, however, was an exception. It increased output per occupied person faster than did the United States.

Why is output per man-hour in the United States growing faster and faster, and why is productivity rising faster here than in nearly all other countries?

There are three principal reasons: competition in this country is becoming more pervasive and more intense; industry is becoming better managed; and, most important of all, industry is making more and more use of science and technology. All these

developments are more pronounced in the United States than in other countries.

The rise of big business has created the widespread illusion that competition is gradually giving way to monopoly. But, although there are plenty of spots where more competition is needed, study of the history of our economy will show that it has gradually become more competitive. Furthermore, it is more competitive than the economies of Europe where cartels flourish.

The pioneer communities of a hundred or more years ago were too small and isolated to have stiff competition. Transportation was slow and expensive and there was often only one bank, one grain elevator, one cattle buyer, one lumber yard, and perhaps only one general store in a community. The mail-order business, which had its rise in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, brought much-needed competition into thousands of small communities and gave farmers and others the chance to buy goods at well below the prices asked by local merchants.

Developments during the last fifty or sixty years have introduced more and more competition into the economy. The establishment of rural free delivery in 1896 and of the parcel post in 1913 increased the effectiveness of mail-order competition. The automobile, the truck, and good roads gave people a choice of towns in which to shop or borrow money and gave the farmer a wider choice of markets in which to sell his hogs or his crops and made him less dependent upon local middlemen.

The great growth of chain stores, a development of the last fifty years, has been particularly important in making retailing more competitive and also in stimulating competitiveness in many branches of manufacturing. Chain stores operate on the assumption that demand is substantially expandable and that more money can be made by selling at low margins than at high ones. Furthermore, chain-

store policies are centrally determined for all stores in the chain. Hence, the local store managers are not restrained by the various local social and economic pressures which temper competition among the retailers in a community.

Competition in retailing continues to grow. The grocery store invades the field of the drug store; the drug store, the fields of the book store and even the hardware store; the variety store, the fields of the drug store and the hardware store. Before the war, the average grocery store carried around a thousand different items; today it carries from 3000 to 4000. Chain stores, mail-order houses, and department stores have also stimulated competition in manufacturing. By offering new manufacturers easy access to big markets, large retailers have made it easier to start new factories.

Competition in the durable goods industries is being made more vigorous by the growing importance of the replacement market — the part of the demand that comes from buyers who are replacing worn-out or obsolete goods with new. Today, more than half of the demand for automobiles and refrigerators is replacement demand. More and more manufacturers find that their stiffest competition is from *their own output* of five, ten, or fifteen years ago. If the present product is sufficiently superior to the models of a few years ago and if present prices are attractive, replacement demand will continue large. The growing competition between the output of this year and the output of several years ago is one reason why it is wrong to assume that competition is not vigorous when sellers are few.

An important stimulus to competition comes from the progress of technology, which steadily increases the number of materials, processes, and articles that compete with one another. Aluminum, plastics, plywood compete with steel and with one another; paper with cloth; tin and paper with glass; welding with forging and casting; the telephone with the telegraph; the automobile and airplane with the railroad; natural gas with oil and coal; frozen food with canned food.

Signs of the growing competitiveness of the economy are the drop in profit margins and the drop in the degree of concentration in many industries. The years 1929 and 1950 were both boom years. In the year 1950, however, despite the scare buying touched off by the Korean war, corporations made 5.4 cents profit per dollar of sales in comparison with 6.1 cents in 1929.

A drop in the degree of concentration in an industry is often a sign of greater competitiveness, since it means that smaller firms are increasing their share of the business at the expense of the large. George J. Stigler, Professor of Economics at Columbia University, has listed a number of industries in which the leading producer now does a much smaller share of the business than fifty years

ago. This is true of agricultural implements, where the International Harvester Company, though much larger than fifty years ago, now does 41 per cent of the business instead of 85 per cent; of cans, where the share of American Can has dropped from 90 per cent to about 50 per cent; of copper smelting, where the share of American Smelting and Refining has dropped from around 90 per cent to 31 per cent; of corn products, where the share of the Corn Products Refining Company has dropped from about 80 per cent to less than 50 per cent. A sharp drop in concentration has also occurred in biscuits, explosives, leather, liquor distilling, meat packing, newsprint, petroleum, rubber products, railroad cars, sugar refining, iron and steel, and tobacco. Of course, an increase in concentration is also often a sign of competition — the stronger rivals taking business from the weaker.

2

A SECOND major reason why productivity per man-hour has been growing faster and faster is the improvement in the management of industry. This is attributable to the increase in professionally trained managers and to the development of a body of knowledge about the art of management. Both of these changes have come in the last forty or fifty years, and in both of them the United States has led the world.

The rise of professional management is roughly measured by the increase in schools of business administration of college level. In 1900, there were only three such business schools in the United States — the Wharton School and the schools at the University of California and the University of Chicago. In 1940, there were 110 collegiate professional schools of business, with an enrollment of over 100,000. In addition, more than 400 four-year colleges giving bachelor's degrees permit students to concentrate in the field of business administration.

It has been fortunate that, as industry in the United States has become older, the direction of enterprises has tended to fall into the hands of professional managers instead of second or third generation members of the family of the founder. In Europe the operation of industry has been substantially affected by the large proportion of family-owned concerns that are managed with great conservatism by descendants of the founders, who are more interested in keeping the property that has been acquired than in adding to it. Someone has described family-owned enterprises of Europe as managed like trust funds. Furthermore, the family-trained administrators learn the business from the inside, where the emphasis is upon the importance of doing things in certain ways which long experience has shown to be "best."

In the United States family-owned businesses

are less numerous than in Europe because sons of successful business founders do not consider it a duty to carry on the family business. Hence, many family concerns become transformed into publicly owned corporations under professional management. Even when a concern remains in the family, it may be managed by a professional administrator or by a member of the family who has gone to a business school. In the schools of business administration emphasis has always been, not upon what experience has shown to be "best," but upon *change* — upon the possibility of improving methods and upon the necessity for adapting policies to a changing environment.

Closely related to the rise of professional management has been the development of a body of knowledge about the art of administration. During the last half century, research on methods of management has virtually revolutionized the art of administration. Most of the research in this field has been done in the United States. The transformation in the art of management is reflected in the rapid rise of staff departments; the development of methods of selecting and training employees, of setting standards, and of cost control; the establishment of policy committees to which is assigned the responsibility for making studies and recommendations in selected areas of policy, such as wage policy, product-development policy, marketing policy; and, most recently, the development of better methods of communication with employees.

3

BY FAR the most important reason why output per man-hour in the United States has been growing faster and faster is the increasing use of science and technology by industry. This development has attracted little notice even from economists, but during the last thirty years industrial research has become a major influence in shaping the course of our economy.

The growing importance of science and technology is indicated by the increase in the number of physicists, chemists, and engineers. In 1900, there was one engineer to every 250 industrial workers; today, there is one to every 60 industrial workers. The number of chemists in the country is doubling every fifteen years and the number of physicists every eight years. The number of scientists, technicians, and engineers in industrial and governmental research laboratories was nearly four times as large in 1947 as in 1930, and total expenditures on private and governmental research (not counting the large outlays on atomic energy) were seven times as large.

At present the expansion of research is being seriously limited by the shortage of scientists and engineers. This shortage has been aggravated by the bad personnel policies of the armed services,

which caused the training of many scientists and engineers to be interrupted during the Second World War and again during the Korean war. But despite the shortage of personnel, the professional research staffs of private industrial laboratories have increased from 57,000 in 1947 to 70,000 today.

Technology has been stimulated in the last twelve years by the tough problems presented by the requirements of the military. The military demands far more from the experts than commercial customers would ever dare ask. Sometimes the military demands great lightness, sometimes unprecedented accuracy, sometimes extraordinarily small parts, sometimes resistance to heat or great pressures, sometimes adaptability to quick and large changes in temperatures. These are not new demands but they are different in degree from commercial demands, and efforts to meet them produce new "know-how." This know-how becomes available for civilian production.

No other country, with the possible exception of Russia, approaches the United States in the use of science and technology. The United States turns out about three times as many engineers a year in relation to population as does Britain. A British group studying industrial research in this country has estimated that, after allowance for difference in population, the United States is spending seven times as much as Britain on research in science and engineering. The British group attached considerable importance to the many engineers in the United States holding administrative rather than technical positions in industry. The technical training of these men, points out the British group, causes them to introduce into industry "an enthusiasm for seeking new and improved methods."

Russia, however, appears to be now rivaling the United States in the number of scientists and technologists being trained and in the use of technology. The precise enrollment in Russian technical institutes of university grade and the outlays for research and development are not known, but they are very large. The number of students graduating each year in the physical sciences and engineering may be greater in the Soviet Union than in the United States.

Can the United States continue to raise output per man-hour at an increasing rate? The prospect is good that it can, at least for several decades, because each of the three principal influences that have made productivity rise faster and faster will continue to be strong. Our economy is likely to gain in competitiveness because each addition to the accumulated fund of technical knowledge increases the points of competition in industry. Furthermore, rapid progress in methods of administration seems certain to continue.

But the great reason for believing that America

can raise output per man-hour at an increasing rate for at least a few more decades is the prospect that industrial research will continue to grow rapidly for some time to come. There are several reasons for this prospect. One is that the military demand for research will be large and compelling. Another is that industrial research is contagious and tends to spread itself because each concern that engages in it compels its competitors to engage in it also. Still another reason is that part of the gain in knowledge consists of improvements in methods of investigation which make new knowledge easier to acquire. Finally, research will be stimulated by the enormous stake that business now has in increasing replacement demand. With about 40 million passenger automobiles in service, for example, the automobile industry can obviously afford to spend large amounts to make these old cars obsolete.

But can the number of scientists and engineers be increased fast enough to make possible a rapid growth in industrial research? The amount of unused talent in the United States is considerable because we do an indifferent job of discovering and developing young people of exceptional ability. For example, a recent study of Minneapolis school children shows that among the 9 per cent with the highest intelligence quotients less than half entered college! These results may not be typical of present-day high school students, but the wastage of ability is still large. And among college students there are many whose abilities and ambitions are not stirred because they fail to come into contact with particularly stimulating teaching. A few hundred more exceptionally capable teachers would greatly increase the number of able graduate students.

We need to develop ways to discover young men and women of exceptional ability in the high schools and colleges and to encourage them to do advanced work. All the sciences and arts need more able and well-trained men and women. If the number of advanced students increases, the physical and biological sciences and engineering will undoubtedly get their share. Furthermore, the military services should cease interfering with the training of scientists and engineers because, in a long-run contest with Russia, scientists and engineers are just as important as generals and admirals. The armed services have an obligation to discover which draftees have an exceptional aptitude for science or technology and to order these men while in uniform to continue their studies.

It will not be easy to increase rapidly the recipients of advanced degrees because the men and facilities to train graduate students are limited. In 1949-50, the number of doctorates given in physical and other basic sciences was 1643; in the biological sciences, 509; in the earth sciences, 181; in the applied physical sciences, 417; in the applied biological sciences, 472. Within the next ten years,

the country should plan to double the number of able persons receiving advanced degrees in these fields.

4

CAN the economy of the United States generate new demand as rapidly as it increases its producing capacity? If output per man-hour grows at the rate of nearly 3 per cent a year, demand will need to grow at a little more than 3 per cent a year because the labor force is expanding. It is a compliment to the extraordinary productivity of the American economy that many people fear that it will turn out more than it can sell. This fear is not felt about most economies of the world.

Increases in demand during the years immediately ahead will be harder to achieve than during the last five or six years. Since the end of 1945, there has been an enormous increase in debt. Corporate debt has grown from about \$85 billion to around \$145 billion, and noncorporate private debt (mainly personal debts) from around \$55 billion to about \$115 billion. The larger the volume of outstanding debts, the larger, of course, are the annual repayments. These repayments tend to limit the demand for goods. In addition, demand will be limited by the large premium payments on private pension plans. These plans have been growing rapidly in recent years, and the annual premium payments now exceed benefit disbursements by \$1.8 billion to \$2.0 billion a year.

Although debt repayments and premium payments under private pension plans may limit the demand for goods to some extent, they will probably not prevent demand from growing by the needed 3 per cent or more a year. There are several areas in which outlays for goods will increase rapidly. For example, state and local governments have a large backlog of needs. The great increase in the number of children of school age will require many additional schools; more than half of the country's major highways are over fifteen years old and are inadequate to meet the 50 per cent increase in the number of cars and trucks of the last twelve years. The consumption of water has been growing rapidly, partly because of the increasing use by industry and partly because greater domestic use has been encouraged by the increase in water heaters and in the number of cars to be washed and by the growing vogue of gardening. Most cities have neglected to expand their water supplies to keep pace with the growing demand.

The expenditures for durable consumer goods will also continue to rise. America has made a pretty good start toward becoming a nation of two-car families. The percentage of car-owning families owning two or more cars increased from 4.8 in 1948 to 11.1 in 1950. As people move to the suburbs, as the proportion of women at work continues to rise, and as incomes grow, the proportion of two-car

families will increase. It is a mistake to judge the future demand for durable consumer goods by looking at a list of things which people bought five or ten years ago and which are now owned by nearly all families — such things as refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, or radios — because new kinds of durable consumer goods are constantly being brought out. Only about 2 per cent of the wired homes have dishwashers, air conditioners, clothes driers, or waste disposal units, and only 9 per cent have freezers.

The principal reason for expecting the demand for goods to keep pace with the supply is the continued expansion of industrial research. Industrial research increases the demand for goods in two ways. In the first place, it raises the capacity of industry to offer consumers new and better goods. This tends to increase the proportion of personal incomes spent for goods. The decline in thrift in the last century is probably due in large measure to the availability of automobiles, radios, and other durable goods.

In the second place, industrial research raises the capacity of industry to discover new investment opportunities. These opportunities increase the spending by business concerns. With personal thrift kept low by new and attractive goods, part of the many investment opportunities created by technological research will probably be financed by credit. The use of credit to finance some investment opportunities helps make each new round of expenditures a little larger than the last round. The great upsurge in industrial research during the last twenty or thirty years, therefore, is increasing the demand for goods as much as it is increasing the supply of goods.

The fact that productivity in the United States has been growing faster and faster and that it is far higher than in any other country suggests the need for revising some widely accepted ideas. I have already suggested that it requires rejection of the radicals' view that capitalism is decaying and the conservatives' view that it is being ruined by bad public policies. An economy which supports such a thriving and rapidly expanding technology, which is fast improving its methods of management, and which is steadily developing new points of competition is certainly not decaying. Many public policies have had economic consequences, but they

cannot be regarded as disastrous — not as long as productivity grows so rapidly.

The great productive superiority of the United States requires revision of the widely accepted idea that Europe is ahead of the United States both in thinking about social and economic issues and in dealing with them. Now it looks as if the United States were ahead of Europe and had been for many years. Both the United States and Europe, of course, have serious shortcomings in their thinking and their policies. Each has taken too narrow a view of its problems — Europe has concentrated too much upon social reform and the redistribution of wealth, while the United States, until recently, has concentrated too exclusively upon increasing production. But Europe has put second things first and the United States has put first things first. Europe has made the mistake of becoming engrossed in how to divide up income before it has learned very much about the art of turning out goods. The solutions to social problems that can be achieved without enormous increases in production are quite limited and unsatisfactory.

During the last twenty years the United States has become greatly interested in the distribution of income and has rapidly expanded arrangements for taking care of the unfortunate and the misfits. Today the quantity of income distributed on the basis of need is over ten times as large as in 1929. Furthermore, the share of all personal incomes distributed on the basis of need is over 6 per cent compared with 1.5 per cent in 1929. It is desirable that the United States continue to attempt to make its economy more humane and to take better care of the needy and unfortunate.

But even the United States, which can better afford to pay attention to the possibilities of redistributing income than can countries where production is lower, should not lose sight of the fact that the possibilities of increasing welfare by raising output far exceed the possibilities of increasing it by redistributing income. This country, with its unrivaled facilities for increasing both the output of goods and the effective demand for goods, can double the average per capita income in another thirty years or less. No scheme of redistributing income can expect to achieve the good that would be accomplished by doubling the income of everyone.



DONALD MOFFAT's affection for France goes back to 1916 when he was a young ambulance driver in the uniform of the American Field Service. In the serene days after the First World War, he, his wife, and his young daughters resided in Senlis, Paris, and Pornic, an experience which he wrote of with charm and gaiety in his book *The Mott Family in France*. But when Hitler began to strut, Mr. Moffat volunteered for the Navy, serving in the Atlantic; and twelve years elapsed before he and Mrs. Moffat could return to their beloved other country.

SUPPER IN THE BOIS

by DONALD MOFFAT

1

THE *Strathcannon* was just warping alongside the dock at Le Havre when Mr. and Mrs. Kane drove up, at seven o'clock in the morning, to meet Susan, their daughter, and Rose, her college roommate, arriving on their first visit to France; but it was a good hour later, after coffee and rolls in the great new *gare maritime*, before they saw the two girls wandering down the gangway, looking dazed. A soft misty rain was falling.

No hats! thought Mrs. Kane. And they look like a couple of pretty little sleepwalkers — and no wonder, she decided, as she kissed them and presently learned that they hadn't been to bed at all the night before. "Oh — we had the most wonderful time!" were the words and music of the first half hour, waiting for their bags to come ashore. And as the Kanes pieced together the fragments of rapture, it seemed that the time had been so wonderful because they had spent most of it with the ship's junior officers.

"But how did you make contact?" Kane asked, always curious about the mechanics of feminine stratagem.

"Well, there were these stairs," said Susan seriously, "and we went up, and all of a sudden we were on the bridge."

"Innocently?" her father asked.

"Sort of. That was the second day out. And Gerald was there and he just spread out his arms and shooed us off."

"But he was grinning," Rose added, "so we knew it was all right really. And then we just sort of got to know the others, Bill and Cecil and Andy. We drank beer in their wardroom."

"That's all they could afford. Such fun! Mummy, we've got to be at Southampton when they get in next trip. We promised!"

"Did you meet any of the passengers?" Mrs. Kane asked.

"A few," Susan said indifferently.

"There was a grumpy old Frenchman," added Rose. "He kept following us around. I think he was a Count or something."

Both girls yawned, enormously.

"You can sleep in the Peugeot," said Kane. "Wait till you see it."

When the baggage arrived the smart young *douanier* sized up the party and smilingly chalked the bags, with never a question. Thank goodness he didn't open them, thought Mrs. Kane, noticing sundry streamers of lingerie at the edges. I suppose the girls just threw everything in and sat on the lids.

In the back seat of the Peugeot they slept most of the way across Normandy, a sheen of red hair mingling with one of brown. Kane and his wife were silent, too, their intimacy colored by the familiar tint of domesticity, of responsibility. Home had followed them — and very nice it was, Kane decided. He was used to the company of ladies.

Ladies! he mused. What a word, and how its connotation had changed in his lifetime! His mind flashed back to a youthful memory of traveling ladies, of attendant valets, couriers, and maids, of veils, petticoats, and parasols, of Baedeker and brassbound touring cars like galleons. *The Lightning Conductor*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson! Those were the days when you were foreigners, not tourists, and took your midday table d'hôte at country inns at one long table with the *commis voyageurs*, who tucked their napkins under their chins and picked their teeth. And now — "the ladies!" Much, much better off, in bare legs and cotton dresses and short, bright hair, unself-conscious, uncluttered, slender and lovely. Perhaps the human race is capable of progress! He felt tenderly proud of his ladies.

After dinner at Mont-Saint-Michel they climbed the deserted ramparts under a full moon, and found

themselves alone in the Middle Ages. And to emphasize their golden mood they heard a girl's voice, light as bells, singing a little village song to herself as she ironed clothes at a lighted window far below the bastion on which they stood. Next morning, when they "did" the Mount properly with a mob of visitors, fighting off the hotel barkers and souvenir merchants, illusion perished. The Kanes, hardened to the stigma of tourist, stuck close to the grave, intelligent guide; but the girls hung back, not yet ready to be identified as what they were.

Said Rose, as they drove away: "I'd like to do it some day when there's nobody else there. Last night was so perfect!"

"You'd have quite a wait," Kane warned her. "It has been like that for centuries — tourists, pilgrims, souvenirs, omelets, and all. Why not admit you're tourists?"

"Never!" said Susan and Rose.

2

Two days later, on their way back to Paris, they came to a country crossroad near Alençon where a squad of military police were shunting all traffic off the *route nationale*. Turning obediently onto a side road, they presently rounded a curve and found themselves in the middle of a war. Maneuvers! thought Kane. In the ditches crouched squads of khaki-uniformed men carrying rifles and bazookas, their helmets camouflaged with leaves, their faces streaming with sweat (for the day was hot), and looking, thought Kane, like serious boys playing cops-and-robbers. Soon the Peugeot was entangled in a mass of military traffic — command jeeps, half-tracks, motorcycles, communications trucks, and dozens of huge green-canvas-covered camions filled with riflemen. As he drove slowly along, twisting from road to dirt road, Kane noticed with pleasure that Rose and Susan were visibly raising the morale of the French Army, especially that of a certain element riding in a camion (with a red heart on the tailboard for regimental insignia) which they had been following for several kilometers.

When the camion stopped at a fork, Kane drew alongside to ask directions. But the young officer sitting beside the driver admitted gaily that he was "*com-plèt-e-ment perdu. On sait qu'on est toujours en France, mais à part de ça —!*" His gesture, as he gave Susan and Rose the eye, expressed a charming indifference. The two girls burst into laughter. So did the Army. As they parted, by different forks, with cheers and more laughter (but no whistles, Mrs. Kane noticed gratefully), they heard the Army breaking into the old familiar song: —

Ah, les fraises et les framboises,
Le bon vin qu'on nous avons bu,
Et les belles villageoises —
Nous ne les verrons plus!"

They reached Paris that evening in time for dinner. It took the girls a few days to feel at home there, to reach the customary stage at which a *jeune arrivée* finds everything French wonderful, everything American unbearable by comparison. They did all the usual things, sometimes alone, sometimes with parents. Rose "discovered" the little Parc du Vert Galant, and spent a quiet half hour sitting on a bench, watching the river traffic and the little clots of French babies playing decorous little games, and a battered trio of two tramps and an ancient dame cooking their lunch in a bucket, in the shadow of the Pont Neuf. At the Louvre, and at the Jeu de Paume, Mrs. Kane was pleased to find that Rose and Susan seemed to know more about pictures than she did and, at the Salle Pleyel, more about music. The girls were a little timid with the language at first, but soon learned their way about by Métro and bus, thus confirming the adage that language is no barrier to a woman, especially when she is young and pretty. Leaning against the river wall of the Quai Voltaire one sunny morning, gazing dreamily down on the Seine, Susan was pinched by a passing native in the traditional gesture of approval, and felt secretly flattered, as well as mad.

Whenever they returned, after an adventure, to their little Left Bank hotel, both girls instantly flopped on their beds, oblivious to the frightful mess their room was always in, and fell instantly asleep — not wholly surprising, thought Kane, considering the speed with which they had made contact with sundry boys from home, who took them out on the tiles of Montparnasse and Montmartre every other night or so. Sometimes the Kanes went along too; but they were usually ready to call it off by midnight, and retire on their own memories of Zelli's, the Jardin de Ma Sœur, the Bœuf Sur le Toit, the Théâtre des Dix Heures, and all the entrancing little *boîtes* in which they had looked and listened and loved so long ago. Nothing had changed except themselves, the tempo of the music, and the addresses. The words were the same, and the delight.

Kane had noticed quite soon how reluctant the girls were to have money spent on them for mere pleasure, and put it down, with applause, to the college influence. But however much he respected their feelings, he felt it his duty to enlighten them with an occasional flash of reality — to teach them, for example, the old lesson that pleasure is seldom sinful, and wrong only when indulged at another's expense.

"Time you stopped worrying," he lectured them one evening at dinner. "The wise man proves his wisdom by paying more for excellence —"

"Daddy!"

"— than in economizing by spending less for the second-rate. Don't interrupt when I'm moralizing. Time you learned the principle of the fling — *faire la bombe*, the French call it. It has to be learned like everything else, and I'm going to teach you."

The place he chose for his demonstration was the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne. He and his wife hadn't been there for years; but it was enough of an institution, he felt sure, to have remained unchanged in every essential. A robber's roost, yes — but a roost with a certain style, where the robber gave you your money's worth. He told the girls to entangle not more than four polite boys, and set the rendezvous for the following night.

The summer dinner hour in Paris has a way of starting later and later every year, so the Pavillon d'Armenonville was not yet crowded when they arrived in a couple of taxis at nine-thirty. The night was warm and still; the Bois in full summer leaf made a charming background for the Pavillon, twinkling with light like a glass-and-gold jewel box. The thing I've always liked about this place, thought Kane, is that it is gay without getting self-conscious about it, and that it makes no bones of being anything but ridiculously artificial. Anything that calls itself a pavilion ought to be light and unsubstantial as a piece of costume jewelry. Armenonville answered the challenge gracefully. There were lights everywhere — on the white and gold ceiling, on the glass walls, and hanging in the trees of the garden outside, soft yellow lights, in imitation of the era of golden gaslight, of bare shoulders and diamonds, white ties and tails, of *chapeaux hauts de forme*, of champagne drunk from ladies' slippers.

From his determinedly lordly mood, Kane asked the headwaiter to use his discretion over dinner, and the entire staff was delighted — not only for the money, Kane knew: here was a chance to exercise their art in providing a perfect little supper. The supplement, he guessed, would be severe. He didn't care. The Pavillon's discretion took the form of melons from the Charente, a lobster bisque, a delicate concoction of chicken, rice, cream, and foie gras, then asparagus Hollandaise in generous supply, followed by little ices flavored with the fruit they were made of, and a tender champagne to set them dancing. The lively band alternated a jazz-hot with a waltz, a fox trot with — for the numerous South Americans — a rumba or a samba. Francis and Alec, Xavier and Billy, took turns with Susan, Rose, and Mrs. Kane; and Kane felt his old pride well up within him as each of the boys, after dancing with Mrs. Kane, said to him, "Golly, your wife is a wonderful dancer!"

"Of course!" he answered haughtily. "Don't look so surprised!"

Dancing with Susan he said: "Look out into the garden! Don't you expect to see Renoir in a floppy hat or Lautree trailing his cane out there under the trees, with a couple of girls?"

"Yes — but why did his men always keep their hats on while dancing? I've always wondered. Fashion?"

"Or the dangerous night air. You know, nothing has really changed here in the years I've known it, and probably not ever. It's never been really smart, in the vulgar sense."

"What fun you and Mummy have always had! I love to watch you having it."

"Don't worry, you will too. Wait till you're middle-aged!" He patted her shoulder, and liked it when she gave his hand a little squeeze.

He had a waltz with his wife (the Blue Danube, no less!), with the floor almost to themselves; and he knew, as he held her in his arms, that she was still the world's most heavenly dancer. The girls couldn't touch her in lightness and responsiveness. He remembered her at Susan's age, when he had first brought her to Paris, and she had danced the tango with the gigolo at the Jardin de Ma Sœur — one exciting night when the young Prince of Wales was there with a party — while he watched in pride as she perfectly followed the man, though he knew she'd never done the tango before in her life. And the time in Bucharest, years later, staying with Rumanian friends, when she'd joined a peasant round dance in costume: a circle of men and girls, arms entwined, moving to a barbaric offbeat rhythm of guitar and drum; and she'd never missed a step. And now she was hardly young, nor exactly slender, but still people watched her, even with his clumsy self for partner, and he felt proud, and happy.

"Thanks, my dear," he said when the music stopped. "Did you know that everyone was looking at you? Or maybe your ankles?"

"Pooh!" she said.

Yes — a very successful evening. It was getting on for two in the morning when Kane caught the signal in his wife's eye, and asked for the bill. He had expected a shock, and he got it. He furtively took out his wallet and counted up the contents. Damn!

He whispered to Rose, sitting beside him: "Sst! Can you let me have five thousand francs till tomorrow?"

Rose, flushed and pretty, gazed up at him delightedly, seized her bag from the table, and emptied the contents into her lap, while the maître d'hôtel, hovering, burst into very human, unheadwaiterly laughter. Such a torrent of notes, lipstick, handkerchiefs, compacts, letters, change, pencils had never before, thought Kane, poured from a lady's purse; nor had he ever seen a woman of any age look so charming as Rose, her bright hair tumbling over her face, her back bending like a supple colt's, eyes shining, lips curved in a smile of feminine triumph. She segregated five of the crumpled wads and smoothed them on her knee before passing them to Kane, saying: "I wish I could learn to think of these things as money."

"Thank you, my dear," he said, "you've saved my honor. Now I can tip with splendor."



BURGES JOHNSON has been writing and editing since before the turn of the century. He was a friend of O. Henry, and as a junior editor in the book department of Harper & Brothers he helped Mark Twain to revise his *Library of Humor*. Forty years ago Mr. Johnson became the editor of *Judge*, the comic weekly, and in this capacity he tested and sometimes tracked to their source some of the most amusing American anecdotes. It is amazing to find, even in those days before radio and television, how swiftly such folklore sped across the country.

THE JOKES THAT LAST

by BURGES JOHNSON

1

EVER since we came of age as a nation our scholars have been gravely taking inventory of American folklore — the yarns and ballads of the New England coast, the tales of the Louisiana Cajuns, the fables and spirituals of plantation Negroes, and the legends of our mountain whites, our cattlemen, our lumberjacks, our Spanish-Americans along the southern border, our Pennsylvania Dutch. Folklore, the dictionary tells us, is made up of “traditional tales or sayings preserved unreflectively among a people.” Evidently we have a great body of such lore which is not confined to neighborhoods, but is wafted across the continent with a mysterious speed. I am referring to the American anecdote, the funny story, the latest wisecrack, the pithy saying, the far-blown thistledown of our social daily intercourse.

More than forty years ago a whim of fate made me editor of *Judge*, the humorous weekly. Throughout my editorship Tom Masson, editor of *Life*, was a close friend and weekly luncheon companion. Professional joke-writers, then as now, were inclined to search ancient files and glean many bits which could be dressed up in new phrases and sold to us at three or five dollars per joke. So we warned each other of these light-fingered gentry; and at the same time either one of us was inclined to boast whenever he thought he had captured a brand-new joke. There was, for instance, the story brought me by a Brooklyn schoolteacher, together with the documents in the case. A small boy had come regularly to her class so unwashed that he was offensive to those around him. In simple Anglo-Saxon, he stank. So finally she sent him home with a note to his mother, telling her to wash the boy before another school day. He returned with an answering note: “My Willie ain’t no rose; don’t smell him, learn him.” While

that anecdote was still in proof for our next issue, Masson received it from a teacher in a Western state. Both contributors *might* have read it somewhere in print, but then my Brooklyn teacher must have gone to the length of forging the mother’s letter in order to make that sale. She was not that sort, I am sure. That was forty-five years ago; and I met the story again, just the other day, dressed up in a new suit of clothes.

I recall a young instructor from the University of Illinois who confided to me a “personal experience.” He had attempted to sympathize with a weepy young co-ed who came to his office to discuss a flunked examination paper, and she had responded indignantly, “I ain’t crying because I flunked; but I came here to get went with, and I ain’t yet.” I passed the incident along to sundry colleagues at a national teachers’ convention, only to learn that it was being told currently in North Carolina, Minnesota, and Kansas, and probably in forty-five other states.

There seems to be a grapevine telegraph from campus to campus all the way across America. That professor must have served a hundred colleges who left a note on his classroom door which read, “Professor Brown will not meet his classes today”; then found that some playful student had erased the *c* from “classes,” and thereupon himself erased the *l*. Scores of nervous freshmen over the years are on record as having entered the Dean’s office and asked his secretary, “Is the bean dizzy?”

Joe Lincoln was a frequent luncheon companion of Masson and myself, in those editorial days in New York. He told us once of his futile efforts to trace back to its origin a story he had heard in half a dozen towns, always localized, with the names of the participants given.

Aunt Emma, according to the story, was undoubtedly near death, and her anxious relatives

hurried to Cap'n Eb's boat-building shop, since the Cap'n was the only man who could build a coffin this side of Boston. Cap'n Eb was busy over a half-finished boat, but he was deeply sympathetic and said he would get at the job at once. On Thursday it was evident Aunt Emma couldn't live another day; so they hurried again to Cap'n Eb, who was still at work on his boat. He was most contrite and said he would lay everything else aside and have the coffin ready Friday morning. Sure enough, he was as good as his word and drove up to the house with the casket just in time. But he had been a bit absent-minded and had put a centerboard in it.

In every town where he heard the tale, Joe said that the inhabitants could point out the boat-building shop; and they were much annoyed because Chatham or Wellfleet or some other town also claimed the story. Down around Portland, Joe told us, they tell the same tale, only the builder put a rudder on it. Somewhere, in some distant past, Joe believed that the incident really happened.

2

LAUGHTER, the psychologists tell us, is an involuntary physical reaction following a shock of surprise; and the unbelievable story seems to be one of our favorite ways of providing that shock — a way which foreigners neither understand nor appreciate. Our folklore is full of animals who surprisingly talk — the milkman's horse, the discussion between two Airedales, the ventriloquist's dog, the parrot reproaching the chickens for swearing, the rooster showing his wives the ostrich egg. But greater in number than all other classifications combined are those anecdotes which depend for their shock upon the startling violation of a taboo. It is true of naughty stories, just as it is of swear-words, that they flourish most lushly where there are most taboos.

Robert Graves, the British essayist, catalogues these taboos under three headings — Sex, Religious, and Lavatory; the violation of one or another of these accounts for ninety-nine out of one hundred stories passed along *sotto voce* over the forty-eight states and over the generations. Such stories are pure folklore (if you know what I mean by pure), for they have circulated for generations among the rank and file by word of mouth and now are finding their way into print and over the air as the taboos grow weaker.

The story of the four evangelists playing a game of poker is ancient folklore; so ancient that many who do not know the story quote the phrase "No miracles between friends!" without any knowledge of its origin or context. Yet it provokes no laughter among two groups: those who never had felt any reverence for the names involved, and those whose sense of reverence is so great that

it instantly smothers the laugh-reaction. I should add a third group — those who have heard it too often. All of our national folklore of this irreverent sort gained most circulation in neighborhoods where religious sentiment was strongest; then died of anemia wherever such use of venerated names and terms failed any longer to shock the majority.

A regained frankness as to sex, and a restoration of common sense in our society today, have brought into the open much folklore which once was furtive, however funny. Highly respectable men and women may now laugh together over whatever is truly laughable; while this new freedom has destroyed much messy trash which startled only because it was merely offensive. Joseph Cummings Chase recalls that when he was a struggling young artist he tried vainly to sell a clever pen-and-ink sketch of chorus girls in a theater dressing room, entitled "Belles at Evening Peeling." *Life* and *Judge* and all other possible markets refused it because of "indelicacy." A few years later someone else borrowed the title and easily sold a far cruder piece of work. Within my own memory neither ladies nor gentlemen ever referred to legs in mixed company. If those appurtenances had to be mentioned at all, "limbs" was the word. And in the "Cránford" era, the legs of the grand piano were hidden by pantalets.

The lavatory taboo is nearer death today than either of the others. Its boundaries always were the most difficult to define. Society has chatted freely about stoking our human furnaces, and at the same time has forbidden any reference to disposal of the ashes. All of the terms which refer to biting and chewing and swallowing and digesting, and all of the parts of us involved in those processes, are not only common subjects for light conversation and even for jest, but are talked about far too much! Many good people seem strangely eager to tell complete strangers all about their tonsils or their appendices or their gastric juices; but at that point the social ban is imposed. All terms which have the remotest connection with removal of waste are interdicted.

The result has been the growth of a vast body of unwritten literature — the folklore of the non-conformist. Little boys learned to giggle at the word "bottom," and surreptitiously wrote it on walls, while embarrassed mothers searched for substitutes. So powerful did this taboo become, in the not so distant past, that presumably intelligent men have gone to court to have their surnames changed, and judges have approved. Even words which rhymed with forbidden terms have been uttered self-consciously, and convention-bound hostesses were driven to fantastic extremes to find a way of asking the necessary question of a guest. Perhaps patent medicine advertising on printed page and billboard and radio has done

more to hasten the demise of this taboo than any other single influence.

The breaking down of such taboos is unpredictable because, like changing fashions, they have no relationship to reason. I recall finding myself years ago in something of a predicament, but it lasted for only a moment. My fellow guests were exchanging the bright or surprising remarks of little children, so I added my contribution: "Ma, they is a kind of a dog what has two rows of shoe-buttons along his stommick." The social atmosphere at once became chilly. Someone spoke of local politics, and someone else mentioned the weather. I hastened to confess that the anecdote I had just offered was to be found in the current issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* which I had read the day before at a dentist's office. The atmosphere instantly grew warm again, and there was belated laughter.

Whether we like it or not, the "improper" story, for a few generations the peculiar stock-in-trade of the convivial male, has lately undergone a social change. The psychologist has been gravely taking it into his laboratory for analysis to discover why men laugh at it, and what ingredient is owed to Joe Miller and what to Freud. The sociologist has been studying it and calls it folklore; and Mr. Bennett Cerf prints it in his column and it becomes literature. This sudden change annoys the moralists; there was a time when any story which was naughty could not possibly be considered funny, whereas now, if it is funny enough, it is apparently no longer naughty.

The anecdotal resources of our nation, both righteous and wicked, constitute most of its nation-wide folklore. We have it all if we add the sayings and superstitions, the conundrums and epigrams and epitaphs, which maybe once had recognized authorship but now, like Mother Goose, are attributed to that most prolific of all our authors and poets, Mr. Henry P. Anon. Parson Weems will be forgotten but the cherry tree story will live forever. Oliver Wendell Holmes's limerick which ends "And thus did the hen reward Beecher" has become authorless and eternal. Gelett Burgess told me he had met someone who scoffed at his claim to authorship of "I never saw a purple cow" and "I'd rather have fingers than

toes," and declared, "Why, that was quoted by folks long before you were born; nobody knows who wrote it." The same thing is happening today to Mr. Hughes Mearns, who wrote, "I saw a man upon the stair, I looked again, he was not there." Folklorists are assuming that it just grewed, like Topsy. The Governor of North Carolina who first uttered golden words to the Governor of South Carolina has become a folklore figment, though there are a few elderly folk who think they can name him.

Limericks constitute a division of our national folklore deserving a subheading of their own. Many of them are disavowed by their authors as soon as created, for the pattern of a limerick, both rhyme scheme and meter, is so pert and sassy, regardless of the sense, that it invites irreverence and indelicacy. One wonders whether this ancient lyric form could ever be treated seriously save in Latin during the early Middle Ages. A British compiler wrote to many eminent persons of his day, statesmen, scholars, warriors, and churchmen, asking each to contribute a favorite limerick. It is amusing to note how many, including churchmen, replied that they hesitated to contribute their favorite for reasons of propriety but they willingly contributed the second best.

All of these rhymes and anecdotes and popular sayings have achieved a folkloreal accolade when they are no longer repeated in full by intelligent people, who know that all other intelligent people know them. But they are alluded to, for the enrichment of a conversation, and the speaker is repaid by his hearer's quick smile of recognition: "For Heaven's sake, sing!"; "It was bitten off"; "He might just as well have et"; "O hell, make it Monday!"; "She ain't no lady"; "Stranger, you want hash!"; "My brother is bringing pineapples"; "We went by way of Dedham"; "Gosh, how I dread it!"; "Must be suthin' I et"; "Clumsy, ain't he?"; "Pardon me, SIR!"; "Excuse my pointing!"; "The horse blew first"; "Parts of it were excellent"; "All I want from you is seevility."

In a century yet unborn, solemn professors emeriti will be collecting and struggling to decode these cryptic phrases, and then recording their findings in a learned paper to be submitted to the five-hundredth volume of the *Atlantic Monthly*.



the confidence and respect of official Washington. He made his early reputation in the Far East, where he served as foreign correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New York Herald*. Then he returned to America to be the assistant director of research for the Council on Foreign Relations. He subsequently joined the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor* and for two years served as its financial editor and columnist.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MICHIGAN

by HERBERT ELLISTON

A MAN may be known by his heroes. Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg had two heroes: Alexander Hamilton, about whom he wrote a couple of immature books, and St. Paul, about whom he planned a studied work. The two starts in his life testify to the robustness both of his politics and of his Christianity. If there was a common denominator for Hamilton and St. Paul, it was their vehemence. What they believed, they believed with spirit and gusto, and were unwearied in trying to bring men around to their convictions — whether by Report or by Epistle. Vandenberg made his own journey to Damascus. Whether he saw a great light on the road, as the editors of his *Private Papers* relate, is problematical.

The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), edited by his son, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr., is a labor of love, for young Vandenberg was an uncommonly loyal son and sacrificed his own career from his youth to serve his father. The Senator, indeed, was very fortunate in his family. His wife cared for him devotedly, and when she fell by the wayside of a cancer, the heart of the Capital went out to him. Before she died the Senator in his turn fell ill. One of Washington's tragedies was the knowledge that the Senator and his wife were dying together. Vandenberg's nephew, General Hoyt Vandenberg, now Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, was almost in the role of son, and one of the revelations of the book is Arthur Jr.'s description of the influence of Hoyt upon his uncle.

Arthur Jr. inherited a mass of papers and diaries collected or written by the indefatigable Senator. He enlisted Joe Alex Morris to help him put the material together and to shape it into book form, and they had assistance from John L. Steele. Morris and Steele are competent newspapermen, and they seem to have done much of the writing of the connective tissue between the diary entries.

Vandenberg's conversion from isolationism to internationalism was marked by a speech in the

Senate on January 10, 1945. An old newspaperman, he used to try out his speeches on his journalistic friends in Washington. One was the *New York Times's* James B. Reston, and on this occasion Senator Vandenberg read over his notes to Mr. Reston and asked for his opinion. The speech in this first draft was a denunciation of Soviet policy, elicited by Soviet treatment of Poland, for whose interests he had a ballot-box affiliation. The eloquent Vandenberg in this initial draft expressed the anger and indignation of millions of hyphenated Poles.

Reston, however, suggested that it was not enough in that crucial period of our history to denounce and inveigh. Why didn't the Senator, from his distinguished position, cap his inveighing and his denouncing with a constructive solution?

Impressed by opportunity and having a sense of the savior role, Vandenberg took counsel of himself, and the second draft contained a constructive solution in the shape of the offer of a four-power alliance. The result was sensational. The warning against foreign entanglements had become GOP scripture, gripping the Old Guard Republicans in a rigid intellectuality. There had been rebels, of course, like Warren R. Austin, but Vandenberg's was the first break with the Harding, or neo-Hamiltonian, tradition. Hamilton, being a highly original mind nourished on its environment, would certainly have approved, as the bulk of the country did.

Indeed, the reaction to the famous Vandenberg address was electric. Overnight Vandenberg became a towering figure in political America, and from all parts of the country the mail flowed in, approving and even ecstatic. You would almost have thought it was the speech of the century. The occasion had found the man in Arthur Vandenberg.

Vandenberg is often thought of as a modern Henry Clay; and certainly he was, as Congressional staff members called him, "a great legislative engineer." The Michigander dominated the Senate after 1945. There was in his oratory a *Boom! Boom!*

technique, but it commanded attention. His periods were rounded, even flamboyant, and he loved his own words and phrases — for instance, “insulationist” for “isolationist,” “unpartisan” for “bipartisan.” But they read even better than they sounded. He is said to have strutted as he sat, and he struts as he writes, particularly in his diary. But the mannerism was incidental. Where he sat, there was the head of the table, whether he was presiding over the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, taking part in a committee hearing with his colleagues or at some international gathering, or handling the gavel over the Senate.

In my experience in the Capital I have never known a man who was more missed by his colleagues than Vandenberg. His papers show why. Vandenberg gave an elevated tone to the Senate which disappeared when he died. He bestowed a leadership to the Congressional handling of foreign affairs which has never been recovered. He was always on hand to keep the Administration from going off the deep end in matters pertaining to relations with Soviet Russia or the United Nations. If there was any bipartisanship, it was his doing, and it lapsed with his departure. He virtually alone in the legislature eschewed partisanship in crisis.

Vandenberg had almost a Rotarian liking for his fellow men. His co-workers became “great guys” in his eyes on the very heels of association. That F.D.R. didn’t like him and that Vandenberg didn’t like F.D.R. was unique but understandable. Prima donnas are seldom friends. Yet Vandenberg did more than any other man to try to achieve F.D.R.’s aims in world affairs. He played the leading part in the San Francisco charter-making for the United Nations. He shouldered a good deal of negotiation there as if he were the treaty-making power himself. No wonder he had a great liking for Secretary Stettinius. Vandenberg was mentor to the pliant but unknowledgeable Ed, and was furious when Stettinius was dropped, imagining that a constitutional arm’s-length relation would govern the Legislative-Executive liaison which had been built up to rule the peace-making.

This did not occur. On the contrary, there was no setback as long as he lived to the Executive-Legislative liaison, and the peace-making, or cold war-making, was politically harmonious. This was America’s good fortune, and the extent of that good fortune was shown in the area where partnership did not prevail — the Far East. Not enough is as yet known about the extent of bipartisanship over China. At the beginning there is evidence of it, but the professional politicians of the GOP, egged on by the China lobby, saw much political capital in the tragedy of China and came to use Chiang Kai-shek and Formosa as a club to beat the Truman Administration. Vandenberg never stooped to the tactics of his partisan colleagues. But he went along with the attack, though he could not swallow either

the excesses of the GOP or the disingenuousness of the Administration. As evidence of the latter there is a significant notation of his disbelief in the sedulously circulated myth that General Marshall was not responsible for his mandate for the China mission. Marshall, in Vandenberg’s opinion, “would not have undertaken a mission” for which the terms of reference were written for him by State Department underlings.

To the last the United Nations was Vandenberg’s “baby,” and when the Administration sought to bypass it, as it did on the application of the Truman Doctrine to Greece and Turkey, Vandenberg was an avenging angel. We miss him for his world-mindedness. The Administration is nowadays in one of its cold spells toward the United Nations, thus playing into the hands of the Soviet. Vandenberg was always smart enough to realize this. His passion for the United Nations may cause him in some eyes to seem idealistic. He was an idealist, but a severely practical idealist. He recognized there are such things as a world opinion and a world conscience, and that no statesman professing the entire world as his province can neglect either. For this reason he did more than any other man to endow the Charter with criteria of international conduct.

However, he saw the deviousness and the aggressiveness of the Slav long before his fellows. Even in San Francisco he based his charter-making upon *Realpolitik* as well as his dreams. I say this because he was the author of Articles 52–54, which put world authority back of the North Atlantic Alliance and gave the powers Charter authority to rely upon regional agreements to keep the peace. As Vandenberg used to say, “it is prudent in more senses than one to have a local fire brigade as well as a metropolitan fire brigade.”

Articles 52–54 are an extension of Article 51, which endows the principle of self-defense with Charter authority. In pushing these clauses at San Francisco, Vandenberg’s chief difficulty was with a universalism in the State Department as it existed at the time. In due course he had to resist the opposite tendency in the State Department — that is to say, a provocative reliance on these clauses when the cold war was warming up. There was, for instance, his denunciation of the State Department’s insistence on a blank check for financing and arming any nation that the Department might think lay under potential aggression.

Altogether the Senator represents to me the archetype of the Representative American as this country turns into the new World Era. In life he seemed shallow and opportunist. Examined, his life and work were rich and fruitful, and his instincts were always on the side of humanity. The *Private Papers* is not his monument, for his frailties came through the candid camera, and his epitaph awaits a historian who can put Vandenberg in the critical context of his times.



Books and Men



On his retirement as one of the leading advertising agents in New

York City, EARNEST ELMO CALKINS devoted himself to the hobbies which had long been inviting his spare hours. He wrote about the ordeals and compensations of being deaf, and his autobiography, *Louder, Please*, is a standard in its field. He developed his passion for woodcarving, and from his bench has launched a fleet of precise and beautiful ship models. He also indulged himself in mathematics, as in this paper.

HOW SMALL IS LILLIPUT?

by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

A SCALE model, animate or otherwise, should above all things be consistent. The faithfulness with which the adopted scale is adhered to enhances the illusion and indeed is one of the tests of verisimilitude. As a child I was perturbed to find the dove in my Noah's Ark as tall as the giraffe. And as a ship model enthusiast I kept in mind that the crew of my little vessel was composed of tiny men three fourths of an inch tall. The perfection of the model depended on the just relation of the parts, the proportions of the masts and spars, the nice variations in the sizes of the lines of the rigging, not only to each other but to the imaginary crew that supposedly would maneuver it.

And so when I came across a bit of scale model construction in literature I subjected it to the test applied to, say, Henry Culver's magnificent model of *Sovereign of the Seas*, pride of the navy of Charles the First. When Dean Swift undertook to create an empire in miniature did he have in mind a fixed scale or did he go by rule of thumb? Are there dimensional inconsistencies in Lilliput? Swift had a strong sense of mathematics, of that detail which gives an illusion of actuality. He did not leave much to the imagination. He realized, as did Defoe, that a few figures give an air of authority. He knew that when he started to introduce his little people the first instinctive question would be, How little? Early in the story the scale is given. When Gulliver awoke after his stormy landing on the shores of Lilliput he found himself flat on his back tied down by numerous cables the thickness of packthread. One of the bolder Lilliputians walked up his stomach and thus came into view, and Gulliver notes "a human Creature not six inches high." There is the scale almost as graphic as the legend in the margin of an architect's plan — one inch equals one foot, convenient and easily remembered.

They brought their prisoner food and drink. A shoulder of mutton was smaller than the wing of a lark. Gulliver ate them English fashion, bones and

all. A cask of wine slung up by a derrick held about half a pint. To Gulliver the cask was about the size of a modern tumbler — that is, three and a half inches high by two and a half in diameter. A hogshead three and a half by two and a half feet is logical. But one pauses at "Loaves about the bigness of Musket Bullets." Half an inch would be a large bore for a musket, and at that it would give but six inches as the size of the loaves, either small bread or large rolls. The expert mathematicians connected with the court of Lilliput estimated that their giant guest would require the equivalent of rations for 1724 natives, and catering was ordered on that basis.

My first thought was to try to work that out by calculating how much food per man the Lilliput allowance meant as compared with a man the size of Gulliver, but that led nowhere. Beef cattle run in weight from 400 to 1000 pounds and there is equally great variation in the amount of meat each animal yields. The allowance of meat in the ration of a British soldier in the seventeenth century was nearly a pound, but the amount of meat in Lilliputian pounds that six beeves and forty sheep comes to among 1724 eaters is beyond even that monstrous computer in the offices of International Business Machines. The scale of 12 to 1 cannot be applied to measuring appetites. Or can it?

Gulliver himself must have thought of this dilemma, for later on he gives his own explanation: The Emperor stipulated to "allow me a Quantity of Meat and Drink sufficient for the Support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a Friend at Court how they came to fix on that determined Number, he told me that his Majesty's Mathematicians, having taken the Height of my Body by the help of a Quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the Proportion of Twelve to One, they concluded, from the Similarity of their Bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to

support that number of Lilliputians" — the first time, probably, that appetite was measured by what architects like to call "cubage"; for 1724, it may be well to remind the careless reader, is a little less than the third power of 12. At least it is obvious that Gulliver was well fed.

He slept in a large abandoned temple near the palace that to him was about as large as a dog kennel. He was able to creep in, for the door was unusually large, about two by four feet (24 by 48 Lilliputian scale). They made him a bed by taking 600 beds "of the common Measure" (meaning mattresses, no doubt) and sewing them together four deep. If Lilliput beds were in the same proportion as ours the mattresses would be four or five inches by six. The only sensible arrangement of 150 in an oblong for a bed is ten across and fifteen down. Thus Gulliver's bed was ample, say four feet wide and seven and a half long. It would have been better if they had sliced off the two bottom rows. As to its thickness Gulliver ruefully observes: —

"It kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor."

Other dimensions are not so easily pinned down. The page who carried the Emperor's train "seemed somewhat longer than my middle finger." Trees were seven feet high — that is, 84 feet Lilliput. To a native a letter of Gulliver's handwriting was about "half the width of my Palm," at least a quarter of an inch, a bold round hand. A warship was nine feet long, 108 Lil., not large in Gulliver's England. Capital ships in King James's navy averaged 175 feet, some even 200. It will be remembered that Gulliver swam away with the entire Blefuscu navy attached to strands of "packthread" twisted together to make a stronger towrope.

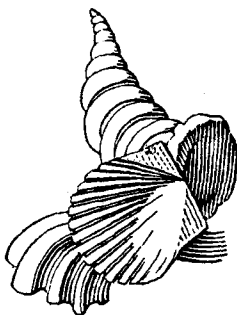
There is one incident that offers something of a puzzle. This was a construction of Gulliver's for the entertainment of the Lilliputians, in return, presumably, for the hospitality they had shown him. As Gulliver describes it, "by order of the Emperor

there were delivered to me several Sticks of two feet high and the thickness of a Cane" — that is, Lilliputian logs 24 feet long and about 10 inches in diameter. "I took nine of these Sticks and fixed them firmly in the ground in a Quadrangular Figure, two feet and a half Square; I took four other Sticks and tied them parallel at each corner about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my Handkerchief to the nine Sticks that stood erect and extended it on all sides till it was tight as the top of a Drum; and the four parallel Sticks, rising about five inches higher than the Handkerchief, served as Ledges on each side."

Schoolboys in second-year Latin have sometimes made a miniature model of Caesar's bridge as described in his *Gallie War*, but I defy a model maker to duplicate this structure. First, how far in the ground? It would need at least six inches to hold steady, especially with the pull of the tight handkerchief. So how could the horizontal members be about two feet from the ground? And for that matter, how do you arrange nine sticks in a quadrangle? And finally Gulliver says the elevated stage was two feet and a half square, apparently impossible when it is remembered that the uprights were bound together with sticks two feet long. The stage must have been two feet square no matter what was done with the mysterious ninth.

Gulliver then lifted twenty-four of His Majesty's horsemen to perform their evolutions on his stage. Without stopping to speculate on how practicable such a platform would be as a foothold for mounted horsemen (one horse put his foot through it), and how twenty-four could perform evolutions in an area which to them was only 24 feet square — smaller than any circus ring — one might ask, why an elevated stage? Only Gulliver could see the spectacle at such a height. Nevertheless the Emperor was so pleased with the spectacle that he commanded several repeat performances.

On the whole, however, Lem Gulliver passes with a good mark as a model maker.



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

SOME years ago I had as a guest on my radio program J. G. de Rouillac Hamilton, Professor of American History at Chapel Hill. We discussed old manuscripts, where to find them, and how to preserve them; and I remember how, repeatedly, he inveighed against those three enemies of ancient paper — the moth, the rat, and the overconscientious housewife. Those three between them, said Mr. Hamilton, had destroyed and were still destroying an incalculable amount of our written heritage. In the latter years of his career, instead of teaching, he had devoted himself to a year-in, year-out expedition to save the documents of the Old South — diaries, letters, plantation records, manuscripts which threw fresh light on the past. From his amazing knowledge of genealogy he would figure out in what areas documents of value might still be in hiding. Then in his old Ford he would scour the back country for the plantation or farm house in whose attic — if the rats or the housewife had not beaten him to it — the records he anticipated were to be found.

It took a Southerner of great charm and reliability to persuade the daughters of the late Colonel that their relics would be safe in his hands. In some cases he was permitted to carry the originals back to the University Library; where this was delayed he used microfilm. In this way, for more than a decade, he assembled in a fireproof archive literally thousands of pages — contemporary evidence of the different epochs through which the South has passed.

It would have been a liberal education to have traveled with Mr. Hamilton. And a sad one too, for many times he must have visited historic homes which were on their last legs; houses

which through neglect or from pressure of progress were soon to be swept into the discard. As more and more highways radiate from our cities, the big roadside trees come down and the houses which once commanded respect are plowed under. Moving in common protest against such casualties, more than one hundred societies interested in preservation have united to form The National Trust with headquarters at 712 Jackson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Their illustrated pamphlets, **Preserving America's Heritage**, which I urge you to write for, show the ruthlessness against which the Trust must contend. The pictures will melt your heart and make you indignant. Here is the Belle Grove Plantation near White Castle, Louisiana, one of the handsomest of the Delta plantations to survive the Civil War, only to go to pieces afterwards in ruin and fire. No one cared. Here is the George W. Campbell House in New Orleans, which has been built over and defaced with its parasitic growth of quick-time shops. Here is the Captain Barnes House of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as it was in 1936 and as it looks today after having been truncated and converted into a gas station. Here is the Medicine Creek Reservoir in Nebraska, the site of an ancient Indian village: the photograph shows how it is being leveled and cleared by bulldozers.

The National Trust is ready to intervene in order to prevent further unnecessary destruction of such buildings and sites. Sometimes the warning comes too late, as was the case with "Visscherdaal," one of the few remaining 18th century brick houses in the Mohawk Valley. It was owned by an engineer who spent many years restoring the house, which he used as his residence. Then the local authorities of Colonie, New York, decided that "Visscherdaal" stood in the way of a local water supply project. The house must either be moved or be inundated. The owner and his friends submitted an alternate water-productive scheme and at the eleventh hour appealed to the National Trust. The buck was passed back and forth, but

the officials refused to reopen the case. "Visscherdaal" either is going or has already gone. I am afraid this is characteristic of too many American communities; we don't know how much we are losing until it is gone.

The National Trust is a private, nongovernmental body, and if it is to hold off such

In the May Atlantic the Peripatetic Reviewer made a tour of some of the literary and historic houses in New England. Reprints of his essay are available free of charge. Write The Editor, the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

desecration in the future, it will need contributions beginning in \$10 units and assuring an income of \$250,000 a year. Cases, and some of them urgent, are already coming up at the rate of one a week. They need our sympathy and our ammunition.

The preservation of old houses and historic sites calls for vigilance and for sentiment. A book to stir both has been published this spring, *Literary America* by David E. Scherman and Rosemarie Redlich (Dodd, Mead, \$5.00), a chronicle of American writers with 170 photographs of the scenes which inspired their writing. The pictures catch the mood of the stories we know; they beckon us to see for ourselves the places which seeded our finest writing — Virginia City, Nevada, where Bret Harte and Mark Twain got their start; the view of Amherst which Emily Dickinson caught at dawn; the Courthouse in Oxford, Mississippi, and the old Shipp Place, unpainted and falling apart, which might have held a Faulkner character; "Dixie-land," the boardinghouse run by the mother of Thomas Wolfe; the mountain boulder near Palenville, New York, where Rip Van Winkle slept; Jefferson's Monticello; and the soldiers' huts at Valley Forge.

Over the Fourth our migratory streak asserts itself, and many of us will be on the move to visit Plymouth Rock, Williamsburg, or Walden Pond on the outskirts of Concord. Americans are impatient, sloppy travelers. Some baboons we always have with us, and they will leave behind them souvenirs to mark their attendance at these historic spots — beer cans and pop bottles, picnic leftovers, and the sport page ready to blow. On one July morning in 1949, Edwin Way Teale, author of *North with the Spring*, and Walter Harding, Secretary of the Thoreau Society, made a circuit of Deep Cove, close to the site of Thoreau's cabin. This is what they found: —

116 beer cans	tabloid newspapers
21 milk bottles	playing cards
7 Coca-Cola bottles	broken glass
the remains of 14 camp-fires	paper napkins
a shoe box	mustard bottles
eggshells	firecrackers
soap	banana peels
half-eaten sandwiches	orange skins
Dixie cups	a baby-food jar
cracker boxes	a piece of pink ribbon
soda straws	the thumb of a leather glove
cigarette packages	a flashlight battery
comic books	a dollar bill

Litter like that makes you wonder how long some people have been out of the trees! What's the use of having a good country if we treat it that way?

The amiable and eccentric

Columbus is the quintessence of the Middle West. It is also the birthplace of James Thurber, whose

drawings and stories in the *New Yorker* have established him as the funniest American in print. *The Thurber Album* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50) I should call his most endearing book: portraits of his mother and father, recollections of his huge clan of Fisher and Jackson relatives, the account of his boyhood in Columbus, of his favorite professors at Ohio State, and of his cub reporting under Kuehner of the Columbus *Dispatch* — lively and affectionate writing without a trace of softness.

Naturally one scouts these pages for the origin of Thurber's humor. Where, for instance, did he discover those mournful hounds which he first began drawing in college and then for the delectation of us all? This source traces back to his grandfather's house fifty years ago, where over the dining-room fireplace hung "an elaborately framed lithograph of six hunting dogs with strong muzzles, long ears, and melancholy eyes, who were to remain permanently in my memory for fond . . . reference later on." We have assumed that Thurber's distrust of all things mechanical came from his failing eyesight. Not at all. It is a direct inheritance from his father, who was "plagued by the mechanical. . . . Knobs froze at his touch, doors stuck, lines fouled, the detachable would not detach, the adjustable would not adjust. He could rarely get the top off anything, and he was forever trying to unlock something with the key to something else. In 1908, trying to fix the snap lock of the door to his sons' rabbit pen, he succeeded only after getting inside the cage, where he was imprisoned for three hours with six Belgian hares and thirteen guinea pigs."

We have wondered where Thurber got his genius for touching up the prosaic with such distortions and magnifications. The answer is his mother, and her portrait in the chapter entitled "Lavender with a Difference" is gusty with laughter, and as fine and touching as Bill White's Memorial to Mary. Mother's practical jokes and the absent-minded Effie Young; the Blind Baseball Team and their nightmare of a diamond; Grandfather Fisher, who used to walk about Columbus with a red rose clutched between his gold teeth, and Thurber's picture of the Klansmen riding home by trolley after their "secret" meeting in the amusement park — these are a few of the scenes that made me chortle. Not since *Life with Father* have we had such a lovely picture of a roomy, free-wheeling American family when people were still able to do pretty much as they pleased, and what they pleased was largely dictated by genuine kindness and strong conviction.

Poland shall rise again

R. C. Hutchinson has a smaller following than he deserves in America. His novels are remarkable for their depth of sympathy and for the great skill with which they assimilate and illuminate a way of

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*(Letters on file)

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life foreign to Anglo-Saxons. In *Shining Scabbard* Mr. Hutchinson wrote of a French Army family at the time of the Dreyfus Case, and he wrote with a feeling for French custom and character which made it seem as if these people were actually speaking French. In his new novel, *Journey with Strangers* (Rinehart & Company, \$4.00), his people are members of a Polish family, landed aristocrats, who are subjected first to the German invasion of 1939 and then to the more ruthless occupation and deportation by the Russians.

The Kolbecks had long known what it was to suffer for Poland: the old Count as a young boy had been hung by his arm for eleven hours by a drunken captor, and had twice served long sentences in Russian prison camps. His son Julius, the General, had been betrayed and sent to Siberia following the uprising of 1905. Now, as the story opens, Poland is again caught between the millstones. The lovely years of liberation are at an end and the family, under the silent, efficient command of the old Countess, begins to bury its valuables and prepare for the inevitable exodus from their beloved country house, Setory. The story comes to us through the eyes and heart of the Kolbecks' daughter-in-law, Stefanie; she is a Ruthenian and for secret reasons is not altogether in the family trust, but she is swept along with them on the incredibly ruthless exile in Siberia; and when hope has almost been extinguished, with them she sees the light at the end of the tunnel leading to liberation in the Middle East.

Stefanie has good reasons for disliking her father-in-law, and her detachment from the clan permits her to record and at times to criticize their passionate, almost unthinking, attachment. With them she suffers the degradation which comes with the Russians; with them learns the habit of self-subordination and the steeling of the spirit for whatever must be endured. The long, heartbreaking trek to Siberia is the more punishing to Stefanie because she is pregnant, carrying in her Victor's son and the hope of the family. Her apprehension, her self-centered preoccupation, create a mood truly and remarkably portrayed by the novelist; and in vignettes, first within the walls of Setory, and then against the stark monotone of winter, we see Stefanie drawn ever closer to the heart of this indomitable family. As she scrubs the floors with Julius, as she has her last talk with the old Count, as she joins the dilapidated, sodden exiles in singing the *Krakow Guard*, as she is administered to in that dreadful flatcar by her mother-in-law and young Wanda, we see the spirit that must have carried Poles and Czechs as only yesterday it carried the old people of Budapest to an ordeal which makes the blood boil. Though the setting is drear and circumstances oppressive, this is not a degrading story; it is lit by courage and made warm by compassion of the spirit.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Travels in the East

MY INDIA by *Jim Corbett*. (Oxford University Press, \$3.00.) Mr. Corbett likes the people of India and describes his old friends with endearing warmth and understanding. There are leopards, too, for Nimrodish readers.

TIBETAN SKY LINES by *Robert B. Ekvall*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50.) Seen as human beings rather than as butter-smeared anthropological specimens, Tibetans prove a beguiling crew. They are humorous, wily, brave and fine company by anyone's standards. Stretch-Ears, the fighting monk, could carry a book along and he is only one of many.

LET'S TALK TURKEY by *Willie Snow Ethridge*. (Vanguard, \$3.00.) A chatty account of Turkish travels by an author who makes no pretense of enlightening her readers if it's possible to amuse them instead.

JOURNEY TO PERSIA by *Robert Payne*. (Dutton, \$3.75.) Having a poet's eye and the vision of an historian, Robert Payne is more interested in Persia's glorious past than in her difficult present. But for all its Arabian Nights glitter, the book contains some shrewd contemporary comments.

Artist's Life

IMMORTAL BOHEMIAN by *Dante del Fiorentino*. (Prentice-Hall, \$3.50.) Giacomo Puccini was a lively Tuscan with lively tastes, as well as a fine composer, making this affectionate, informal biography good reading even for the nonmusical.

THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER: A Selection of His Letters, 1860-67, edited by *Daphne du Maurier*. (Doubleday, \$4.50.) A confiding, impish, gossipy correspondent, du Maurier recorded vividly a young artist's life in London in the sixties, complete with cartoons.

GIVE THE MAN ROOM by *Robert J. Casey and Mary Borglum*. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50.) Besides carving mountains, Gutzon Borglum painted, restored buildings, meddled helpfully in politics and in airplane production, and ran a bus line. What a man!

History in Fiction

THE GOLDEN HAND by *Edith Simon*. (Putnam, \$4.00.) The building of a cathedral holds together this plotless but marvelously convincing pageant of fourteenth-century England, a real world with real people in it.

CROWN WITHOUT SCEPTRE by *Vaughan Wilkins*. (Macmillan, \$3.50.) A Jacobite plot, an enigmatic beauty, grantees, villains, duels, abductions and love affairs — has anyone ever written a dull book about the Stuarts?

THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER by *Bryher*. (Pantheon, \$2.75.) Wulf the Saxon describes the Norman conquest without glamour and without heroics, presenting at last a model of how not to face an invasion. The tale combines action with some disturbing implications for our own time.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



The Exploration of Space (Harper, \$3.50) might be described as a how-to-do-it manual on reaching the Moon and the stars, an illustrated Baedeker for the armchair astronaut, and a short course in astronomy, all rolled into one. It is an exceptionally lucid job of scientific exposition for the layman; one that offers non-space-conscious adults an opportunity to remedy, in a few agreeable hours, their ignorance of a new science, astronautics, to which the small fry have been hep for quite some time. The author, **Arthur C. Clarke**, is Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society and a respected authority on space-travel. His speculations, he says, are "firmly founded upon facts or at least upon probabilities"; and he reminds us that in the history of scientific prediction, the wildest flights of fancy have fallen short of subsequent realities.

It is a reminder the reader needs to hang on to tenaciously, for he is invited to envisage five-day rocket flights to the Moon; refueling stations in space, and, in due course, space "colonies" with such adjuncts as gravity-free hospitals bathed in continuous sunlight; elaborate space-ship terminals on Venus and Mars; six-year-long flights to Jupiter; and even, in the remote future, travel to stars twenty light-years distant from the earth.

Mr. Clarke discusses, very intelligibly, the difficulties that have to be overcome before space-travel gets under way; he does not suggest that there will be interplanetary Cook's Tours this century or next. But since the appearance of the German V-2, manless space-travel has been theoretically quite feasible. No fundamental discoveries in rocket design are necessary to build rockets with sufficient velocity to soar beyond the earth's gravitational pull. Clarke believes that such rockets — the precursors of man-carrying space-ships — will certainly be developed in the next few decades. The navigation of pace-ships, I gather, presents no inordinately baffling problems; in fact Clarke makes it sound almost simpler

than driving and parking an automobile in mid-town Manhattan.

There is one rather depressing aspect to this otherwise intoxicating preview of cosmic travel. The Moon and the other planets appear to be infernally uninviting. And as for the frontier life in the wide open spaces of space, it will be about as constricted an existence as living in a strait-jacket, judging from the picture of what well-dressed space-colonists will have to wear to stay alive.

Love in a warm climate

Lael Tucker's first novel, *Lament for Four Virgins* (Random House, \$3.50), is a lively tale of the pursuit of love in a warm climate and a sharply drawn picture of place, the place being the "medium-small, middle-aged" Southern town of Andalusia, U.S.A. Here is a novel of the South with a fresh and refreshing accent. It is free from the luridness and the extremes of oddity so often found in Southern fiction; and though its heroines' lives give cause for lament, it is not another of those threnodies celebrating decay to an insistent counterpoint of nostalgia. Miss Tucker's prose is crisp and quick with humor, her temper buoyant and gently ironic; but she also knows how to convey with quiet poignancy her heroines' hurts and the failure of their youthful hopes.

When the story opens in 1927, Angela, Ellen Terra, Carrie, and Hope — the daughters of Andalusia's four leading families — are love-struck maidens not yet twenty. All four girls are in love with the same unconscionably handsome young man: the Reverend Mark Barbee, the new rector of the Episcopal Church. The clergyman, being a Southern gentleman, can't disappoint a lady wanting to be kissed; but being, too, an earnest servant of the Lord, he soon feels constrained to flee from the daughters of Lilith. And flee he does — to a parish of tough hombres in Montana.

The four girls' private dramas through the next two decades; their conflicts with their mothers, the *doyennes* of the town's society; the wonderful gossip of the Negro servants; the subtle changes in Andalusia as it moves forward, cautiously, with the times — all this is skillfully fused into an unusual and spirited chronicle of life among the Southern gentry. Miss Tucker's novel does not dig deeply into the problems of the human heart. But it is admirably writ-

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ten, stamped with individuality, and extremely entertaining.

Candide in Harlem

Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (Random House, \$3.50) is a work of much greater seriousness and *does* look deeply into the problems of the human heart — or rather, the human condition. My admiration for it is qualified, which puts me in a dissident minority: in many quarters it has received the most high-powered praise accorded to a first novel in a long time.

Invisible Man might be described as a picaresque account of a young Negro's "journey to the end of the night." The nameless hero is a kind of black Candide who — after a series of nightmarish misadventures in which he is degraded, exploited, and betrayed, perhaps as much by blacks as by whites — emerges stripped of all illusions and ready to face the world

again, feeling "painful and empty."

As an adolescent in the South, Ellison's protagonist is given a scholarship to a Negro college by the leading whites in his community; then at the stag smoker to which he goes to receive the award, he and other Negro boys are revoltingly humiliated. He is thrown out of college by the Negro president for letting a white philanthropist, whom he is chauffeuring, see the seamy side of Negro life. In New York, he finds after a while that the letters of introduction given him by the college president are a cruel double-cross, which has barred him from getting a job. Down and out in Harlem, he is enrolled in the "Brotherhood" (Communist Party), which for a time makes a hero of him. But gradually he discovers that the Brotherhood is simply exploiting the Negro for its own ends. He comes to the conclusion that he has always been an "invisible man": no one has

looked beyond his skin and seen him as an individual human being. The novel implicitly generalizes the plight of its protagonist. Its point is that this age, with its passion for categories and its indifference to the uniqueness of the individual, is reducing all of us to a condition of invisibility.

Unquestionably, Ellison's book is a work of extraordinary intensity — powerfully imagined and written with a savage, wryly humorous gusto. It contains many scenes which are brought off with great *brío* and a striking felicity of detail. To my mind, however, it has faults which cannot simply be shrugged off — occasional overwriting, stretches of fuzzy thinking, and a tendency to waver, confusingly, between realism and surrealism.

Clearly Mr. Ellison is seeking to achieve the effect of controlled hysteria — and he does; but the results, I feel, sometimes signify less than meets the eye.

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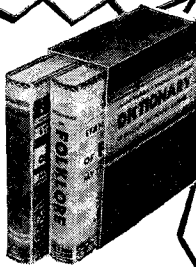
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The totalitarian mind

Fact presented in the form of fiction is seldom, as far as I'm concerned, more interesting than fact as fact; but *The Time of the Assassins* (Lippincott, \$3.75) by Godfrey Blunden is an exception to my point. The author, who was a war correspondent in Russia, has written a novel that vividly describes the grisly happenings in Kharkov during the sixteen months between its capture by the Nazis and its recapture by the Red Army. The SS finds the NKVD files intact — "for each and every individual a dossier" — and it proceeds to murder indiscriminately all members of the Party it can lay its hands on. Soon, however, a Communist underground unit is re-formed, and starts maintaining "Party Vigilance." When the Russian forces re-enter the city, a new set of assassins precipitously liquidates anyone accused of disloyalty.

Mr. Blunden's main character — an old Ukrainian anarchist who is collaborating with the Germans thinking they will free the Ukraine — is an interesting creation. Fomin, a fanatical teen-age Communist — one of what Koestler has called the new Neanderthals — is probably about as real as such human robots can be made to appear. And there are several well-drawn lesser characters: a touching little girl who spies for the Germans because her dead parents' terror of the Party has made her hate

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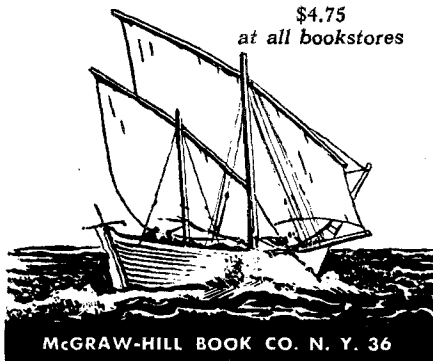
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Communists; a dreamy Ukrainian philologist; an ice-cold SS general, in whom the assassin type reaches monstrous perfection. Mr. Blunden has done a vigorous and quietly eloquent job of storytelling. *The Time of the Assassins* belongs among the relatively small group of novels which have arrestingly depicted the workings of the totalitarian mind.

When the late **George Orwell** wrote *Homage to Catalonia* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) — an account of his experiences in the Spanish Civil War — it took extraordinary courage for a member of the Left to speak up, as he did, about the treacherous policy of the Communists toward the Republic cause. Orwell's book, published in England fifteen years ago, is now issued here for the first time. It is memorable both for its graphic picture of the fighting front and for its uncompromising honesty. Orwell was that very rare specimen: a man willing to die for a cause and unwilling to lie for it. As Lionel Trilling says in his Introduction, "He was a virtuous man."

Orwell arrived in Spain to write some articles, and "common decency" immediately drew him into the fight against Fascism. More or less by chance, he joined the militia of P.O.U.M., a dissident Communist party; and he was sent to the Aragon front with a company of untrained, ludicrously armed, teen-age ragamuffins. After several months at the front, Orwell was almost fatally wounded by a sniper's bullet in the neck. When he got out of the hospital, friends warned him that the Stalinists had denounced P.O.U.M. as "Trotskyite-Fascist" and were arresting its members. For a few days Orwell led a queer, hunted life in Barcelona; then he escaped into France.

NATO vs. the Kremlin

Drew Middleton's *The Defense of Western Europe* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.50) contains no striking disclosures and no large novel ideas: its value is that it is a responsible and informed report on matters of great urgency. The author has for the past twelve years been a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times* in various parts of Europe, including Russia, and he is now the *Times's* top man in Germany.

Middleton draws up, first, a balance sheet of the strength and weak-

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and the vicar's tea
were far from the
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nesses of the enemy; he scrutinizes in turn the Red army, air force, and navy; Soviet productive capacity; and the contribution of the satellites. Then he surveys, country by country, NATO's military resources with special attention to the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany and to the problems of creating a European army. Middleton believes that there is grave danger of a Russian attack this year or next unless the build-up of Allied strength moves into higher gear—he gives little weight (far too little, it could be argued) to U.S. atomic superiority as a deterrent. If war were to break out now, he says, the U.S. troops in Europe would have to fight “less well armed” than the Russians, and American fliers would be shot down in planes that are obsolete “because the Smiths got a new television set and the Browns a new convertible.”

With survival at stake, American self-righteousness toward Europe is a dangerous luxury, Middleton suggests; it contributes to anti-Americanism and thereby damages the program which is costing us billions of dollars. Middleton points out that in the fiscal year ending last June, the

United States delivered only 65 per cent of the amount (measured in dollar value) promised under the Mutual Security Defense Program. He says that chauvinistic writers have caused Americans to underestimate, considerably, the British Army and Field Marshal Montgomery—a source of bitterness among the British. He argues that the Pentagon blundered badly in its tactless handling of German rearmament, which is understandably an explosive issue in Europe, and not merely to the French. Middleton himself stresses that German rearmament, though necessary, contains far greater risks than most Americans realize.

The Defense of Western Europe is a mine of information. It offers an answer to, or at least clarifies, a host of crucial questions which many Americans are asking.

President's speech-writer

There is possibly no man, with the exception of Harry Hopkins, who collaborated with the late F.D.R. so closely over so long a period as **Judge Samuel I. Rosenman**. His *Working with Roosevelt* (Harper, \$6.00) covers the oft-told Roosevelt story from

a fresh angle. It is neither a biography nor a history of the Roosevelt era. Its subject is, essentially, Roosevelt's speeches—how and under what circumstances they were written; the ideas behind them; the reaction to them; and their translation into policy and action. “This is a partisan book,” the author declares. “It is written by one who believes that Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . was one of our greatest Presidents.” I should add that Judge Rosenman is an extraordinarily modest, even self-effacing book; that it is good-tempered and undogmatic; and that I found its 550 pages thoroughly engrossing.

Samuel Rosenman was one of Roosevelt's chief speech-writers from 1928 down to the time of the President's death (except during the years from 1932 to 1936). Roosevelt, he says, worked hard on the drafts submitted to him: “[He] made so many corrections and inserted so many paragraphs of his own, that by the time a speech was delivered it was thoroughly impregnated with his own style and personality.” All those who worked on speeches for any length of time became able, unconsciously, to imitate the President's style. Rosenman was struck by the difference between Sherwood's own prose and his drafts for F.D.R.; and I was struck by the fact that Rosenman, the dean of Roosevelt's speech-writers, is far from being a felicitous writer when speaking for himself.

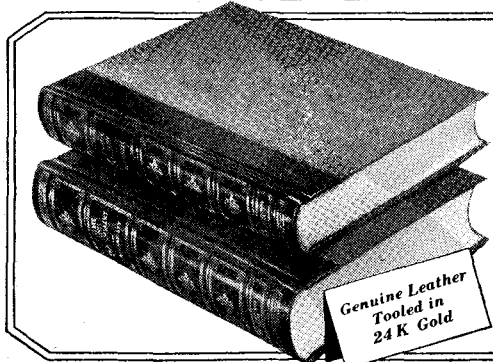
Some of Roosevelt's famous phrases now receive definitive attribution: “economic royalists”—Stanley High; “rendezvous with destiny”—Corcoran; “new deal”—Rosenman. “The only thing we have to fear is fear itself” was a last-minute insert made by Roosevelt, who may have seen the similar phrase of Thoreau's in a book by his bedside.

When Roosevelt felt himself unfairly attacked, he would work off steam by dictating a vitriolic speech which he never delivered. His most trying habit was to give two men the same assignment without letting them know it. The pledge he violated most often in his career was the pledge to his speech-writers not to ad-lib.

In the political sphere, Rosenman fills out the record on a number of points; for instance, Roosevelt's feelings about Farley; the background to his running for the Third Term; the tangled struggle over the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1944. The most important political disclosure

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is that Roosevelt and Willkie corresponded in the summer of 1944 — the letters are reproduced here — about a plan to form a coalition between the liberals in the Democratic and Republican parties, leaving the conservatives in each party to unite. At Willkie's request, a proposed meeting to discuss this realignment was deferred until after the election; and by that time Willkie was dead.

Innocents in the U.S.A.

One of Britain's popular exports to the United States has been a certain type of fiction with a peculiarly British accent — the kind of comedy (produced in different literary grades) by such writers as Evelyn Waugh, Nancy Mitford, Angela Thirkell, and P. G. Wodehouse. A new practitioner in this field, **René MacColl**, has written a keen-eyed burlesque of British wartime propaganda in the United States. *Assignment Stuffed Shirt* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00) has to do with a Fruit and Vegetables Processing Mission sent over to study American canning methods. Only one member is an expert on fruit and vegetables, and its youthful public relations man, Anthony Cleft, gets the appointment on the strength of a single published article on horse racing.

Mr. MacColl has a nice flair for the devastating capsule portrait. The Mission's chief, Professor Plankette, has a voice "like the chirp of one of the lesser birds." Dame Emma Quantum is a bemonocled Hermann Goering of a woman, with "the slowly bouncing menace . . . of a battleship making a courtesy call at a foreign port in times of international stress."

The Mission starts off in New York with a catastrophic press conference. Its quarters in Washington put it in close proximity to a brothel disguised as a massage parlor, and farcical complications ensue. Plankette and Cleft make two sorties into the Middle West to bring the light to diehard Anglophobe newspaper publishers, and ludicrously muddle through to accidental triumph. His Majesty's cloak-and-dagger boys enter the proceedings; and the story reels along to a frantic climax in San

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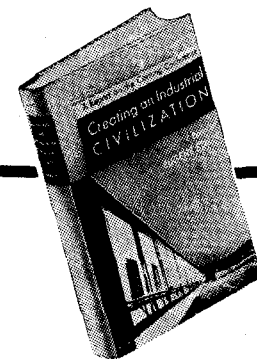
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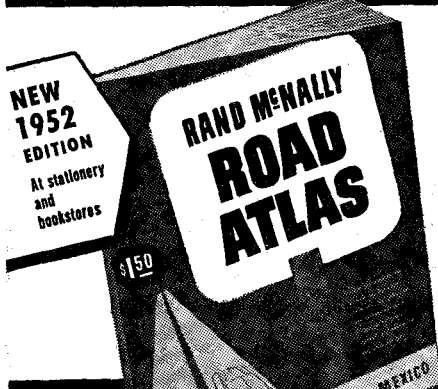
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Francisco, where Anthony Cleft, now madly efficient, succeeds in wrecking the cunningly laid plans of the British Secret Service. The cream of the jest is that the Mission was never meant to go to the United States, but to Australia.

After getting off to a genuinely satirical start, MacColl lets his plotting lapse into outright farce. But throughout the novel there is a telling insight into the elements of absurdity and hokum in the U.S. press and radio, and into the bumbling in British wartime public relations. Putting the "Innocents Abroad" theme into reverse, MacColl has come up with a summery novel that is fresh, fast, and sometimes very funny.

Potpourri

THE VILLAGE by *Marghanita Laski*.
Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.

The setting of Miss Laski's novel is Priory Dean, a village near London, and the time is just after the war. Most of the village gentry are impoverished, and cling all the more tenaciously to their sense of class; most of the working people are earning good money, but they, too, have a strong respect for class distinctions. The only person with no sense of class is eighteen-year-old Margaret Trevor, whose parents are excessively poor and excessively snobbish. Margaret, who loves to cook and keep house and is pining for a man to look after, falls in love with a young typesetter. When they announce that they intend to get married, a social cataclysm grips the village.

As a love story, Miss Laski's novel is rather small beer; but as a study of mores at the beginning of Britain's social revolution it is moderately interesting. The plot moves along in a pleasant, crisply competent way, and you find yourself getting quite steamed up over the drama of love versus caste.

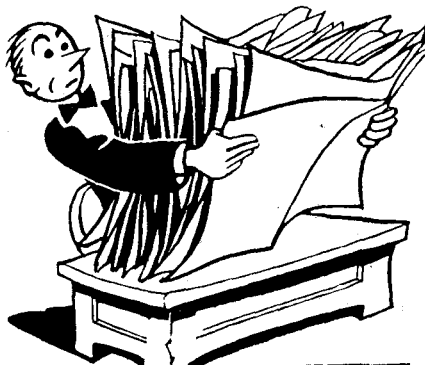
RAGE OF THE SOUL by *Vincent Sheean*.
Random House, \$3.50.

Elizabeth Redwood, wife of a State Department official, has broken up her happy marriage because, in a moment of uncontrollable desire, she was unfaithful to her husband. She finds the existence of this devil in her flesh exceedingly degrading, and betakes herself to India in search of spiritual therapy from a Yogi. Her husband, meanwhile, is in a spot of trouble in Washington, D.C., through helping a satellite diplomat and his wife to go into hiding. Presently, the Redwoods unite lovingly in Rome, where the husband decides to dedicate himself to his painting, only to discover that he's a rotten painter. And now, presumably, they live happily ever after, though how Elizabeth has been changed by her exposure to mysticism remains extremely hazy. It's all pretty silly, I'm afraid.

FLEE THE ANGRY STRANGERS by
George Mandel. Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75.

A first novel depicting the nightmarish little world of drug addicts in Greenwich Village. At the story's opening the eighteen-year-old heroine, Diane Lattimer, has just escaped from a detention home. She has been escaping all her life—from a selfish, sanctimonious mother and a world whose people seemed to her angry strangers. And she has found a refuge in marihuana and the crazy, dope-happy friendship of other lost souls such as young Dincher, the trumpeter; Lukey the Swede, philosopher of "escapeology"; Buster, a sinister, moronic giant forever playing with a knife. In a whirling succession of ghastly episodes, the story chronicles Diane's steady descent into the inferno. She switches from marihuana to heroin; takes to prostitution; and sees one of the normal men who love her killed and the other turn away from her in despair. A one-track story of such unrelieved grimness would have gained in impact, I think, if its 480 pages had been somewhat pared down. As it stands, the book documents very vividly a sector new to the novel—its jazzy lingo, its weird loyalties, its chaotic habits and surrealistic horrors.

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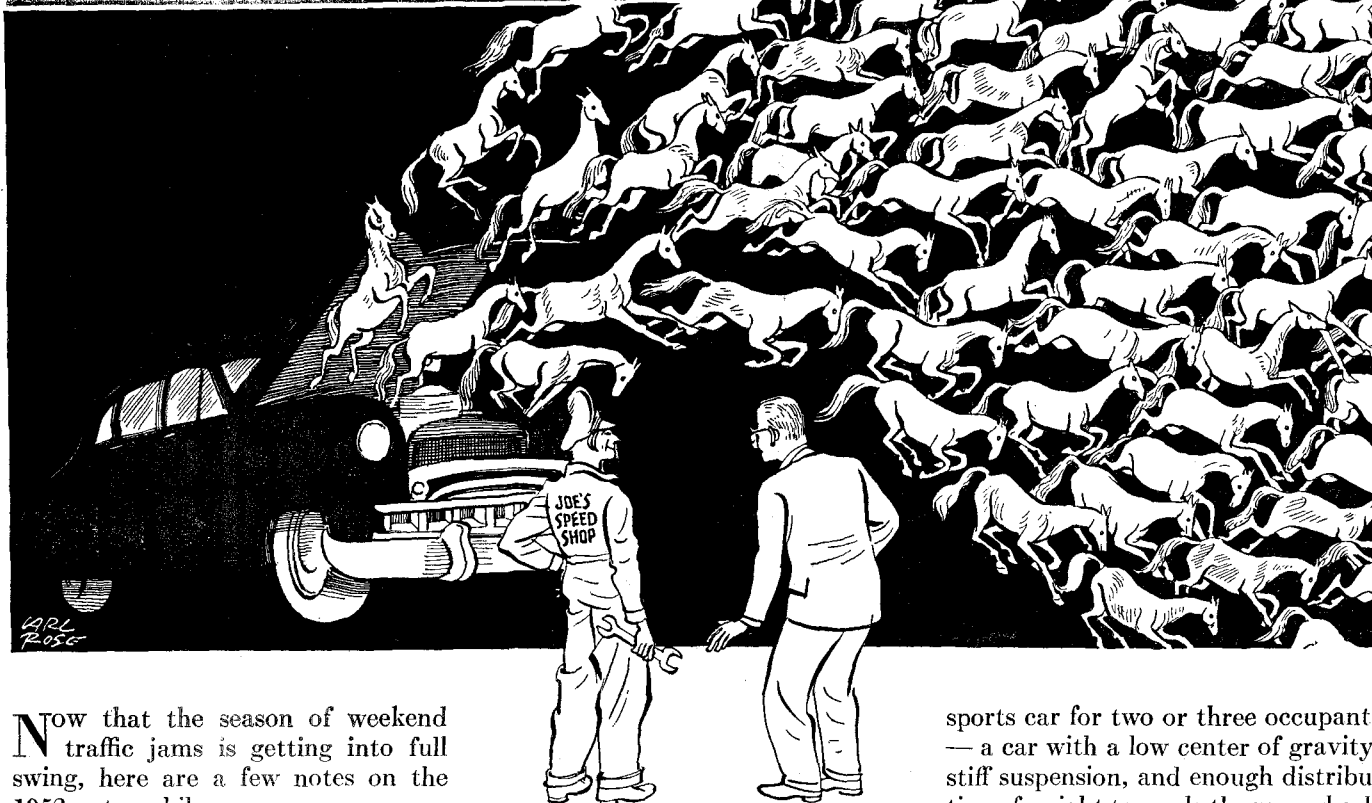
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ACCENT ON LIVING



Now that the season of weekend traffic jams is getting into full swing, here are a few notes on the 1952 automobiles: —

Enough speed shops and foreign-car service stations are springing up to suggest that a fair number of Americans are finding run-of-the-mill Detroit a bore. We have learned long since that an ordinary model, the least of the line, is called “de luxe,” and that the same car becomes “custom” by the addition of a few bits of brightwork and an upholstery option or two.

We are aware too, in a torpid way, that the 1952 Farina body design of the Nash looks much like the '51 Chryslers, which in turn look a great deal like the '50 Ford. We note without rancor, but equally without mounting excitement, the vaunted dual exhausts of the new Golden Anniversary Cadillac — a feature of that car's first V-8 1915 model. We need not gainsay the fact that Studebaker, by discontinuing its false jet propulsion frontal design, has achieved a more seemly appearance, not unlike — in simple truth — the Ford layout. Packard holds firmly to first place in length of its rear overhang.

The rest of the list has changed only slightly in appearance, although most horsepower ratings have been raised substantially.

If power steering seems costly, it is a wonderful addition all the same, especially for the big cars with their heavy tires and their parking difficulties. In heavy traffic at slow speeds, power steering is a delight, and on the open road the high gear which the added power permits makes for much greater accuracy, and the driver has the feeling of a far more precise control of his front wheels. Any misgivings about the new device are usually expressed by those who haven't tried it out. The ordinary driver would feel at ease with it in short order, and it will undoubtedly be offered on future models of all large cars.

What the American manufacturer still denies his customers is the kind of car now re-entering the market from overseas in limited numbers: the small, lightweight, high-powered

sports car for two or three occupants — a car with a low center of gravity, stiff suspension, and enough distribution of weight towards the rear wheels to ensure traction and balance.

Mention was made on this page in the January, 1949, *Atlantic* of such a car, the pre-war 1938-39 model produced by the Bavarian Motor Works and known as the B.M.W. Type 328. The original price of the 328 was around \$2100, but one of these cars, for which the owner paid \$3600 in 1950, when it was eleven or twelve years old, turned up for tuning in a Boston shop recently. “No, he won't sell it — he's very happy with it,” the mechanic explained. “You know” — and the mechanic grinned — “this is that same combustion chamber that Chrysler ‘invented’ last year.”

Nash has been offering a genuine sports model, combining its own engine, a Healey (British) chassis, and Italian bodywork, at a rather stiff price — upwards of \$4200 for 1951 and presumably higher for the '52 models — but one sees this car on the road only infrequently. Other American makers have contented themselves with displaying highly imag-

inative versions of "the car of the future"; these cars are not for sale, and most of us hear about them only through publicity releases and their occasional presence at a motor show. Meanwhile, the British and Continental sports models — especially those having sufficiently large engines to suit them for use in the United States — remain far too expensive for the wider market here.

Under these conditions, the flowering of the speed shop and a sizable industry in engine equipment was inevitable. If Detroit insisted on uniformity, the speed shop was prepared to sell alternatives, and there is hardly a large city today without solidly established resources in this field.

The main offer of these shops is additional horsepower, usually for Ford and Chevrolet engines. The main purpose of the extra power for road use is quicker acceleration. New parts for boosting engine output have reached a point of dependability in both price and quality, and increases ranging from 10 to 60 per cent or more in the rated power of these en-

gines can be achieved for an outlay of between \$75 and \$300.

The effect of 150 b.h.p. in an ordinary Ford sedan, using a 4.11 rear axle ratio and a manually controlled gearshift and overdrive, must be experienced to be believed. Even higher figures are attainable for those who are willing to put up with the crotchets of a heavily stressed engine, which tends to starting difficulties and roughness at slow speeds.

But the horsepower increase becomes unprofitable in its upper extreme because of traction loss, the failure of the rear wheels to grip the road sufficiently to transmit the extra power. This can be cured to some extent by adding weight in the rear, but the boosting process would more reasonably stop short of such complications, unless the customer intends to redesign his whole car from stem to stern.

For the experimenter who would like to go the limit, in a single stroke of boosting, there remains the liveliest — although the most expensive — choice of all: substituting for his Ford

engine the Cadillac power plant (190 h.p.) or the large Chrysler unit (180 h.p.), a change which more and more speed shops are readily able to make for him nowadays. Thus equipped, and with little or no increase in the total weight of the car, the customer gains a vehicle of truly extraordinary versatility — equal in acceleration to practically anything else on the road, and capable of loafing along without stress through the whole performance range. This conversion costs around \$800 for the larger engine, plus about \$500 for labor, although some shops will take on the job for a flat \$1000 charge.

"Fifty in first, 90 in second, and an electrically timed mile at 112" was the way a mechanic summed up the Ford which he had equipped with the big Chrysler engine. But the American mechanic is always restless and pushing on to new experiments. Almost any one of them today can show you how to boost the Cadillac and Chrysler units by another 25 per cent or so.

CHARLES W. MORTON

ALL-PURPOSE DOWSING

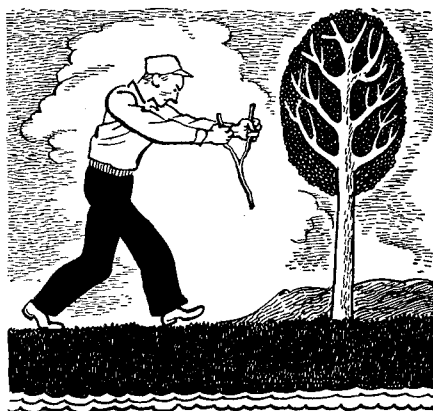
by BARNEY D. EMMART

BARNEY D. EMMART served in the Army Air Forces as a meteorologist during the war, was graduated from Harvard in 1947, and took his doctorate at the University of London. He is now living in Baltimore.

ONE would like to see Kenneth Roberts's morning mail since the publication of his book *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* last year. R. J. Santschi, who has been writing for over ten years on the subject, quotes in his little volume, *Doodlebugs*, a letter that is typical of the enthusiastic response to many books on dowsing. "The sad part of it is that, of all the treasures we have found," says his correspondent, "and there have been a great number, we have never been able to dig one up — they are all wild. We generally carry a rod to stick down to them, and when you get within six inches of the supposed treasure it will suddenly move sideways from two to four feet; if not sideways, it moves downward. . . . If you can furnish any information so that we could stop, hold, and dig

up these treasures, we would be willing to share with you a certain per cent . . ."

This sort of thing, of course, represents the frantic fringe, which dowses for hidden treasures with all the



gusto of a pig snouting for truffles.

There is, however, a more serious side to dowsing. This is especially true abroad, where interest in dowsing is far more widespread and better organized than in the United States. In England there is the excellent British Society of Dowsers,

with its quarterly journal; in France L'Association des Amis de la Radiesthésie, with about two thousand members; and in Belgium, the Centre International d'Étude Scientifique de la Radiesthésie. In Italy four journals are published on the subject, including the *Rivista Italiana di Radiestesia*. In Germany the Gesellschaft für Wissenschaftliche Pendelforschung existed before the war, and has, I believe, been re-formed.

The governments of Bombay and British Columbia employ — or have employed — official state dowsers; and in 1919 the French government commissioned the Abbé Bouly to locate hidden caches of munitions — some buried in France by the Germans, and some by the French themselves, who, like squirrels, had forgotten their exact location. Some governments take a dim view of dowsing: the only U.S. Government pamphlet on the subject is dated 1917 and is distinctly hostile; but as late as 1936 the Italian Army is reported to have employed "dowsing engineers" in the Ethiopian campaign.

Apart from this use of dowsing by

the military and the large European organizations, dowsing submerges like an iceberg. Eight ninths of the dowsing world practice in secret. In England, for example, where the official geological opinion is that water can be struck at reasonable depths anywhere in the island, at least half a dozen large companies of well diggers use dowzers. Though they would wish to give little publicity to the fact, they have found that the dowser can usually save them time by locating the point where the water rises nearest to the surface of the ground. There is no doubt that they are remarkably successful at this.

How much success obtains in some of the minor branches of dowsing remains a question. In Belgium, for example, a magazine enthusiastically suggests to its readers that dowsing can be used in connection with their professions. "You are a traveling salesman? Then use your pendulum (or rod) to plan your itineraries on the map, to determine which clients to visit and at what hour, to estimate credit (see 'Dowsing Applied to Business' by F. and W. Servranx)." In Belgium, one suspects, the death of the salesman may be a more complicated matter than here.

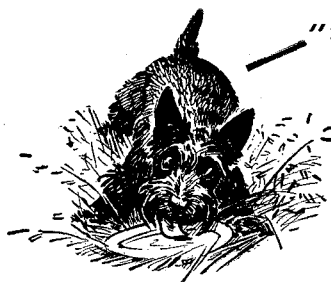
The enormous interest, activity, and sometimes antagonism centering in dowsing on the Continent can be laid, in large part, to the rather spectacular achievements of the Abbé Mermet, a Swiss subject, whose book *Comment j'opère* (Paris, 1935) is now a standard text in its field. His success was so astonishing, and spread over such a wide area, that he was bound to arouse interest. Consider that during the years 1934-1936 the Abbé was credited with locating nineteen missing persons in addition to carrying on his regular work as a water diviner. Most of these persons had been drowned and their bodies were located by the Abbé without his budging from his study in Switzerland.

The case that brought this Swiss Sherlock Holmes (who could dispense with clues) the greatest publicity was that of the Baloz family at Miège. Their six-year-old boy disappeared from his home in the canton of Valais in the autumn of 1933. The village of Miège, near the Zermatt in the heart of the Swiss Alps, sent out several search parties but could find no trace. Then a police dog was borrowed from Lausanne, but the animal was unable to pick up any scent of

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the child. Finally the mayor of Miège besought the help of the great *sourcier*; and after consulting his dowsing pendulum the Abbé an-



nounced, by letter, that the child had been carried off into the mountains by a bird of prey.

Moreover, he indicated three points on a map. One was where the child would, he thought, be found — a peak inaccessible at that time of year; the other two points were where the bird must have touched ground with its heavy burden, to rest and to feed. These last two points, being accessible, were investigated by the villagers. At the first they found no traces of the child. The second had been covered by a snowslide; so they could expect to find nothing there. On this evidence it was decided that the Abbé must have been mistaken. But when, a fortnight later, the snows melted, woodcutters pushing on to the peak found the body at the point indicated by the Abbé as the final resting place of the child.

The woodcutters, the report says, “found the cadaver of the child rather badly torn. It appeared that the bird of prey had been prevented from continuing his macabre dinner by a fall of two meters of snow. According to the inquest, the child’s shoes and clothes had not touched ground, and no other creature than a bird of prey could have transported the body to the solitary and inaccessible point where it was found.”

For the newspapers this story had almost everything, and it was given a great play. Naturally, the public was impressed, and Mermet must have been pleased by this recognition of his skill. But then the letters began.

“We have,” said one from France, which the Abbé properly calls the bouquet, “an uncle who has been in America for thirty years: tell us if he is still alive; and in case he is dead, if he has made us his heirs; and if he

has, what sum it amounts to; and if it is en route; and when it will get to us.” So incensed was the Abbé — by all accounts a mild-tempered man — by such demands that in his next book he wrote: “Let me say this: I advise those who do me the honor of reading my books, that if they are ever tempted — they or their friends — to write me such rubbish as this, I shall not hesitate to throw their black nonsense into the wastepaper basket, and for the trouble of having read it, to keep whatever stamps are included (if any)!”

It was Mermet who was responsible for the now prevalent use of the pendulum — in preference to the hazel or whalebone rod — in Europe. At the dowsing tests of 1913 in Paris the Abbé was the only one who relied wholly on the pendulum. It performed so admirably for him that a whole generation of European dowsers adopted it. Today the Maison de la Radiesthésie in Paris (the only shop in the world to specialize in dowsers’ equipment) lists about twenty models of pendulums, and a famous instrument maker on the Rue de Bac makes another six models. All in all, more than a thousand types of pendulum have been devised. Paul Augard, second engineer of the ill-fated *Normandie*, was responsible for one of the most complex; and M. Pitois, once chief engineer of the French Air Service, designed several models.

It is Mermet’s pendulum, however, that remains standard. I have one before me as I write. It is of black plastic, and shaped much like a small top, about one inch high and three quarters of an inch broad. The pendulum is hollowed out and is fitted with a screw top so that it may contain a sample of the material for which the dowser is looking. The string on which it hangs is about six inches long. Mermet’s preference for this pendulum instead of the forked rod was based on the fact that the rod must be sprung in a state of tension during its use, and is therefore tiresome to use for long periods of time. But the pendulum starts from a state of rest, and moves only when the object sought for is present. In addition, it does not move as violently as the rod, and has a more subtle variety of motions.

Any reader who would like to test his own dowsing talents would do best to start with a pendulum, because it is easily mastered. A good

pendulum may be made from a small two-dram medicine bottle. Wash this out well in warm water and pierce the cork from top to bottom. Draw a string about seven inches long through this hole and knot it at the bottom of the cork. Put the cork in the bottle, and you will have a satisfactory hollow pendulum, capable of holding a sample.

For a start, you might fill it with tap water and try finding the mains which bring water into your house. Hold the string between thumb and index finger. The bottle should swing like a pendulum in the direction of the source of water. When you are directly over a pipe (if there is water *flowing*, not simply standing at the time), it should begin to rotate in clockwise circles (except in the case of a few experimenters, who will get a counterclockwise reaction). Mark all the places where you get this rotary motion, and you *should* be able to trace the principal pipes and drains.

Be sure to wash and dry the bottle carefully before putting any other sorts of samples into it; and if you succeed, don’t boast too publicly of



your successes, if any, or your morning mail may begin, rather rousingly: “Dear Sir, I think I’ve cornered a small treasure in my basement, but it is digging its way out and snarls when I come near it. If you could come quickly. . . .”

FIELD NOTE

by DAVID McCORD

The nuthatch is inclined to nip,
The hummingbird’s inclined to sip,
The swallow is inclined to dip,
The osprey is inclined to grip,
The catbird is inclined to quip,
One sparrow is inclined to chip,
The hawk and owl incline to rip,
The snipe is much inclined to snip,
The penguin is inclined to flip,
The whippoorwill inclined to whip,
The shrike I am inclined to skip.



THE TIME I WON

by LORNA SLOCOMBE

LORNA SLOCOMBE does her sailing on the Charles River, not far from her home in Cambridge. Several of her articles have appeared in these pages in recent years.

JOINING a sailing club for relaxation was a disastrous idea. It was fine at first. Every nice day found me in the sun and fresh air, sailing and loafing. I got tanned and healthy and began to feel amiable. Then one day I came out on the dock and found George, the club's handsome young manager, sitting on a bench, steeped in gloom. He explained that he had been declared ineligible to compete in the forthcoming Club Regatta because he was an employee.

"Oh, that's all right," I said soothingly. "I'll enter the Regatta as a skipper, and you can be my crew." I'd watched the boat races, and a pretty sight they were on a summer's day. There was quite a bit of yelling among the skippers after each race, but I'd paid no attention to that.

George looked surprised at my offer, and then suddenly thoughtful. "All right," he said.

Later, I discovered that crews and skippers team up with slightly more care than is usually shown in picking mates for life. George is one of the best sailors around, and his decision to crew for me created a sensation. The mystery was soon cleared up. My impulsive invitation held a challenge. As crew, he could legally do everything but handle the tiller which steers the boat. He could not compete for the trophy, but given a completely green skipper, he had a chance to see how effective he could be as crew.

George set to work to make a racing skipper out of me. First he gave

me a copy of the rules to take home. It seems that when sixteen boats all try to get around the same tin can at the same time, they must do it according to a set of rules that make Canasta look like Parcheesi. I was feeling relaxed after a day in the sun as I stretched out on the couch and began to read. I was pleased to discover that even dinghies are referred to as "yachts." I was going to take part in a yacht race.

I went on to read: "A leading yacht cannot claim the right to tack under this rule if the other yacht is clear astern and to windward, and the yachts are beating to windward and are about to tack for or around a mark or obstruction. In either case, the leading yacht in tacking is subject to Rule 5 and thereafter to Rule 1." At this point I tacked to the phone and called George and told him I'd changed my mind.

"Now don't worry," he said.

Don't worry! Now that I was entered in a Regatta, the whole subject of racing came into focus, and I was appalled. On a quiet day, while ordinary sailors lolled happily in their boats, the racing skippers would be sweating, staring in agonized concentration at every wrinkle in their drooping sails, inching forward or back to shift weight, lying flat on the floor boards, holding the tiller with their toes — *anything* to get the boat to move a little faster. And what did the winner of a race get for being first? A quarter of a point. It was definitely the sport of maniacs.

Or take a difference of opinion over the rules. After the race a protest meeting is held, just like a court trial, and accusers, defenders, and witnesses are called. The arguments of the "sea lawyers" are loud and long. I have seen one man get so excited that he picked up another bodily, carried him out to the dock, and tossed him into a sailboat shouting, "I'll show you who had Mast Abeam!"

The morning of our Regatta, as I faced my first plunge into this fierce competition, I quailed. I didn't feel well and I told George so. It turned out I wasn't supposed to: I was supposed to be nervous like a high-strung race horse. Trying to feel like Seabiscuit, I began to rig the boat. George was looking grim, too. "Don't be surprised if I don't speak to you out there," he said. "When I'm racing, I don't talk."

I was glad to have some warning.

From the moment the first race began, George was a different person. He crouched like a wild creature in the bow, staring malignantly around at our competitors. He spoke only to give directions, and he uttered those in a low, fierce voice. "Now pass the next boat to windward," and when I moved the tiller, "Don't be so obvious about it!"

Desperately I concentrated on my job as helmsman, staring at the sail till my neck ached. The thought occurred to me that if I weren't racing, I could be enjoying a nice sail. This traitorous reverie was interrupted by George saying accusingly, "You're pinching. Bear off." I set my sail — and my neck — and got back to work.

As soon as one race was done we all jumped back into our boats and started another. A Regatta, it turned out, goes on all day. By the end of the sixth race, I was too lame to move, too tense to eat. My knees would obviously never be the same. When George told me we'd taken second, I was too tired to care. Yet even in that condition, when I looked at my total score, I felt proud when I saw the quarter points. I should have suspected then what had happened to me.

But still I didn't catch on. I thought I was entering the next Sunday morning race simply because it was informal and without crews. It seemed only sporting to race once entirely on my own, and give the other skippers a chance to beat me. I had it coming to me. So the next Sunday I was on hand, nervous but ready, at the starting line.

Off the boats set at the signal before a gentle wind. I found myself shaking with excitement and staring



fiercely around the river. Everything was all right up to the mark. At that point I made a wild jibe around the can, and every piece of line necessary

to sailing the boat somehow wound itself around my neck. I forgot all about racing. If there was a sudden puff of wind, I would be strangled. I let go the tiller and fought my way out of the entangling lines. I got them off my neck only to find them all fouled up on the tiller. I got them off the tiller.

Then I looked around.

The other boats were way off ahead, toward the shore, and I was alone in the middle of the river. Feeling sad and foolish, I headed back for the finish line. What a racing skipper! I couldn't even sail a boat.

Then a strange thing happened. From out of nowhere, a fine isolated puff of breeze came blowing right up the middle of the river. It picked up my sail and the boat took off. The other boats were left sitting there, becalmed, while I sailed grandly across the finish line, winner by fifty boat lengths.

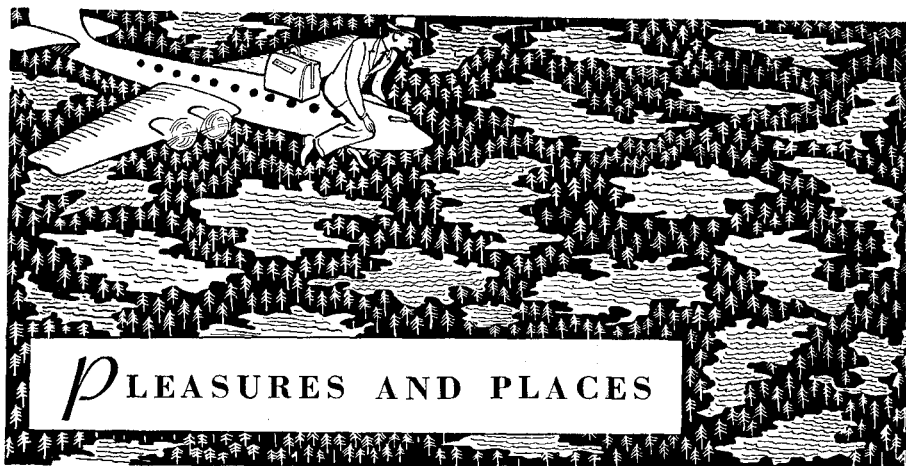
That did it. I haven't won a race since, and maybe I never will. But visions of quarter points dance in my head. I've skinned knees and shins, yelled myself hoarse over the rules. At the end of the day, on the way home, I find myself trying to establish overlaps on cars that are paying no attention to the rules of the North American Yachting Association. For recreational reading, I plow through manuals with arrows showing how wind bounces off a sail.

My legs ache, my digestion is in a dubious state, and I have added insomnia to my troubles. At night I go over all the races, figuring how I could have passed another boat if I'd pulled in my sail an inch. I feel cross, tired, and irritable. I am beginning to wonder if it wouldn't be better for me to get out of the sunshine and fresh air, and back to my desk.

SCREAMING HEADLINES

by ARTHUR KRAMER

Aldermen Assail —
 Democrats Deride —
 Educators Flail —
 Legislators Chide —
 Prosecutor Brands —
 Governor Arraigns —
 Mayor Reprimands —
 G.O.P. Complains —
 President Decries —
 House Committee Flays —
 Can I believe my eyes?
 Civic Leaders Praise —



P LEASURES AND PLACES

TOURIST IN FINLAND

by CHARLES J. ROLO

CHARLES J. ROLO spends several months each year traveling in Europe. Here is his report on what the 1952 visitor will encounter in Finland.

THE most arresting thing about the Finns, even to a tourist, is the genius they have displayed since the war for what Stephen Potter might call Russ-manship, or the art of dealing with the Russians. It is one of history's pleasantest ironies that Finland, which the Russo-Finnish Peace Treaty should by all odds have reduced to an abject satellite, has won trick after trick in its post-war relations with Moscow.

In addition to annexing one eighth of Finland's best territory, Russia demanded 300 million gold dollars' worth of goods as reparations, including ships and machines which the country was not equipped to produce — and dire penalties were stipulated for any delays in delivery. The amazing Finns have met their obligations with scarcely a hitch. By September the entire debt will have been paid off.

When the Russians realized, in 1948, that reparations were failing to cripple the Finnish economy, they remitted half of the outstanding debt in the hope of influencing the coming election. The Finns showed how unimpressed they were by returning eleven fewer pro-Soviet deputies to the Diet. Afterward, the Communists were gradually eased out of the Cabinet, and now there is not a single Communist Minister in the government. The Communists have also been decisively defeated in the crucial struggle for control of the labor unions.

The Finnish press and radio, though uncensored, refrain from direct attacks on the Soviet because the Peace Treaty makes their government accountable for hostile comments. But the speeches of Western diplomats criticizing Russia are fully reported, and the Finnish Communists have received a terrific pasting in the press and on the radio. Helsinki's leading bookstores stock American and British periodicals, and none of the Finns I talked with hesitated to express a critical view of the Russians. In short, Finland, while it cannot team up militarily with the West, is in most other respects a free country. Although there is a Red Army base on "leased" territory twelve miles from Helsinki, Finland is emphatically outside the Iron Curtain.

How has this utterly defenseless nation of 4 millions managed to stand up to the Russians and their local stooges so successfully? The answer can probably be summed up in a single Finnish word — *sisu* — which refers to the essence of the national character (and has no exact equivalent in English). *Sisu*, I was told, connotes guts, perseverance, youthful optimism, readiness to face hardship — above all, a tremendous faith in work. *Sisu* has apparently made Stalin realize that, if he were to occupy Finland, he would lose an energetic and scrupulous trading partner and be plagued with a nation of die-hard resisters. It has, miraculously, put the Finns in a respectable bargaining position vis-à-vis the Soviet colossus — a strong enough position for them to expand their trade with the West and sidestep total economic dependence on Russia.

Sisu is also apparent in the way that Finland — the smallest nation ever to play host to an Olympiad — has tackled the huge job of preparing for the XVth Olympic Games, which

will be held in Helsinki from July 19 to August 3. The capital's Malmi airport cannot take four-engined planes, so a new terminal has been built — Americans can now fly to Helsinki via Pan American without changing aircraft (round-trip tourist-rate fare, \$666). Helsinki's magnificent Stadium has been enlarged to accommodate 70,000 spectators. An Olympics "Village" has been specially constructed to house 5000 of the athletes. And elaborate provisions have been made — in the face of a severe housing shortage caused by refugees from areas ceded to the Soviet — to lodge and cater to an estimated 100,000 to 120,000 visitors, one third of them from abroad.

Helsinki's hotels will be entirely reserved for Olympics officials and the press. But 50,000 beds in private homes have been mustered for foreign visitors. The price of these accommodations ranges from \$1.70 to \$5 for a single room, \$2.30 to \$6 for a double. For obvious reasons, the two-week period when the Olympics are under way is the one time *not* to visit Finland if you want to see the country in any degree of comfort.

Between June and September of 1952, U.S. citizens will not require a visa to enter Finland. You are allowed to take 30,000 Finnish marks into the country, and it's well worth doing so, since you can get a decidedly more favorable rate outside Finland than the official 231 marks to the dollar.

The tourist who wants to see Finland in style will find the going mod-

spacious, but they are in very short supply; and the cheaper accommodations are likely to be somewhat run-down. The hotel situation, however, is on the mend. Two brand-new luxury establishments will shortly be opened in Helsinki — the Palace and the Vaakuna.

You can run up a stiff bill in Helsinki's first-class restaurants if you order a three-course dinner à la carte accompanied by several drinks. The best policy, assuming budgetary limitations, is to settle for the table d'hôte menu, which in the top places runs to around \$1.25 for a luncheon and \$2.50 or \$3 for an ample dinner — not including coffee, which is a luxury item. The ordinary demitasse, a lamentable affair, costs 25 cents; to get decent coffee you must specify "double" strength, and a small pot of it adds about a dollar to the bill.

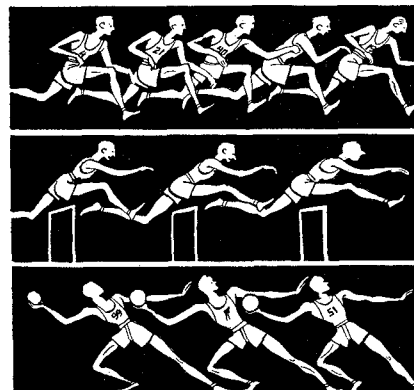
The finest alcoholic drink in Finland, Russian vodka, is more expensive than geography might lead one to expect; but the Finns produce good vodka of their own. The national tippie, as in the Scandinavian countries, is aquavit or snaps; and though I revere the dry Martini, I found snaps a persuasive substitute.

The Finnish menu is similar to the Swedish; its forte is excellence in the fish line, and the national specialty is smoked reindeer meat. The two restaurants which no visitor to Helsinki should miss are on the outskirts of the capital. Kalastajatorppa (The Fisherman's Cottage) is framed in a beautiful setting, and the summer terrace commands a view which makes a dinner there memorable. Valhalla is located in an eighteenth-century fort on one of the Suomenlinna islands, twenty minutes by ferry boat from Helsinki. With its ancient interior, modern Finnish lighting, and costumed waitresses, it gives the tourist a satisfying sense of being steeped in local color. In the town proper, the two best restaurants are probably the Adlon and Vaakuna.

With its broad avenues and imposing white buildings, its park-strewn residential districts, its lovely harbor, and the beauty of the countryside which reaches right into its suburbs, Helsinki is a continual delight to the eye. The nineteenth-century church and public buildings in the Great Square — the work of Carl Ludwig Engel — are among the finest achievements of neo-classicism. The Parliament, the Railway Station (by Eliel Saarinen), the Children's

Hospital, the Commercial High School, are striking examples of the way in which Finland's twentieth-century architects have mellowed strict functionalism with classical motifs or decorative effects.

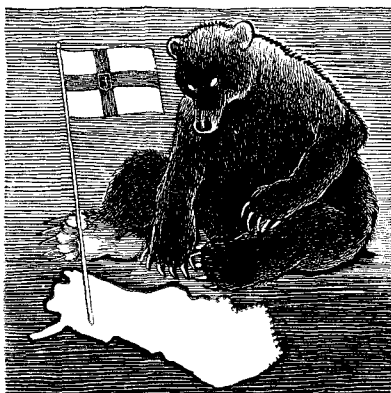
The leading resort in Finland is



Aulanko Park on Vanajavesi Lake. Aulanko is two hours from Helsinki by train, but the most rewarding way of getting there is to take what the Finnish National Travel Office calls "The Silver Line Tour." After a forty-minute flight to Tampere (Finland's Pittsburgh), followed by a forty-minute bus ride, you go on to Aulanko via "water coach" — a magnificent five-hour trip through two of Finland's 60,000 lakes. The tourist inn on the Heights of Koli — two and a half hours by plane and car from Helsinki — is celebrated for a view which has inspired some of the music of Sibelius; in this tremendous vista of dark forests and blue and silver lakes, you catch the awesome loneliness and grandeur of the Finnish wilderness.

To my chagrin, I had to leave Finland without having glimpsed a Lapp, a reindeer, or the Northern Lights. It is only three and a half hours by plane from Helsinki to Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland, but six or seven days are necessary to see something of this vast territory — a paradise for fishing, hiking, and canoeing. Utterly devastated by the retreating Nazis and entirely rebuilt, Lapland is now dotted with new, up-to-date tourist inns and is well serviced by motor coaches.

When Lapland was being reconstructed, the first buildings to go up were the wooden structures in which the Finns take their *Sauna* or steam bath, where the temperature ranges from 190 to 220 degrees Fahrenheit. It is no legend that the Finns make a cult of the *Sauna* — I heard of infants being exposed to it at the age

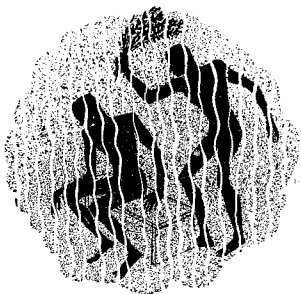


erately expensive; and he should not expect to fare quite as handsomely, where food and lodging are concerned, as, say, in Denmark or Sweden — the past eleven years have been exceedingly tough ones for the Finns. The best rooms in Helsinki's leading hotels (\$6.50 for a single with bath, \$11 for a double) are comfortable and

of two months. Many of Helsinki's apartment buildings have a *Sauna* in the basement, and there are 500,000 in the rural districts, almost one to each family. Among countryfolk, the whole family, and the hired hands and visitors if there are any, troop to the *Sauna* on Saturday evening in two shifts — the women first, then the men — scrub each other's backs, beat each other briskly with leafy birch whisks, then splash each other with cold water or take a plunge in the lake if there's one at hand (which there usually is).

The *Sauna*, which produces an extraordinary sense of well-being, is a part of Finnish hospitality. I was taken to the *Sauna* at the Helsinki Yacht Club, where you cool off with a swim in the bitingly cold waters of the harbor. And when a Finnish official invited me and three others to dinner at his country cottage near Helsinki, the evening began with a *Sauna*.

Pioneers in modern design, the Finns are turning out products of exceptional distinction in the decorative arts, and at prices substantially lower than one would pay for anything comparable in the United States. I was particularly impressed with the glass- and crystal-ware designed by Alvar Aalto, Finland's greatest architect, Gunnel Nyman, and Tapio Wirkkala; by the hand-woven textiles and the tapestries of Dora Jung and Eve Anttila; and above all by the original and exciting ceramics of Toini Muona, Birger Kaipiainen, and other adventurous artists of the Arabia Factory, the largest of its kind in Europe. All these products are conveniently assembled at Helsinki's leading department store, Stockmann's, which will pack and ship any purchases to the United States for a reasonable charge.



(Prospective visitors to Finland can obtain further information, and assistance in planning their trip, by writing to the Finnish National Travel Office, 41 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y.)



by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantata No. 86, *Ich Bin Vernügt*, and No. 106, *Actus Tragicus* (Magda Laszlo, soprano; Hilde Majdan, alto; Alfred Poell, bass; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). More of Scherchen's sensitive, superbly executed, handsomely recorded cantata series. Listen also to Westminster's No. 198, *Trauer-Ode*, same personnel.

Beethoven: Songs (Alfred Poell, bass; Victor Graef, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). No one is likely to sing these better than this gently virile Austrian medico. You may as well buy them.

Boccherini: Concerto in B Major with Haydn: Concerto in D Major (Antonio Janigro, cello; Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). Averaging musical and acoustic values, the best available — and the coupling makes it a very good buy.

Carpenter, John Alden: *Adventures in a Perambulator*, with McBride-Copland-Still: *Contemporary American Violin Music* (Louis and Annette Kaufman, violin and piano; Henry Swoboda conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Concert Hall: 12" LP). The pram piece is vivid but a little dated; the fiddle trifles are grand.

Dittersdorf: Symphony in A Major, with Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern: Rondo for Piano and Orchestra (Otto Graef, piano; Erich Kloss conducting Frankland State Symphony; Lyricord: 12" LP). Musically inconsequential, if pleasant, this is a high-fidelity collector's item. Terrific reproduction.

George London Recital (George London, bass-baritone; Jean Morel and Kurt Adler conducting Metropolitan Opera Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). The advance publicity was all true: this is one of the world's great dramatic voices, here used with electrifying effect on Russian and French operatic arias.

MacDowell: Concerto No. 2 in

D Minor; *Six Woodland Sketches* (Alexander Jenner, piano; Henry Swoboda conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Arthur Balsam, piano; Concert Hall: 12" LP). Long awaited and well worth it, especially Balsam's job on the *Sketches*.

Ravel: Complete Piano Works (Robert Casadesus, assisted intermittently by Gaby Casadesus, piano; Columbia: three separate 12" LPs). Heart-stopping music by one of all time's dozen greatest composers, played by his close friend and best interpreter, faultlessly recorded.

Schubert: Symphony No. 5 in B-Flat Major; *Deutsche Tänze* (Rudolf Moralt conducting Vienna Symphony; Vox: 12" LP). Good recording makes this solid version the best available.

Schubert: Symphonies No. 8, "Unfinished," and No. 2 (William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony; Capitol: 12" LP). Lovely, lively performances with gorgeous "FDS" reproduction. In case anyone still lacks an "Unfinished," the No. 2 makes this one an unbeatable bargain.

Guitar Recital (Vicente Gomez, guitar; Decca: 12" LP). A phenomenally good reprint; thrilling sounds.

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